The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XII

First Edition

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RAISING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

BY E. PERCY MORAN

(*American artist*, 1862)

On June 14, 1777, Congress formally adopted our flag of to-day, save that it had but thirteen stars. Preble says that although this was not officially promulgated until September 3, it was in the papers a month earlier. He adds: —

"The first military incident connected with the flag we have to relate, occurred on the 2d of August, 1777, when Lieuts. Bird and Brant invested Fort Stanwix, or Schuyler, then commanded by Col. Peter Gansevoort. The garrison was without a flag when the enemy appeared, but their pride and ingenuity soon supplied one in conformity to the pattern just adopted by the Continental Congress. Shirts were cut up to form the white stripes, bits of scarlet cloth were joined for the red, and the blue ground for stars was composed of a cloth cloak belonging to Captain Abraham Swartwout of Dutchess County, who was then in the fort. Before sunset the curious mosaic-work standard, as precious to the beleaguered garrison as the most beautiful wrought flag of silk and needle work, was floating over one of the bastions. The siege was raised on the 22d of August, but we are not told what became of the improvised flag."

RAISING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

THE UNITED STATES

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME XII

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THE UNITED STATES

VOLUME I

I

DISCOVERY

HISTORICAL NOTE

Just when people first came from civilized countries to America is not known. There are traditions of voyages made by Arabs and Irishmen and Chinese many centuries ago; but the first accounts that are substantiated by anything more than tradition are those of the Icelandic sagas or hero stories. These declare that a certain Norwegian called Eric the Red founded a colony in Greenland in 986; that sailors coming from Iceland to visit this colony were driven out of their way and saw the coast of what is now Labrador; and that in 1000 Eric's son Leif sailed forth to explore the unknown coast and founded a settlement called Vinland.

That the world was round was not a new idea by any means, but until the days of Columbus no one had believed this with sufficient energy to set forth to cross the unknown waters of the Atlantic. Columbus sailed in 1492, and discovered a new world. He never set his foot upon the soil of what is now the United States, but his courage opened the way for others, and within fifty years Spain, France, Portugal, and England had all sent out mariners and laid claim to territory in America.

THE GREAT VOYAGE OF LEIF ERICSON

[1001]

FROM THE SAGAS

The next thing now to be related is that Bjarni Herjulfson went out from Greenland and visited Eric Jarl [in Norway], and the Jarl received him well. Bjarni told about his voyages, that he had seen unknown lands, and people thought that he had shown no curiosity, when he had nothing to relate about these countries, and this became somewhat a matter of reproach to him. Bjarni became one of the Jarl's courtiers, and came back to Greenland the summer after. There was now much talk about voyages of discovery. Leif, the son of Eric the Red, of Brattahlid, went to Bjarni Herjulfson, and bought the ship of him, and engaged men for it, so that there were thirty-five men in all. Leif asked his father Eric to be the leader on the voyage; but Eric excused himself, saying that he was now pretty well stricken in years, and could not now, as formerly, endure all the hardships of the sea. Leif said that still he was the one of the family whom good fortune would soonest attend; and Eric gave in to Leif's request, and rode from home so soon as they were ready; and it was but a short way to the ship. The horse stumbled that Eric rode, and he fell off, and bruised his foot. Then said Eric, "It is not ordained that I should discover more countries than that which we now inhabit, and we should make no further attempt in company."

Eric went home to Brattahlid; but Leif repaired to

the ship, and his comrades with him, thirty-five men. There was a Southron on the voyage, who was named Tyrker. Now prepared they their ship, and sailed out into the sea when they were ready, and then found that land first which Bjarni had found last. There sailed they to the land, and cast anchor, and put off boats, and went ashore, and saw there no grass. Great icebergs were over all up the country; but like a plain of flat stones was all from the sea to the mountains, and it appeared to them that this land had no good qualities. Then said Leif, "We have not done like Bjarni about this land, that we have not been upon it; now will I give the land a name, and call it Helluland [perhaps Newfoundland]."

Then went they on board, and after that sailed out to sea, and found another land; they sailed again to the land and cast anchor, then put off boats and went on shore. This land was flat, and covered with wood, and white sands were far around where they went, and the shore was low. Then said Leif, "This land shall be named after its qualities, and called Markland [perhaps Nova Scotia]."

They then immediately returned to the ship. Now sailed they thence into the open sea with a northeast wind, and were two days at sea before they saw land, and they sailed thither and came to an island which lay to the eastward of the land, and went up there, and looked around them in good weather, and observed that there was dew upon the grass; and it so happened that they touched the dew with their hands, and raised the fingers to the mouth, and they thought that they had never before tasted anything so sweet.

After that they went to the ship, and sailed into a sound, which lay between the island and a ness [promontory], which ran out to the eastward of the land; and then steered westwards past the ness. It was very shallow at ebb tide, and their ship stood up, so that it was far to see from the ship to the water.

But so much did they desire to land, that they did not give themselves time to wait until the water again rose under their ship, but ran at once ashore, at a place where a river flows out of a lake; but so soon as the waters rose up under the ship, then took they the boats, and rowed to the ship, and floated it up to the river, and thence into the lake, and there cast anchor, and brought up from the ship their skin cots, and made there booths.

After this took they counsel, and formed the resolution of remaining there for the winter, and built there large houses. There was no want of salmon either in the river or in the lake, and larger salmon than they had before seen. The nature of the country was, as they thought, so good that cattle would not require house-feeding in winter, for there came no frost in winter, and little did the grass wither there. Day and night were more equal than in Greenland or Iceland, for on the shortest day was the sun above the horizon from half-past seven in the forenoon till half-past four in the afternoon.

But when they had done with the house-building, Leif said to his comrades, "Now will I divide our men into two parts, and have the land explored; and the half of the men shall remain at home at the house, while the other half explore the land; but, however, not go

farther than that they can come home in the evening, and they should not separate."

Now they did so for a time, and Leif changed about, so that the one day he went with them, and the other remained at home in the house. Leif was a great and strong man, grave and well favored, therewith sensible and moderate in all things.

It happened one evening that a man of the party was missing, and this was Tyrker the German. This took Leif much to heart, for Tyrker had been long with his father and him, and loved Leif much in his childhood. Leif now took his people severely to task, and prepared to seek for Tyrker, and took twelve men with him. But when they had gotten a short way from the house, then came Tyrker towards them, and was joyfully received. Leif soon saw that his foster-father was not in his right senses. Tyrker had a high forehead and unsteady eyes, was freckled in the face, small and mean in stature, but excellent in all kinds of artifice. Then said Leif to him, "Why wert thou so late, my fosterer, and separated from the party?"

He now spoke first, for a long time in German, and rolled his eyes about to different sides, and twisted his mouth; but they did not understand what he said. After a time he spoke Norsk: —

"I have not been much farther off, but still have I something new to tell of; I found vines and grapes."

"But is that true, my fosterer?" quoth Leif.

"Surely is it true," replied he, "for I was bred up in a land where there is no want of either vines or grapes."

They slept now for the night, but in the morning Leif said to his sailors, "We will now set about two things,

in that the one day we gather grapes, and the other day cut vines and fell trees, so from thence will be a loading for my ship." And that was the counsel taken, and it is said their long-boat was filled with grapes. Now was a cargo cut down for the ship, and when the spring came, they got ready, and sailed away; and Leif gave the land a name after its qualities, and called it Vinland.

They sailed now into the open sea, and had a fair wind until they saw Greenland, and the mountains below the *jöklers*. Then a man put in his word and said to Leif, "Why do you steer so close to the wind?"

Leif answered, "I attend to my steering, and something more; and can ye not see anything?"

They answered that they could not observe anything extraordinary.

"I know not," said Leif, "whether I see a ship or a rock."

Now looked they and said it was a rock. But he saw so much sharper than they that he perceived there were men upon the rock.

"Now let us," said Leif, "hold our wind, so that we come up to them, if they should want our assistance; and the necessity demands that we should help them; and if they should not be kindly disposed, the power is in our hands, and not in theirs."

Now sailed they under the rock, and lowered their sails, and cast anchor, and put out another little boat, which they had with them. Then asked Tyrker who their leader was. He called himself Thorer, and said he was a Northman.

"But what is *thy* name?" said he.

Leif told his name.

"Art thou a son of Eric the Red, of Brattahlid?" quoth he.

Leif answered that so it was.

"Now will I," said Leif, "take ye all on board my ship and as much of the goods as the ship can hold."

They accepted the offer, and sailed thereupon to Ericsfiord with the cargo; and thence to Brattahlid, where they unloaded the ship. After that, Leif invited Thorer and his wife Gudrid, and three other men to stop with him, and got berths for the other seamen, as well Thorer's as his own, elsewhere. Leif took fifteen men from the rock; he was after that called Leif the Lucky.

Leif had now earned both riches and respect. The same winter came a heavy sickness among Thorer's people, and carried off as well Thorer himself as many of his men. This winter died also Eric the Red.

Now there was much talk about Leif's voyage to Vinland; and Thorvald, his brother, thought that the land had been much too little explored. Then said Leif to Thorvald, "Thou canst go with my ship, brother, if thou wilt, to Vinland; but I wish first that the ship should go and fetch the timber, which Thorer had upon the rock." And so was done.

COLUMBUS

[1492]

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He lifts his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

VERRAZZANO'S LETTER TO THE KING

[1524]

[This letter is said to have been written at Dieppe, July 8, 1524, being addressed to King Francis I of France. This narrative, if authentic, is the earliest original account of the Atlantic coast of the United States.

The Editor.]

I wrote not to Your Majesty (most Christian king), since the time we suffered the tempest in the north parts, of the success of the four ships which Your Majesty set forth to discover new lands by the ocean, thinking Your Majesty had been already duly informed thereof. Now by these presents I will give Your Majesty to understand how, by the violence of the winds, we were forced with the two ships, the Norman and the Dolphin, in such evil case as they were, to land in Brittany. Where, after we had repaired them in all points as was needful and armed them very well, we took our course along by the coast of Spain. Afterwards, with the Dolphin alone, we determined to make discovery of new countries, to prosecute the navigation we had already begun; which I purpose at this present to recount to Your Majesty, to make manifest the whole proceeding of the matter. The 17th of January, the year 1524, by the grace of God we departed from the dishabited rock, by the isle of Madeira, appertaining to the King of Portugal, with fifty men, with victuals, weapons, and other ship munition very well provided and furnished for eight months. And, sailing westwards with a fair easterly wind, in

twenty-five days we ran five hundred leagues; and the 20th of February we were overtaken with as sharp and terrible a tempest as ever any sailors suffered: whereof, with the divine help and merciful assistance of Almighty God, and the goodness of our ship, accompanied with the good hap of her fortunate name, we were delivered, and with a prosperous wind followed our course west by north. And in other twenty-five days we made about four hundred leagues more, where we discovered a new land[1] never before seen of any man, either ancient or modern. And at the first sight it seemed somewhat low; but, being within a quarter of a league of it, we perceived, by the great fires that we saw by the seacoast, that it was inhabited, and saw that the land stretched to the southwards. . . .

While we rode upon that coast, partly because it had no harbor, and for that we wanted water, we sent our boat ashore with twenty-five men, where, by reason of great and continual waves that beat against the shore, being an open coast, without succor none of our men could possibly go ashore without losing our boat. We saw there many people which came unto the shore making divers signs of friendship, and showing that they were content we should come a-land; and by trial we found them to be very courteous and gentle, as Your Majesty shall understand by the success. To the intent we might send them of our things, which the Indians commonly desire and esteem, as sheets of paper, glasses, bells, and such like trifles, we sent a young man, one of our mariners, ashore, who swimming towards them, and being within three or four yards off the shore, not trust-

[1] Probably the South Carolina coast.

ing them, cast the things upon the shore. Seeking afterwards to return he was with such violence of the waves beaten upon the shore, that he was so bruised that he lay there almost dead, which the Indians perceiving, ran to catch him, and, drawing him out, they carried him a little way off from the sea. The young man, perceiving they carried him, being at the first dismayed, began then greatly to fear, and cried out piteously. Likewise did the Indians, which did accompany him, going about to cheer him and give him courage; and then setting him on the ground at the foot of a little hill against the sun, began to behold him with great admiration, marveling at the whiteness of his flesh. And, putting off his clothes, they made him warm at a great fire, not without our great fear, which remained in the boat, that they would have roasted him in that fire and have eaten him. The young man having recovered his strength, and having staid a while with them, showed them by signs that he was desirous to return to the ship. And they with great love, clapping him fast about with many embracings, accompanying him unto the sea, and, to put him in more assurance, leaving him alone, went unto a high ground, and stood there, beholding him until he was entered into the boat. This young man observed, as we did also, that these are of color inclining to black, as the others were, with their flesh very shining, of mean stature, handsome visage, and delicate limbs, and of very little strength, but of prompt wit; farther we observed not. . . .

Departing from hence, following the shore, which trended somewhat toward the north, in fifty leagues' space we came to another land, which showed much

more fair, and full of woods, being very great, where we rode at anchor; and, that we might have some knowledge thereof, we sent twenty men a-land, which entered into the country about two leagues, and they found that the people were fled to the woods for fear. They saw only one old woman with a young maid of eighteen or twenty years old, which, seeing our company, hid themselves in the grass for fear. The old woman carried two infants on her shoulders, and behind her neck a child of eight years old. The young woman was laden likewise with as many. But, when our men came unto them, the old woman made signs that the men were fled into the woods as soon as they saw us. To quiet them, and to win their favor, our men gave them such victuals as they had with them to eat, which the old woman received thankfully; but the young woman disdained them all, and threw them scornfully on the ground. They took a child from the old woman to bring into France; and going about to take the young woman, who was very beautiful, and of tall stature, could not possibly, for the great outcries that she made, bring her to the sea; and especially having great woods to pass through, and being far from the ship, we purposed to leave her behind, bearing away the child only. We found those folks to be more white than those that we found before, being clad with certain leaves that hang on the boughs of trees, which they sew together with threads of wild hemp. Their heads were trussed up after the same manner as the former were. Their ordinary food is of pulse, whereof they have great store, differing in color and taste from ours, of good and pleasant taste. Moreover they live by fishing and fowling, which they

take with gins and bows made of hard wood, the arrows of canes being headed with the bones of fish and other beasts. The beasts in these parts are much wilder than in our Europe, by reason they are continually chased and hunted.

We saw many of their boats, made of one tree, twenty feet long and four feet broad, which are not made of iron, or stone, or any other kind of metal, because that in all this country, for the space of two hundred leagues which we ran, we never saw one stone of any sort. They help themselves with fire, burning so much of the tree as is sufficient for the hollowness of the boat: the like they do in making the stern and forepart, until it be fit to sail upon the sea. . . .

And we came to another land, being fifteen leagues distant from the island, where we found a passing good haven, wherein being entered, we found about twenty small boats of the people, which with divers cries and wonderings, came about our ship. Coming no nearer than fifty paces towards us, they staid and beheld the artificialness of our ship, our shape, and apparel, that they all made a loud shout together, declaring that they rejoiced. When we had something animated them, using their gestures, they came so near us, that we cast them certain bells and glasses and many toys, which when they had received, they looked on them with laughing, and came without fear aboard our ship. There were amongst these people two kings of so goodly stature and shape as is possible to declare: the eldest was about forty years of age; the second was a young man of twenty years old. Their apparel was on this manner: the elder had on his naked body a hart's skin, wrought

artificially with divers branches like damask. His head was bare, with the hair tied up behind with divers knots. About his neck he had a large chain garnished with divers stones of sundry colors. The young man was almost appareled after the same manner. This is the goodliest people, and of the fairest conditions, that we have found in this our voyage. They exceed us in bigness. They are of the color of brass, some of them incline more to whiteness: others are of a yellow color, of comely visage, with long and black hair, which they are very careful to trim and deck up. . . .

There are also of them which wear on their arms very rich skins of leopards: they adorn their heads with divers ornaments made of their own hair, which hangs down before on both sides their breasts: others use other kind of dressing themselves, like unto the women of Egypt and Syria. These are of the elder sort; and, when they are married, they wear divers toys, according to the usage of the people of the East, as well men as women. . . .

Among whom we saw many plates of wrought copper, which they esteem more than gold, which for the color they make no account of, for that among all other it is counted the basest. They make the most account of azure and red. The things that they esteemed most of all those which we gave them were bells, crystal of azure color, and other toys to hang at their ears or about their neck. They did not desire cloth of silk or gold, much less of any other sort; neither cared they for things made of steel and iron, which we often showed them in our armor, which they made no wonder at; and, in beholding them, they only asked the art of making

them. The like they did at our glasses, which when they beheld, they suddenly laughed, and gave them us again. . . .

And oftentimes one of the two kings coming with his queen, and many gentlemen for their pleasure, to see us, they all staid on the shore, two hundred paces from us, sending a small boat to give us intelligence of their coming, saying they would come to see our ship. This they did in token of safety; and, as soon as they had answer from us, they came immediately, and having staid awhile to behold it, they wondered at hearing the cries and noise of the mariners. The queen and her maids staid in a very light boat, at an island a quarter of a league off, while the king abode a long space in our ship, uttering divers conceits with gestures, viewing with great admiration all the furniture of the ship, demanding the property of every thing particularly. He took likewise great pleasure in beholding our apparel, and in tasting our meats, and so courteously taking his leave departed. And sometimes our men staying for two or three days on a little island near the ship for divers necessaries, — as it is the use of seamen, — he returned with seven or eight of his gentlemen to see what we did, and asked of us ofttimes if we meant to make any long abode there, offering us of their provision; then the king, drawing his bow, and running up and down with his gentlemen, made much sport to gratify our men.

We found another land,[1] high, full of thick woods, the trees whereof were firs, cypresses, and such-like as are wont to grow in cold countries. The people differ much from the other, and look! how much the former

[1] Probably Maine.

seemed to be courteous and gentle, so much were these full of rudeness and ill manners, and so barbarous, that by no signs that ever we could make, we could have any kind of traffic with them. They clothe themselves with bears' skins, and leopards', and seals', and other beasts' skins. Their food, as far as we could perceive, repairing often unto their dwellings, we suppose to be by hunting and fishing, and of certain fruits, which are a kind of roots which the earth yieldeth of her own accord. They have no grain, neither saw we any kind or sign of tillage; neither is the land, for the barrenness thereof, apt to bear fruit or seed. If, at any time, we desired by exchange to have any of their commodities, they used to come to the seashore upon certain craggy rocks, and, we standing in our boats, they let down with a rope what it pleased them to give us, crying continually that we should not approach to the land, demanding immediately the exchange, taking nothing but knives, fish-hooks, and tools to cut withal; neither did they make any account of our courtesy. And when we had nothing left to exchange with them, when we departed from them, the people showed all signs of discourtesy and disdain as was possible for any creature to invent. We were, in despite of them, two or three leagues within the land, being in number twenty-five armed men of us. And, when we went on shore, they shot at us with their bows, making great outcries, and afterwards fled into the woods. . . .

Having now spent all our provision and victuals, and having discovered about seven hundred leagues and more of new countries, and being furnished with water and wood, we concluded to return into France.

II

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ADVENTURERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

Twenty-five years after the first voyage of Columbus, the Spaniards made their way into Mexico and Yucatan, and within a few years they had conquered nearly all of a strip of land extending from Mexico to southern Chile. They found enormous quantities of gold and silver, and founded colonies where these were needed to protect the mines.

North of Mexico the Spaniards were less successful. In 1513, Ponce de Leon sighted Florida and later tried to found there a colony, but was killed by the Indians. In 1528, De Narvaez set out to explore the coast west of Florida. De Narvaez and many of his men perished, but a number were captured by the Indians and lived among them for years as slaves. De Vaca, one of these captives, wrote an interesting account of marvelous adventures during his slavery. Strange tales came to the ears of the Spaniards of villages in the sky, and in 1540, Coronado set forth to find these wonderful communities. While he was engaged in this pursuit, De Soto went on a journey of discovery, going west from Florida. In 1542, he crossed the Mississippi, but died on its banks and was buried in its waters. In 1565, the Spanish under Menendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States.

PONCE DE LEON SEEKS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

[1513]

BY FREDERICK A. OBER

The Caribs from the Lesser Antilles, lying between Boriquen and Trinidad, off the Orinoco, performed longer voyages in their war-canoes, and in some of their excursions are said to have traversed the entire length of the Bahama archipelago, returning with strange tales of the islands and people they had seen. As some of them had halted at Boriquen on their return, and some had settled there, these tales had become traditionary with the natives, who repeated them to the Spaniards. Thus it had come about that Ponce de Leon heard of them, and one day there was brought to him a Carib woman from the hills of Luquillo, who related the story of a war-canoe that left for a voyage to the northern islands and never returned. The Caribs who sailed it were kinsmen of hers, who, having heard of an island containing a wonderful fountain, the waters of which had the power of restoring youth to aged people, went off in search of it. As they never came back, she reasoned, they must have found the fountain of rejuvenescence, for they were valorous braves and skillful sailors, who could not have been detained against their will by man or tempest.

The governor questioned the woman closely, and found her firm in the belief that there was a wonderful

island filled with rare delights, wherein was a spring that gushed forth in an unfailing stream, to bathe in which was to receive the gift of perennial youth. It was called, she said, Bimini, and was far north in the chain of islands now known as the Bahamas. She thought she could guide the governor to it, because she had often heard her kinsmen discuss the island and the way thither. It was as vividly pictured in her brain as her own *bohio* and the path that led to it from the highway.

As for going thither, she answered, when questioned by the governor, now that she was old it mattered not where she dwelt, whether on land or on ocean, and she was at the master's service. For the fountain she cared not, since her life had been a hard one, her troubles many, and she was oppressed by the manifold burdens of existence.

She was called a Carib, though born in Boriquen, having been captured in her youth by the cannibals and taken to their island of Turuqueira, or Guadeloupe, where she was espoused by a warrior of the tribe. Her tales of the beauty and fertility of Boriquen appealed to the warrior, and he took advantage of the first expedition northward to remove thither. Children were born to them, but they were lost to her now, having been enslaved; her husband had long before tired of her and the island, and gone back to the cannibal isles; thus, having nobody to live for, or to take care of her in her old age, she may well have said that one place was as good as another. By this she meant there were no tender ties that bound her to Boriquen, all her family having disappeared, being absent if not dead, and her home a

mere hut of reeds that the first hurricane might utterly destroy.

By the governor's command, the *vieja*, as she was called — being a woman past the prime of life, though not "old," as this name would imply — was taken to the servants' quarters in the castle and provided with food. She was detained there, though not against her will, until the governor should decide upon the course to pursue in respect to an exploration northward. Rumors of the existence of Bimini and the spring of perennial youth had reached his ears before, but being vague they had not impressed him like this story of the Carib, for she could guide him thither. War-worn veteran that he was, with wealth at his command sufficient for many years to come, he desired now a prolonged rest from his labors; and if he *could* renew in his exhausted frame the vigor of youth, how much it would mean to him! Doubtless, however, Ponce de Leon proceeded under the impulse of a number of motives, and not solely for the purpose of discovering the Fountain of Youth, when at last he concluded to make a voyage through the Bahama chain and see what there was beyond it.

There was, he believed, still a "third world" to discover, and mayhap he might be the fortunate man. Since the time that Don Christopher Columbus had sailed through the archipelago about midway its length, in 1492, no explorations had been made there. The man-hunters of Hispaniola had made hasty visits to get slaves for the mines, and had nearly depopulated several islands; but they had touched only at the southernmost. He, then, being now at liberty to do as he

liked, and with unbounded wealth at command, would equip an expedition for seeking out what lay beyond the misty barrier.

This was the conclusion Ponce de Leon came to, after thinking the matter over, and repeatedly interrogating the *vieja*, whose stories were ever the same. There was an island in the northwest Bahamas, she said, abounding in everything that man most desired, including gold and delicious fruits; and in the center of the island was a spring of purest water, to bathe in which would make one young and handsome again. This story she reiterated, until at last Governor Ponce became convinced of her faith in it, if not of its truth.

There were then three caravels in port, which had come from Spain with supplies for the army. They were at his disposal, if not owned by him, so he gave orders for fitting them out for a voyage. When it became noised about that the veteran Juan Ponce was to set forth on a voyage of discovery, he had no lack of applicants for the cruise. His own retainers were sufficiently numerous to fill three vessels the size of those caravels, and it seemed that every Spaniard in Boriquen desired to accompany him. They were not old men, either, who wished to make the voyage for the purpose merely of renewing their youth; but most of them were young and able, who had no thought of aught but the gold to be found, and the adventures that were always the share of him who went with Juan Ponce on an expedition for ravage or conquest. Ceron and Garcia objected to the withdrawal from the island of so many stalwart soldiers, protesting that there was still need of them, as the Indians were not entirely pacified, and the Caribs yet

made desultory excursions from their strongholds in the south.

Juan Ponce laughed at their fears, and did not fail to point out that the island was already pacified when they returned to govern it; also, that the soldiers' terms of enlistment had expired (most of them), and there was no power, save the king's orders, to prevent them from going where they wished. And he flung a Spanish proverb at them, "Por donde va la mar, vayan làs arenas" — that is to say, "Where the sea goes, there the sands go." And they could not stop them, either.

[So it was that Ponce de Leon sailed from Boriquen, or Porto Rico. He touched at Guanahani and wound about among the islands through the tortuous channels. On Easter Sunday he discovered land which he named Florida, from Pascua Florida, the Spanish name for Easter. Still the marvelous island with its still more marvelous fountain did not appear.]

After pursuing his voyage along the Gulf coast of Florida until, it is thought, it trended decidedly westward, — which would have taken him at least to Apalachee Bay, — Juan Ponce turned about and retraced his course to and around the southern tip of the peninsula with its fringe of keys, and across the strait of Florida to the Bahamas. On his way thither he passed very near the small island which to-day bears the name of Bimini, and was said to contain the fabulous spring with healing waters. It lies westward from a group called the Berry Islands, and northwest from New Providence, on which is Nassau, the capital and chief settlement of the Bahamas. This islet he failed to discover, but a trusty captain in his fleet, Juan Perez de Ortubia, guided

by another old woman, succeeded in finding it, after Juan Ponce had passed on to Porto Rico.

On the return voyage, the island now known as "Bahama" was visited for the first time, and a group which also bore an aboriginal name, the Lucayos, thought to be identical with the great and little Abaco. One islet of the group the governor called La Vieja, because the only inhabitant discovered there was a lone old woman, who, like the female guide from Porto Rico, professed to know all about Bimini and the Fountain of Youth. She and the *vieja* from Boriquen compared notes, so to speak, and the result was the discovery of Bimini just mentioned, for Juan Ponce de Leon took one old woman, and Juan Perez the other, and scoured the chain from one end to the other. The old woman from the Bahamas, being a Lucayo, was the successful one, for when Juan Perez overtook his commander, off the coast of Boriquen, he confirmed the story of an island with verdure and a spring of crystal clearness, but could not vouch for the efficacy of its waters. As neither of the *viejas* grew any younger, or more comely, and as Juan Ponce de Leon made no haste to return to the northern Bahamas (allowing seven or eight years to elapse before he did so), it is doubtful if the story of Juan Perez gained credence.

A SPANISH PEDDLER AMONG THE INDIANS

[1528]

BY CABEZA DE VACA

I WAS obliged to remain with the people of the island more than a year; and because of the hard work they put upon me, and their harsh treatment, I determined to flee from them, and go to those of Charruco, who inhabit the forests and country of the main; for the life I led was insupportable. Beside much other labor, I had to get out roots from below the water, and from among the cane where it grew in the ground. From this employment I had my fingers so worn, that, did a straw but touch them, it would draw blood. Many of the canes were broken, so that they often tore my flesh; and I had to go in the midst of them, with only the clothing on me I have mentioned.

Accordingly I put myself to work to get over to the other Indians; and afterward, while I was with them, affairs changed for me somewhat more favorably. I set myself to trafficking, and strove to turn my employment to profit in the ways I could best contrive; and by this means I got from the Indians food and good treatment. They would beg me to go from one part to another for things of which they have need; for, in consequence of continual hostilities, they cannot travel the country, nor make many exchanges. With my merchandise and trade I went into the interior as far as I pleased; and I traveled along the coast forty or fifty leagues.

The chief of my wares was pieces of sea-snails and their cones, conches, that are used for cutting, and a fruit like a bean, of the highest value among them, which they use as a medicine, and employ in their dances and festivities. There are sea-beads also, and other articles. Such were what I carried into the interior; and, in barter for them, I brought back skins, ocher, with which they rub and color their faces, and flint for arrow-points, cement and hard canes, of which to make arrows, and tassels that are made of the hair of deer, ornamented, and dyed red.

This occupation suited me well; for the travel gave me liberty to go where I wished. I was not obliged to work, and was not a slave. Wherever I went, I received fair treatment; and the Indians gave me to eat for the sake of my commodities. My leading object, while journeying in this business, was to find out the way by which I should have to go forward; and I became well known to the inhabitants. They were pleased when they saw me, and I had brought for them what they wanted; and those that did not know me sought and desired my acquaintance for my reputation. The hardships that I underwent in this were long to tell, as well of peril and privation, as of storms and cold. Many of them found me in the wilderness and alone; but I came forth from them all, by the great mercy of God our Lord. Because of them, I ceased to pursue the business in winter; for it is a season in which the natives themselves retire to their villages and huts, sluggish, and incapable of exertion.

I was in this country nearly six years, alone among the Indians, and naked like them. The reason why I

remained so long was, that I might take with me from the island the Christian Lope de Oviedo. De Alaniz, his companion, who had been left with him by Alonzo del Castillo, Andres Dorantes, and the rest, died soon after their departure; and, to get the survivor out from there, I went over to the island every year, and entreated him that we should go, in the way we could best contrive, in quest of Christians. He put me off every year, saying that in the next coming we would go. At last I got him off, crossing him over the bay, and over four rivers there are in the coast, as he could not swim. In this way we went on with some Indians, until coming to a bay a league in width, and everywhere deep. From its appearance, we supposed it to be that which they call Espiritu Santo.

We met some Indians on the other side of it, who came to visit ours; and they told us that beyond them there were three men like us, and gave their names. And we asked them for the others; and they told us that they were all dead of cold and hunger; that the Indians farther on, of whom they were, had for their diversion killed Diego Dorantes, Valdevieso, and Diego de Huelva, because they left one house for another; and that other Indians, their neighbors, with whom Captain Dorantes now was, had, in consequence of a dream, killed Esquivel and Mendez. We asked them how the living were situated; and they answered us that they were very ill used; for that the boys and some of the Indian men were very idle, and of cruelty gave them severe kicks, cuffs, and blows with sticks, and that such was the life they led among them.

We desired to be informed of the country ahead, and

of the subsistence in it; and they said there was nothing in it to eat, and [it] was thin of people, who suffered of cold, having no skins or other thing to cover them. They told us, also, if we wished to see those three Christians, two days from that time the Indians who had them would come to eat walnuts a league from there, on the margin of that river; and, that we might know what they had told us of the ill usage to be true, they slapped my companion and beat him with a stick, and I was not left without my portion. They frequently threw fragments of mud at us; and every day they put their arrows to our hearts, saying that they were inclined to kill us in the way they had destroyed our friends. Lope de Oviedo, my comrade, in fear, said that he wished to go back with the women who had crossed the bay with us, the men having remained some distance behind. I contended strongly with him against his returning, and I urged many objections; but in no way could I keep him. So he went back, and I remained alone with those savages.

These are the most watchful in danger of any people I have ever seen. If they fear an enemy, they are awake the night long, with each a bow by his side, and a dozen arrows. He that sleeps tries his bow; and if it is not strung, he gives the turn necessary to the cord. They often come out from their houses, bending to the ground in such manner that they cannot be seen, and look and watch on all sides to catch every object. If they perceive anything about, they are all in the bushes with their bows and arrows, and there they remain until day, running from place to place where it is useful to be, or where they think their enemies are. When the light has

come, they unbend their bows until they go out to hunt. The strings are of the sinews of deer.

The method they have of fighting is lying low to the earth; and, whilst they shoot, they move about, speaking, and leaping from one point to another, screening themselves from the shafts of their enemies. So effectual is this maneuvering, that they can receive very little injury from cross-bow or arquebuse; but they rather scoff at them: for these arms are of little value employed in open field, where the Indians go loosely. They are proper for defiles, and in water: everywhere else the horses will be found the most effective, and are what the natives universally fear. Whosoever would fight against them must be cautious to show no weakness or desire for anything that is theirs; and, whilst war exists, they must be treated with the utmost severity; for, if they discover any timidity or covetousness, they are a race that well discern the opportunities for vengeance, and gather strength from the fear of their adversaries. When they use arrows in battle, and exhaust their store, each returns by his own way without the one party following the other, although the one be many and the other few; for such is their custom. Oftentimes their bodies are traversed from side to side by arrows; and they do not die of the wounds, but soon become well, unless the entrails or the heart be struck.

I believe they see and hear better, and have keener senses, than any people there are in the world. They are great in the endurance of hunger, thirst, and cold, as if they were made for these more than others by habit and nature. Thus much I have wished to say beyond the gratification of that desire which men have to learn the

customs and manners of each other, that those who hereafter at some time find themselves amongst these people may be intelligent in their usages and artifice, the value of which they will not find inconsiderable in such event.

We left these, and traveled through so many sorts of people, of such diverse languages, that the memory fails to recall them. They ever plundered each other; and those that lost, like those that gained, were fully content. We drew so many followers after us, that we had not use for their services. While on our way through these vales, each of the Indians carried a club three palms in length, and kept himself on the alert. . . .

The women carried many mats, of which the men made us houses, each of us having a separate one with all his attendants. After these were put up, we ordered the deer and hares to be roasted, with the rest that had been taken. This was soon done by means of certain ovens made for the purpose. We took a little of each; and the remainder we gave to the principal personages that came with us, directing them to divide them among the rest. Every one brought his portion to us, that we should give it our benediction; for not until then dared they to eat of it. Frequently we were accompanied by three or four thousand persons; and as we had to breathe upon and sanctify the food and drink for each, and give them permission to do the many things they would come to ask, it may be seen how great to us were the trouble and annoyance. The women first brought us the pears, spiders, worms, and whatever else they could gather; for, even if they were famishing, they would eat nothing unless we gave it to them.

In company with these we crossed a great river com-

ing from the north; and, passing over some plains thirty leagues in extent, we found many persons who came from a great distance to receive us; and they met us on the road over which we had to travel, and received us in the manner of those we had left. . . .

We told them to conduct us toward the north; and they answered us as they had done before, saying that, in that direction, there were no people, except afar off; that there was nothing to eat, nor could water be found. Notwithstanding all this, we persisted, and said that in that course we desired to go; and they still tried to excuse themselves in the best manner possible. At this we became offended: and one night I went out to sleep in the woods, apart from them; but they directly went to where I was, and remained there all night without sleeping, and in great fear, talking to me, and telling me how terrified they were, beseeching us to be no longer angry, and that though they knew they should die on the way, they would nevertheless lead us in the direction we desired to go.

Whilst we still feigned to be displeased, that their fright might not leave them, there happened a remarkable circumstance, which was, that on this same day many of them became ill, and the next day eight men died. Abroad in the country wheresoever this became known, there was such dread, that it seemed as if the inhabitants at sight of us would die of fear. They besought us that we would not remain angered, nor require that many of them should die. They believed that we caused their death by only willing it; when in truth it gave us so much pain that it could not be greater; for, beyond the loss of them that died, we feared they

might all die, or abandon us out of fear, and all other people thenceforward should do the same, seeing what had come to these. We prayed to God our Lord that he would relieve them; and thenceforth all those that were sick began to get better. . . .

From that place onward there was another usage, that those who knew of our approach did not come out to receive us on the roads, as the others had done, but we found them in their houses, and others they had made for our reception. They were all seated with their faces turned to the wall, their heads down, and the hair brought before their eyes, and their property placed in a heap in the middle of their houses. From this place forward they began to give us many blankets of skin, and they had nothing that they did not give to us. They have the finest persons of any that we saw, and of the greatest activity and strength, and [were those] who best understood us, and intelligently answered our inquiries. We called them *los de las vacas*, the cow nation, because most of the cattle that are killed are destroyed in their neighborhood; and along up that river over fifty leagues they kill great numbers.

THE STORY OF JOHN ORTIZ

[1528]

BY ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF DE SOTO

This Christian's name was John Ortiz; and he was born in Seville in worshipful parentage. He was twelve years in the hands of the Indians. He came into this country with Pamphilo de Narvaez, and returned in the ships to the island of Cuba, where the wife of the governor, Pamphilo de Narvaez, was; and by his commandment, with twenty or thirty in a brigantine, returned back again to Florida. And coming to the port in the sight of the town, on the shore they saw a cane sticking in the ground, and riven at the top, and a letter in it. And they believed that the governor had left it there to give advertisement of himself when he resolved to go up into the land; and they demanded it of four or five Indians which walked along the seashore; and they bade them by signs to come on shore for it; which, against the will of the rest, John Ortiz and another did.

And as soon as they were on land, from the houses of the town issued a great number of Indians, which compassed them about, and took them in a place where they could not flee; and the other, which sought to defend himself, they presently killed upon the place, and took John Ortiz alive, and carried him to Ucita, their lord. And those of the brigantine sought not to land but put themselves to sea, and returned to the island of Cuba. Ucita commanded to bind John Ortiz hand and foot

upon four stakes aloft upon a raft, and to make a fire under him, that there he might be burned. But a daughter of his desired him that he would not put him to death, alleging that one only Christian could do him neither hurt nor good, telling him that it was more for his honor to keep him as a captive. And Ucita granted her request, and commanded him to be cured of his wounds; and, as soon as he was whole, he gave him the charge of the keeping of the temple, because that by night the wolves did carry away the dead bodies out of the same; who commended himself to God, and took upon him the charge of his temple.

One night the wolves got from him the body of a little child, the son of a principal Indian; and, going after them, he threw a dart at one of the wolves, and struck him that carried away the body, who, feeling himself wounded, left it, and fell down dead near the place; and he, not wotting what he had done, because it was night, went back again to the temple. The morning being come, and finding not the body of the child, he was very sad. As soon as Ucita knew thereof, he resolved to put him to death, and sent by the track which he said the wolves went, and found the body of the child, and the wolf dead a little beyond: whereat Ucita was much contented with the Christian, and with the watch which he kept in the temple, and from thenceforward esteemed him much.

Three years after he fell into his hands, there came another lord, called Mocoço, who dwelleth two days' journey from the port, and burned his town. Ucita fled to another town that he had in another seaport. Thus John Ortiz lost his office and favor that he had with him.

These people, being worshipers of the devil, are wont to offer up unto him the lives and blood of their Indians, or of any other people they can come by; and they report that, when he will have them do that sacrifice unto him, he speaketh with them, and telleth them that he is athirst, and willeth them to sacrifice unto him. John Ortiz had notice by the damsel that had delivered him from the fire, how her father was determined to sacrifice him the day following, who willed him to flee to Mocoço, for she knew that he would use him well; for she heard say that he had asked for him, and said he would be glad to see him. And, because he knew not the way, she went with him half a league out of the town by night, and set him in the way, and returned, because she would not be discovered.

John Ortiz traveled all that night, and by the morning came unto a river which is in the territory of Mocoço; and there he saw two Indians fishing. And because they were in war with the people of Ucita, and their languages were different, and he knew not the language of Mocoço, he was afraid — because he could not tell them who he was, nor how he came thither; nor was able to answer anything for himself — that they would kill him, taking him for one of the Indians of Ucita. And, before they espied him, he came to the place where they had laid their weapons; and, as soon as they saw him, they fled toward the town; and although he willed them to stay, because he meant to do them no hurt, yet they understood him not, and ran away as fast as ever they could. And as soon as they came to the town, with great outcries, many Indians came forth against him, and began to compass him to shoot at him. John Ortiz, seeing

himself in so great danger, shielded himself with certain trees, and began to shriek out, and cry very loud, and to tell them that he was a Christian, and that he was fled from Ucita, and was come to see and serve Mocoço, his lord.

It pleased God, that at that very instant there came thither an Indian that could speak the language, and understood him, and pacified the rest, who told them what he said. Then ran from thence three or four Indians to bear the news to their lord, who came forth a quarter of a league from the town to receive him, and was very glad of him. He caused him presently to swear, according to the custom of the Christians, that he would not run away from him to any other lord, and promised him to entreat him very well, and that, if at any time there came any Christians into that country, he would freely let him go, and give him leave to go to them; and likewise took his oath to perform the same according to the Indian custom. About three years after, certain Indians which were fishing at sea, two leagues from the town, brought news to Mocoço that they had seen ships; and he called John Ortiz, and gave him leave to go his way; who, taking his leave of him, with all the haste he could, came to the sea; and, finding no ships, he thought it to be some deceit, and that the cacique had done the same to learn his mind: so he dwelt with Mocoço nine years, with small hope of seeing any Christians.

As soon as our governor arrived in Florida, it was known to Mocoço; and straightway he signified to John Ortiz that Christians were lodged in the town of Ucita. And he thought he had jested with him, as he had done

before, and told him that by this time he had forgotten the Christians, and thought of nothing else but to serve him. But he assured him that it was so, and gave him license to go unto them, saying unto him that, if he would not do it, and if the Christians should go their way, he should not blame him; for he had fulfilled that which he had promised him. The joy of John Ortiz was so great that he could not believe that it was true; notwithstanding, he gave him thanks, and took his leave of him. And Mocoço gave him ten or eleven principal Indians to bear him company.

WHEN DE SOTO MET THE PRINCESS

[1541]

BY THEODORE IRVING

When the day dawned, De Soto set out with a hundred infantry and a hundred horse, to reconnoiter the village. Arrived on the opposite bank, John Ortiz, and Pedro, the Indian boy, shouted to the natives to come over and receive a message for their cacique.

The Indians, terrified at the strange sight of the Spaniards and their horses, ran back to the village to spread the news. In a little while a large canoe was launched, and came directly across the river, managed by several rowers. Six Indians, of noble appearance, all about forty or fifty years of age, landed from it.

The governor, perceiving they were persons of consequence, received them with much ceremony, seated in a kind of chair of state, which he always carried with him for occasions of the kind. As they advanced they made three profound reverences, one to the sun, with their faces to the eastward, the second to the moon, turning to the west, the third to the governor. They then made him the usual demand, "whether he came for peace or war?" He replied, "Peace; and a free passage through their lands." He moreover requested provisions for his people, and assistance with canoes or rafts in passing the river.

The Indians replied that their supplies were small, the country having been ravaged by pestilence in the

preceding year, so the most of the people had abandoned their houses and villages, and taken refuge in the woods, neglecting to sow their corn. They added that they were governed by a young female, just of marriageable age, who had recently inherited the sway. They would return and repeat to her the circumstances of their interview, and made no doubt, from her discreet and generous nature, she would do everything in her power to serve the strangers. With these words they departed.

They had not long returned to the village when the Spaniards perceived movements of preparation, and observed a kind of litter borne by four men to the water's side. From this alighted the female cacique, and entered a highly decorated canoe. A kind of aquatic procession was then formed; a grand canoe, containing the six ambassadors, and paddled by a large number of Indians, led the van, towing after it the state bark of the princess, who reclined on cushions in the stern, under a canopy supported by a lance. She was accompanied by eight female attendants. A number of canoes filled with warriors closed the procession.

The young princess stepped on shore, and as she approached the Spaniards they were struck with her appearance. She was finely formed, with great beauty of countenance, and native grace and dignity. Having made her obeisance to the governor, she took her seat on a kind of stool placed by her attendants, and entered into conversation with him, all her subjects preserving a most respectful silence.

Her conversation confirmed what had been said by the ambassadors. The province had been ravaged by pestilence during the preceding year, and provisions

were very scanty. She offered, however, to share with the strangers a quantity of maize collected for the relief of her village, and to put them in the way of getting similar supplies from other villages. She proffered, likewise, her own house for the accommodation of the governor, and half of the village for that of his officers and principal soldiers; and promised that wigwams of bark and branches should be put up for the rest. She added, that rafts and canoes should be provided for the army to cross the river on the following day. De Soto was overpowered by the generosity of the princess, and endeavored, in the best manner, to express his sense of her kind and hospitable offers, assuring her of the constant friendship of his sovereign and himself. The cavaliers, too, listened with admiring attention to her discourse, and to the answers she gave to various inquiries concerning her province; leaving them as much charmed with her intelligence and judgment as they had been with her beauty, and wondering to find such dignity and grace, and true politeness in a savage brought up in a wilderness.

While the Princess of Cofachiqui was conversing with the governor, she was slowly disengaging a string of large pearls, which passed three times round her neck, and descended to her waist. The conference ended, she told John Ortiz, the interpreter, to present the necklace to the general. Ortiz replied, that the gift would be more valuable if presented with her own hand; but she scrupled to do it, through a dread of infringing the propriety which females should always maintain. When De Soto was apprised of her scruples, he directed Ortiz to tell her, that he would more highly prize the favor of

receiving the gift from her own hand than he would value the jewel itself, and that she would commit no breach of decorum, as they were persons unknown to each other, treating of peace and amity.

This being interpreted to her, she rose, and placed the string of pearls about the neck of De Soto; he likewise stood up; and, taking from his finger a ring of gold, set with a ruby, presented it to her as a token of peace and friendship. She received it very respectfully and placed it on one of her fingers. This ceremony ended, she returned to her village, leaving the Spaniards much struck with her native talent and personal beauty. . . .

The governor endeavored to inform himself respecting the boasted riches of the province. For this purpose he called to him two Indian lads who had formerly accompanied traders into this part of the country, and who had told him that their masters had trafficked here for yellow and white metal, similar to the gold and silver shown by the Spaniards, and also for pearls. He made these youths describe the articles to the youthful princess, and begged her, if such yellow and white metals existed in her territories, to have specimens brought to him.

The princess cheerfully complied, and in a little while several Indians appeared, laden with the supposed treasure. To the great disappointment of the Spaniards, however, the yellow metal proved to be a species of copper of a yellowish tint much resembling gold; and the white metal, though a shining substance somewhat of the appearance of silver, was extremely light and crumbled in the hand like dry earth. Some have supposed it was a species of quartz, but it is probable that

it was mica. Thus vanished of a sudden the golden treasures of Cofachiqui.

To console the Spaniards under their evident disappointment, the princess pointed out a kind of temple or mausoleum, at one end of the village, and informed them that it was the sepulcher of all the chieftains and great warriors of the place, and was adorned within with great quantities of pearls; and that at another village, called Talomeco, about a league distant, the ancient seat of territory, was a still larger mausoleum, in which all her ancestors were interred, and which contained still greater quantities of pearls, all which she assured the governor should be entirely at his disposal.

De Soto was in some degree consoled by the news of these immense hoards of pearls for his disappointment in respect to gold; though even as to the latter, many of his followers did not give up their hopes, insisting that there were veins of gold in the copper and brass of the country. They were destitute, however, of aquafortis, or touchstones, to assay them.

Juan de Añasco, the *contador*, or royal accountant of the expedition, being absent, the governor deferred visiting the temple until he should be present in his official capacity. In the mean time, he placed trusty persons to keep watch round the edifice by day and night.

As soon as Añasco returned, the governor visited the mausoleum, accompanied by the officers of the royal revenue, and a number of his principal officers and soldiers. These edifices were of great magnitude — that at Talemeco being a hundred paces in length, and forty in breadth, with lofty roofs of reed. At the entrance to the

latter temple or mausoleum were gigantic statues of wood carved with considerable skill, the largest being twelve feet in height. They were armed with various weapons, and stood in threatening attitudes, with ferocious looks. The interior of the temple was likewise decorated with statues of various shapes and sizes, and a great profusion of conchs and different kinds of sea and river shells.

Around the sepulcher were benches, on which were wooden chests, skillfully wrought, but without locks or hinges. In these were the bodies of the departed caciques and chieftains of Cofachiqui, left to their natural decay; for these edifices were merely used as charnel-houses. Beside these chests, there were smaller ones, and baskets wrought of cane, which were filled with valuable furs and Indian robes of dressed skins, and mantles made of the inner rind and bark of trees, and others of a species of grass, which, when beaten, was not unlike flax. There were others formed with feathers of various colors, which the natives wore during the winter. But above all, they contained pearls of every size, and in incredible quantities, together with the figures of children and birds made of pearl. The Portuguese narrator says they obtained fourteen bushels of pearls, and that the female cacique assured them, if they searched the neighboring villages, they might find enough to load all the horses of the army. Nor is the Inca less extravagant in his account. All this, however, must be taken with a large deduction for the exaggeration with which the riches of the New World were always described by the discoverers, when beyond the power of proof.

The intendants of the revenue would have made

general spoil of these precious articles had not De Soto interfered. He represented that they were at present merely discovering the country, not dividing it, and having to make their way through a vast wilderness, it would not do to burden themselves with treasure. They should, therefore, only take specimens of these riches to send to Havana, and leave everything in the temples in their present state, until they came to colonize and make a settlement, when all should be properly divided, and the fifth of the amount be set apart for the Crown. He distributed, however, handfuls of large pearls among his officers, exhorting them to make rosaries of them, and permitting the officers of the Crown to retain a large quantity which they had already weighed out.

Annexed to this great sepulcher were several buildings, which served as armories, containing weapons of various kinds, all arranged in great order. The whole establishment was maintained with exact care, and evidently was in the charge of numerous attendants.

While ransacking these depositories of arms, the Spaniards, to their astonishment, found a dagger and several coats of mail. Nothing could equal their surprise at meeting with these European relics in the heart of this unknown wilderness. They questioned the Indians eagerly on the subject. The latter informed them that many years before, a number of white men like themselves had landed at a seaport, about two days' journey from thence. That the commander of the party died soon after landing, whereupon great factions and brawls took place among his followers, for the command, in which several were slain; the rest had reassembled on board of their vessel, and put to sea.

The Spaniards pondered over these facts, and determined that the white men in question must have been the unfortunate Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon and his ill-fated followers, and those experienced in maritime affairs gave it as their opinion that, from the course of the river which passed by Cofachiqui, it must be the same which on the seacoast was called the St. Helena.

Elated with the riches they had found, they urged the governor to stop here and create a colony. The country was fertile, they might establish a lucrative pearl fishery, and carry on a trade with Spain from the seaport at the mouth of the river.

De Soto persisted, however, in his original plan of making an exploring tour and meeting Maldonado at the port of Acusi, according to appointment. He observed that the surrounding country would not afford provisions for a month, that it would always be open for them to return to in case they should find none richer, and that, in the mean time, the Indians would sow their land with maize in greater plenty.

After a long sojourn, therefore, in this fertile and opulent province, De Soto prepared for his departure. During the time of his sojourn several broils had taken place between his people and the natives. These had originated in the ill conduct of some of the low and base-minded of the soldiery; probably in their rapacious eagerness for gain. They had produced a general ill-will among the Indians toward their guests, and a change in the feelings of the young and high-minded princess; who, instead of evincing her usual kindness and hospitality, grew cold and indifferent in her conduct, and appeared to eye the Spaniards with great distrust. De

Soto remarked this change, and received private intelligence that the princess was about to take to flight, and leave him without a guide for his march or porters for the baggage of the army. As his route would lie through various tracts of country under her dominion, any hostility on her part or on that of her subjects, could not but prove extremely embarrassing. He determined, therefore, to adopt a precaution, more than once practiced in the course of his expedition, and which the Spaniards had found efficacious in their Mexican and Peruvian conquests; which was to secure the person of the sovereign, by way of insuring the peaceful conduct of the people. Accordingly he placed a guard round the person of the female cacique, and signified to her that she was to accompany him in his march; but while he thus detained her as a hostage, he took care that she should be attended with the respect and ceremony due to her rank. The policy of this measure was apparent in the cessation of all brawls between the Spaniards and the natives; and in the good treatment which the army experienced during its subsequent march through the territories of the princess.

[It is agreeable to note that the stolen princess soon succeeded in making her escape, and that she carried away with her several slaves of the Spaniards.]

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

[1542]

BY THEODORE IRVING

THE schemes and labors and anxieties of De Soto, however, were rapidly drawing to a close; day by day his malady increased upon him, and his fever rose to such a height that he felt convinced his last hour was at hand. He prepared for death with the steadfastness of a soldier, and, all accounts agree, with the piety of a devoted Catholic.

He made his will almost in cipher, for want of sufficient paper: then calling together the officers and soldiers of most note, he nominated, as his successor to the titles and commands of governor and captain-general of the kingdom and provinces of Florida, Luis de Moscoso de Alvarado; the same, whom, in the province of Chicaza, he had deposed from the office of master of the camp; and he charged them, on the part of the emperor, and in consideration of the qualities and virtues of Luis de Moscoso, to obey him in the above capacities, until other orders should be received from Government. To all this he required them to take an oath with due form and solemnity.

When this was done, the dying chieftain called to him, by two and two, and three and three, the most noble of his army, and after them he ordered that the soldiery should enter, twenty and twenty, and thirty and

thirty, and of all of them he took his last farewell, with great tenderness on his own part, and many tears on theirs. He charged them to convert the natives to the Catholic faith, and to augment the power of the Crown of Spain, being himself cut off by death from the accomplishment of these great aims. He thanked them for the affection and fidelity which they had evinced in fearlessly following his fortunes through such great trials, and expressed his deep regret that it was not in his power to show his gratitude by rewards such as they merited. He begged the forgiveness of all whom he had offended, and, finally, entreated them in the most affectionate manner to be peaceful and loving to one another. His fever raged violently, and continued to increase until the seventh day, when, having confessed his sins with much humility and contrition, he expired. . . .

The death of the governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and they sorrowed the more, because they could not give him a proper sepulture, nor perform the solemn obsequies due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored.

They feared to bury him publicly, and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment, and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards; tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piecemeal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their governor and commander! Besides, De Soto

had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and valor; and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded, lest, finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt and fall upon their handful of troops.

For these reasons they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain near to the village, from whence the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. Here he was interred, in silence and in secret, with many tears of the priests and cavaliers, who were present at his mournful obsequies. The better to deceive the Indians, and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out on the following day that the governor was recovering from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses. They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the pits, and over the very grave of their commander; but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

With all these precautions, they soon found out that the Indians suspected, not only the death of the governor, but the place where he lay buried; for in passing by the pits they would stop, look attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling assured that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be safer from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually.

Accordingly, Juan de Añasco and other officers, taking with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under the pretense of fishing and amusing themselves; and, sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found in the mid-channel a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the center of the river. The hooded priests and steel-clad cavaliers gathered round the remains of the chief who had led them through all their perilous wanderings, and at the still hour of midnight they committed the body to the stream, watching it sink to the bottom, through scalding tears, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to Heaven, they sadly worked their way back to the shore.

III

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF THE SOUTHWEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

When Vaca, a companion of De Soto, finally succeeded in escaping from the Indians and making his way to a Spanish town, he told such tales of the wonders of the wilderness that the Spanish governor of Mexico sent Brother Marcos to visit this country and learn what he could about it. He succeeded in finding seven pueblos, or houses of sun-baked clay, the homes of the Zuñi Indians; but his reception was so hostile that he was forced to return. The governor then sent out Coronado with Brother Marcos as guide. The Zuñi pueblos were not only found, but captured, and much of the country thereabouts was explored. On one of the trips the Spaniards came to a "sky city" called Acoma, and captured it. Later, they wandered into what is now Kansas. The Spanish had by this time explored Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

THE SEVEN CITIES OF THE WILDERNESS

BY JOHN FISKE

THERE was a tradition afloat in Europe that on the occasion of the conquest of the Spanish peninsula by the Arabs in the eighth century, a certain Bishop of Lisbon took refuge upon an island or group of islands far out on the Sea of Darkness, and founded seven cities there. [These] seven cities were curiously transferred into the very heart of the American continent. Among the Nahuatl tribes there was a legend of Chicomoztoc, or the Seven Caves, from which at some period in the past their ancestors issued. As soon as the Spaniards got hold of this legend they contrived to mix up these Seven Caves with their Seven Cities. They were supposed to be somewhere to the northward, and when Cabeza de Vaca and his comrades had disclosed the existence of such a vast territory north of Mexico, it was resolved to search for the Seven Cities in that direction. The work was entrusted to Fray Marcos of Nizza, or Nice, as we now call it. He was a Franciscan monk of great ability, who had accompanied Pizarro on the first march to Caxamarca to meet Atahualpa. He had afterwards gone to Quito and thence seems to have accompanied Alvarado on his return to Guatemala. He had lately found his way to Mexico, and was selected by the great viceroy Antonio de Mendoza to go and find the Seven Cities. He was attended on the journey by the negro Estevánico and a few Pima Indians who had

been educated at Mexico; and their reception by the natives along the route was extremely hospitable. At Matape, an Indian village in Sonora, they heard definite news of a country situated thirty days' march to the northward, where there were seven large cities, "with houses of stone and lime, . . . the smallest ones of two stories and a flat roof, and others of three and four stories, and that of the lord with five, all placed together in order; and on the door-sills and lintels of the principal houses many figures of turquoise stones . . . and [it was said] that the people of these cities are very well clothed," etc. The name of the first of these cities was said to be Cibola. And from that time forth this became a common name for the group, and we hear much of the Seven Cities of Cibola.

These were the seven pueblos of Zuñi, in New Mexico, of which six were still inhabited at the end of the sixteenth century. The name Cibola was properly applied to the group, as it referred to the whole extent of territory occupied by the Zuñis. The surviving pueblo which we know to-day as Zuñi will probably serve as an excellent sample of the pueblo towns visited by the Spaniards in their first wanderings in North America. As Fray Marcos drew near to it he heard much of the power and glory of Cibola, and began to feel that his most romantic anticipations were about to be verified; but now came his first misfortune on this journey, and it was a sharp one. Hitherto the white man and the black man had been treated with the reverence due to supernatural beings, or to persons who at least were mighty wizards. But at Kiakima, the first of the Zuñi pueblos, the negro's "medicine" was not accepted. Estevánico

traveled some miles in advance of Fray Marcos. When he arrived at the first of the cities of Cibola, flaunting the turquoises and the handsome Indian girls, with whom he had been presented in the course of the journey, — much to the disgust of the Franciscan friar, — the elders and chiefs of the pueblo would not grant him admittance. He was lodged in a small house outside the inclosure, and was cautiously catechized. When he announced himself as the envoy and forerunner of a white man, sent by a mighty prince beyond the sky to instruct them in heavenly things, the Zuñi elders were struck with a sense of incongruity. How could black represent white, or be the envoy and forerunner of white. To the metaphysics of the middle status of barbarism the question wore a very uncanny look, and to the common sense of the middle status of barbarism the self-complacent Estevánico appeared to be simply a spy from some chieftain or tribe that wanted to conquer the Zuñis. A Cortés might easily have dealt with such a situation, but most men would consider it very uncomfortable, and so did poor silly "Little Steve." While the elders were debating whether they should do reverence to him as a wizard, or butcher him as a spy, he stole out of his lodging and sought safety in flight; and this act, being promptly detected, robbed him of all dignity and sealed his fate. A hue and cry went after him, and an arrow soon found its way to his heart. The news of this catastrophe checked the advance of Fray Marcos. His Indian comrades were discouraged, and the most he could do was to keep them with him while he climbed a hill whence he could get a Pisgah sight of the glories of Cibola. After he had accomplished this, the

party returned with all possible haste to Culiacan, and arrived there in August, 1539, after an absence of five months.

As an instance of the tenacious vitality of tradition, and its substantial accuracy in dealing with a very simple and striking fact, it is interesting to find that to this day the Zuñis remember the fate of Estevánico. In one of the folk-tales taken down by Mr. Cushing from the lips of Zuñi priests, it is said that "previous to the first coming of the *Mexicans* (the Zuñi Indians call all the Spanish-speaking people Mexicans), a *black Mexican* made his appearance at the Zuñi village of Kiakima. He was very greedy, voracious, and bold, and the people killed him for it. After his death the Mexicans [i.e., Spaniards] made their appearance in numbers for the first time, and made war upon the Zuñis, conquering them in the end."

HOW THE CLIFF-DWELLERS LIVED

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN

If now, without further parley as to the details of the ruins and the vicissitudes of their exploration, we turn to the various things which the old "cliff-dwellers" have left, many of which one may see for himself to-day upon the spot, and try to frame from them a conception of the masters of these homes, we shall find that a good deal may be read out of the darkness of forgotten centuries without special light from the torches of the professional archæologists.

He was a dark-skinned fellow, this old "cliff-dweller," as his mummified remains show plainly enough. The hair was usually black, and moderately coarse and long. He was of medium stature, and the back of his skull was flattened by being tied firmly against a board in infancy, as among some races is the custom still. He had fair teeth, much worn, as the years grew upon him, from munching ill-ground corn.

It would be difficult to say from the articles thus far discovered just how much this prehistoric man was devoted to dress, or rather, to undress. A simple breech-clout was certainly in vogue, and there is considerable reason to think that this was, at times at least, the *pièce de resistance* in his costume. But parts of hide jackets, fur caps, blankets made of feathers tied on to a coarse net of cord, are also in evidence, and mostly preserved among the furnishings of the dead. A variety

of sandals and other rude foot-gear has been found, some woven of yucca leaves, some braided of other vegetable fibers, some rudely constructed from corn-husks.

A certain passion for personal adornment and devotion to superstition is evident from the rough beads and the strings of bones and small shells which he wore, while amulets of turquoise or shell or broken pottery pierced for suspension about the neck are not seldom found. He brushed his hair with tightly tied bunches of stiff grass, with one end trimmed square, and his long coarse black hairs are clinging still to some of them.

The spirit of the age now prompts us to ask what did he do for a living, this dark fellow in scanty attire, with a tinge of vanity and superstition?

He was, first of all, a farmer. He raised corn and beans and gourds in the thin soil of the mesas, or upon the lesser slopes, which still show traces of scanty terraces. Corn is frequently found, sometimes still on the cob, sometimes shelled off and stowed in jars, while corn-cobs and corn-husks are scattered everywhere among the rubbish. The beans and gourds are less abundant. The gourd seeds were sometimes carefully stowed away. The only farming implements which have been found are, so far as I am aware, stout sticks pointed or flattened at one end, quite like the planting-sticks still in use by primitive agriculturists.

It is evident enough that in his time, as now, his country was very dry, and water had to be carefully husbanded. One finds here and there traces of hollow reservoirs and what seem to have been irrigating ditches. Sloping hollows in the rocks near the houses are not

infrequently dammed across their lower ends, apparently to save the melting snow or the waste of showers.

The considerable number of large jars would indicate that water was sometimes stored also in the houses. The earthen ladles or dippers not infrequently found in the ruins or in the graves are often much worn and beveled on the edges, an indication that they were used to ladle up water from hollows in the rocks, such as abound on the plateaus above and about the cliffs. Small springs still exist near some of the largest cliff-houses.

That the "cliff-man" was skilled in masonry the well-shaped and finished stones, the trim walls hung upon steep sloping rock surfaces, sheer at the edges of cliffs, where they rest to-day firm and secure, abundantly prove. The mortar of most of the houses was very cleverly laid in, and between the tiers pebbles and small stones were set, giving a pleasing break to the lines of the masonry.

The rooms of these great dwellings were apparently not all built at one time, and in size, shape, and arrangement conform to the exigencies of the situation. Some of them are many feet across, some so small that one can hardly stand upright in them and can reach from side to side. Some communicate with one another by low openings, through which one must crawl on hands and knees; others are entered only through holes in the ceilings. Some of the rooms are so small that they could have been used only for storage.

The great sloping arches of the caverns in which the larger cliff-houses are built shelter most of them from above. But when rooms were exposed or were built one

above another, the roofs or floors are supported by timber girders, whose rough ends witness to the toilsome processes involved in their shaping with such tools alone as men of the stone age could command. Upon the heavier timbers they laid smaller sticks, tied osiers and cedar bark to these, and plastered the whole over with thick layers of mud or mortar. A large part of the timber is well preserved.

Within, the masonry is usually coated with a thin layer of plaster, and the sweep of the rough palms of the old artisans is still plain on many a chamber wall. They had tiny fireplaces in the corners of some of the little rooms. In others the fire was in a pit in the floor at the center. The smoke from the fires found its way out as best it could through holes in the ceilings. So the walls are often very black, and from some of them you can rub off the soot upon your hands to-day. But when the wall got too sooty a thin fresh layer of plaster was laid on over it. In some of the larger rooms one can count sixteen, and perhaps more, thin layers of fresh plaster, with the soot in streaks of black between them.

Furniture there is no trace of, unless one reckon as such a low stone step or bench which runs around some of the larger rooms.

Many of the ruins contain large round chambers with the narrow stone bench along the wall, and a pit in the center for a fire. They have usually a pyramidal or dome-like roof of large timbers, whose ends rest upon stone piers which project into the rooms. The walls of these rooms, which seem to have been places of assembly and are called *estufas* or kivas, are usually very sooty. In them, too, one finds such evidence of an intelligent

provision for ventilation as shames some of our practices to-day. Flues, often of considerable size, are built into the walls, leading from the open air down into the chambers, and opening at the floor-level. In front of this opening, and between it and the fire-pit, was usually a stone or wooden screen.

Little square cubbies were not infrequently made inside the rooms by leaving a stone out of the masonry. These are especially common in the large round chambers just mentioned, and small utensils and ornaments have been frequently found stowed away in them. Many of the rooms have wooden pegs built into the walls, apparently for hanging things upon.

The stout timbers which form the floors of the higher rooms were sometimes left sticking through the masonry outside the walls, and small cross-sticks being tied upon them, they made excellent balconies — a little dangerous, perhaps, if some skulking marauder with a bow and arrows should happen to creep to the nearest cliff edge above, but airy and with commanding outlook.

Firesticks have been left, with round charred ends, such as the early folks the world over were wont to twirl upon another stick and so win fire. Little bunches of cedar-bark strips closely tied with yucca threads, and burnt at one end where they have been used as tinder, are not uncommon "finds" in the rooms and in the rubbish heaps.

No trace of metal tools or utensils has ever been found in these ruins. The "cliff-dweller" was a man of the Stone Age. He was no mean artisan, however, as may be seen by his stone arrow-heads and spear-heads, by his stone axes and hammers, many of them, thanks to the

dry climate, with the wooden handle still tied firmly on to them. He had knives made of chipped stone tied into the end of a stick, and often made fast with some sort of pitch. Sharp, smooth stones, which may have been used for skinning large game, are not rare.

Small stone mortars with spherical or cylindrical pestles are not uncommon, and one may safely conjecture that they were employed to grind the mineral colors used in the decoration of pottery. Stone-tipped drills have been found, which were doubtless used to make holes in their amulets and beads, and in mending broken pottery. There are corn-mills — great stone slabs, a little hollowed, and set aslant in the floor at one side of some of the rooms, with a flat narrow slip of stone to be grasped in the hands in grinding.

Our early American was something of a hunter, if we may judge from the deer bones often found. He was a warrior, too. Many of his houses are not only built in inaccessible and well-protected places, but loopholes sloping towards the avenues of approach are common in the walls, and the doors have ample provision for closure by tightly fitting slabs of stone. Bows still loosely strung with sinew, and stone-tipped arrows with the shaft intact, have defied time, too. With these and stone-tipped spears and stone knives and wooden clubs our warrior did his hunting and his fighting.

The "cliff-man" had one domestic animal and, so far as can be made out, only one, and that was the turkey, or something very like it. This bird must have been kept in considerable numbers. Its feathers are found in abundance, and were used, as I have said, to make blankets. Bunches of the quills have been discovered

stowed away in the houses. This domestic pet has been pictured more often than any other creature by the man of the cliffs, and most frequently upon his pottery.

There is no evidence of the use of written characters by these people, but here and there simple geometric or irregular figures are found in dull color on the plaster and on the faces of the cliffs. There is relatively little animal drawing, but occasionally crude linear figures of men, mountain sheep and birds are found. Similar crude pictographs are occasionally cut in rough shallow lines in the rocks near the dwellings. On the whole such artistic capacities as this old barbarian possessed were but scantily exercised upon his walls.

In his pottery, however, as well as in animal figures and various other objects made of shell, jade, onyx, and turquoise, among which are some very handsome mosaics, we find such expression of the artistic sense as gives him a very respectable standing in the hierarchy of early American art.

While whole pieces of pottery are occasionally found in protected places in the abandoned rooms, and fragments are scattered in profusion everywhere, the larger part of the well-preserved articles of clay has come from the burial places. So I must linger a moment to speak of these.

The rock about the cliff-dwellings is usually so scantily clad with soil that earth burial was not accomplished without difficulty. The places outside the dwellings most commonly selected for this purpose were low shelves in the cliffs, from which the earth was scooped, and shallow pits, sometimes stoned at the sides or lined with clay, were thus fashioned.

But one of the most common burial-places of the "cliff-man" of the Mesa Verde was the rubbish heaps which he allowed to accumulate, often to an enormous extent, in the low, dark, angular space at the back of his houses, where the sloping roof of the caverns in the cliff met the horizontal shelf on which the houses stand.

These great rubbish heaps, often several feet deep, are made up of dirt and dust of unrecognizable origin, of turkey droppings, and of all sorts of waste from the man and his housekeeping. There are feathers and corn-husks and corn-cobs, fragments of bone and of wood, rinds and stems of gourds, scraps of yucca, half-burned corn-cobs, pieces of charcoal, bits of worn fabrics, cast-off sandals, and broken pottery in abundance.

Now and then the delvers in these back-door rubbish heaps have come upon whole pieces of pottery or stone implements and other things which have evidently been hidden there, perhaps in times of siege. The whole material is disagreeable on account of the fine, choking dust which rises whenever it is stirred, but it is not otherwise offensive now. It was in this dark, protected place, then, that the cliff-man often buried his dead. The legs and arms were usually drawn to the body, which was tied and bound with yucca leaves, and protected in various ways from direct contact with the earth, sometimes by wooden or osier or yucca mats, or by feather cloth or basketry, or slabs of stone. Many of the skeletons are well preserved, and occasionally the whole body is mummified and in very perfect state. Some bodies have been found walled up in the smaller rooms.

But it is of the pottery that I wish especially to speak.

It is all fashioned by the hands, for no tidings of the potter's wheel had ever reached these folks, and their skill in the management of clay justly commands admiration. Some of the great jars holding several gallons are scarcely one eighth of an inch thick, are of excellent shape and symmetry, and, when struck, ring like a bell. The old cliff-man — or woman — knew how to mix pounded stone, or sand, or old pottery broken into small fragments with his clay to prevent shrinkage and cracking. He knew how to bake his finished articles, and his fancy in shaping and decorating was of no mean order.

Some of the ware is gray and smooth and undecorated; some forms show that it was built up by strips of clay, coil upon coil. In many pieces regular indentations made by the finger tips or nail upon the coils give the general impression of basketwork. The tiny ridges of the maker's finger-tips are often marked upon the indented coilware with a sharpness which rivals any of the impressions which one can get to-day on paper, with all the refinement of Galton's fascinating but smeary technique. Then there is a third kind of pottery, in which the article has received a surface wash of light mineral color, upon which are decorations of various forms, usually in black, but sometimes in black and red. It is not very common to find red pottery in the region about the Mesa Verde, but occasionally a piece is unearthed.

The forms of pottery are various. There are bowls of many shapes and sizes, usually decorated on the inside only. There are long jars and short jars, some with wide and some with narrow mouths. There are vases,

pitchers, cups, ladles, platters, sieves, mugs, and bottles, and many other queer-shaped things which it would be difficult to name. The colors were mineral, and very durable, as is evident from their excellent preservation after hundreds of years of burial.

The decoration is frequently almost concealed, when the articles are exhumed, by a rough whitish incrustation of lime which through the years of burial has gathered on the surfaces. Washing with dilute acid discloses the pattern underneath.

Not infrequently one finds bowls and jars which have been cracked or broken, and mended by drilling holes along the cracks and tying the pieces together with yucca cords. A great deal of care was evidently taken in fashioning and decorating some of this pottery, and the thrifty old "cliff-dweller" knew very well that a mended jar was useful to store corn and flour and such dry things in, even if it would no longer hold water.

One often finds, inside the pieces of pottery in the graves, fragments of the mineral from which the pigment was ground, and smooth stones with which, apparently, the surface of the clay articles was smoothed and polished. Arrow-heads, bone implements, beads, shells, amulets, corn, and a variety of their pathetic belongings are not infrequently found packed within the jars and bowls beside the crumbled bodies.

And the "cliff-dweller" smoked a pipe! I feel constrained to leave it to the archæologists to decide whether he smoked for the fun of it, or with devotional or ceremonial intent, and what he smoked. But one short-stemmed pipe of clay, decorated in red, and blackened within from use, and one half-shaped in

process of construction, are in my own collection. It is a dreamy land, this which he lived in, and I hope that he lay in the shadows sometimes in the lulls of his strenuous life, and, with no urgent thoughts of his gods or his etiquette, puffed idly and at ease his little dudheen.

Baskets and mats showed considerable variety in the weaving and a distinct appreciation of ornament witness to the cliff-man's skill. Coarse grass, yucca, willow, and split sticks are the materials which he used for this purpose.

The bottoms of most of the jars and larger clay vessels are rounded, and, so far as I have seen, never have the hollow underneath which in modern Indian pottery facilitates its carrying poised upon the head. And so plaited rings, which were doubtless used for steadying the jars upon the head or on the ground, are, as might be expected, not uncommon. But his skill as a weaver was not limited to basketry, for fabrics of varied texture and composition are largely in evidence. The yucca, or Spanish-bayonet, which grows all over the arid country of the "cliff-dweller," was one of the things which he had to thank his gods for, hour by hour.

He hung the narrow leaves about his houses in neatly tied bunches, ready for coarser purposes. He used them in this form as cords to tie slender sticks in place upon his ceilings, on which the mud was plastered; with them he bound his sandals to his feet, pieced out bands of cloth which were too worn or too weak to steady burdens carried on his back; with them he tied together the sticks which framed the baby board and bound the dead for burial. With them he mended broken bowls, and wove coarse nets around the great water jars for support

or suspension; while, woven close, they made durable sandal soles and coarse baskets.

Then he beat out the brittle woody part of these precious yucca leaves with wooden sticks, and out of the fine, tough, pliable fibrils which were left he twisted threads and cords, the warp and woof of his most common woven fabrics. Some of these fabrics are coarse and rough; some are smooth and fine. In some of them the yucca cord forms the warp, while the woof is of cotton, dark and light, with woven patterns.

Whether he used the narrow strips of the leaf, or cords or rope twisted of their fibers, the old cliff-fellow knew how to tie good square knots which have not slipped a jot for some hundreds of years. I have sought in vain for "squaw" knots, among thousands of these bits of handiwork, on roof and ceiling and mended fabric. And he who never saw the sea could make a "ring splice" to shame a sailor.

The feather cloth is, in some respects, one of the most noteworthy of this old citizen's productions. He hetcheled his dry yucca leaves, twisted their fibrils into coarse cords, tied these together to form a wide-meshed net, and then inch by inch he bound them close with little tufts of fluffy blue-gray feathers, ravaged, no doubt, largely from his turkey pets; or sometimes he twisted the feathers into the cords as he made them. Some of the feather blankets so toilsomely constructed have been found in excellent preservation, but in most of them the feathers are largely frayed away. They must have been very warm, and were apparently among the choicest possessions of these thrifty folks. A little fine-textured cloth, all of cotton, has been found.

The utensils of some of his milder industries the cliff-man largely fashioned out of bone. He ground broad beveled edges on the broken segments of the leg bones of larger animals, like the deer, forming crude knives and chisels and scrapers; but of smaller bones, and especially of the long bones of the turkey, he made awls and punches and needles. About the surface of the rocks, near the cliff-dwellings, are shallow hollows and grooves, worn, no doubt, by the old artisan in shaping and polishing his stone and bone implements.

I was greatly puzzled, during our delvings among the rubbish heaps behind the ruins, by numerous small irregular wads of fine strips of corn-husk or other fiber, which had been bruised and closely matted together; and it was not until I had later become acquainted with the Hopi Indians, two hundred and fifty miles to the southward of the Mesa Verde, that I found a clue. Here I saw them pick out of a bowl of thick brown stuff, which they said was sweet, and which certainly was sticky, similar-looking wads of fiber, and, thrusting them into their mouths, begin vigorous mastication. Then I realized that the husk wads of the rubbish heaps had probably been, while in their pristine state, the prehistoric avatars of the chewing-gum.

A dark-skinned, black-haired, scantily clad barbarian, then, it seems he was, our dweller in the cliffs, the real American. Farmer, mason, potter, weaver, basket-maker, tailor, jeweler, hunter, priest, and warrior all in one. Daring and hardy he was to scale those cliffs, and build upon their brinks the houses into which he gathered sustenance wrung from the unwilling soil. Diligent and thrifty he was certainly. Skillful, too, as

skill goes in the stage of evolvement up to which he had slowly won his way. Superstitious, doubtless, as is ever the case with those who frame their notions of the world face to face with the crude forces of nature. Dreamy, I fancy he must have been, for he looked abroad through red dawns and hazy noontides and witching twilights fading very slowly into night.

And he was — well — he was undoubtedly dirty. Life has more urgent uses for water than bathing in these grim arid wastes. But nature is a very efficient sanitarian in dry climates such as his, and "use can make sweet the peach's shady side." So let us say no more about it.

It is the business of the archæologist to learn and tell you, or to guess and tell you, when these early Americans lived, where they came from, and whither they have gone. A group of skeletons, with skulls broken as if by blows, which the early explorers found lying unburied in a heap upon the floor, would seem to indicate that in one case at least there was a fierce dramatic ending to the story. The archaic character of the pottery and the size of some trees which have grown upon the ruined masonry prove that several centuries at least have passed since their abandoned homes fell into the custody of the squirrels and the elements. The modern Indian shuns them, as a rule, as he does all things which savor of death; and so, until a dozen years or so ago, the silent dwellings held unchallenged the secrets of the vanished race.

HOW LITTLE-BLUE-FOX FOOLED THE COYOTE

A PUEBLO FOLK-STORY RETOLD BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

["All the animals with which the Tée-wahn are familiar — the buffalo (which they used to hunt on the vast plains to the eastward), the bear, deer, antelope, mountain lion, badger, wild turkey, fox, eagle, crow, buzzard, rabbit, and so on — appear in their legends and fairy tales, as well as in their religious ceremonials and beliefs. Too-wháy-deh, the coyote, or little prairie wolf, figures in countless stories, and always to his own disadvantage. Smart as he is in some things, he believes whatever is told him; and by his credulity becomes the butt of all the other animals, who never tire of 'April-fooling' him. He is also a great coward. To call an Indian here '*Too-wháy-deh*' is one of the bitterest insults that can be offered him." . . .]

Once upon a time Too-wháy-shur-wée-deh, the Little-Blue-Fox, was wandering near a pueblo, and chanced to come to the threshing-floors, where a great many crows were hopping. Just then the Coyote passed, very hungry; and while yet far off, said: "Ai! how the stomach cries! I will just eat Little-Blue-Fox." And coming, he said: "Now, Little-Blue-Fox, you have troubled me enough! You are the cause of my being chased by the dogs and people, and now I will pay you. I am going to eat you up this very now!"

"No, Coyote-friend," answered the Little-Blue-Fox,

"*don't* eat me up! I am here guarding these chickens, for there is a wedding in yonder house, which is my master's, and these chickens are for the wedding-dinner. Soon they will come for the chickens, and will invite me to the dinner — and you can come also."

"Well," said the Coyote, "if *that* is so, I will not eat you, but will help you watch the chickens." So he lay down beside him.

At this, Little-Blue-Fox was troubled, thinking how to get away; and at last he said: "Friend Too-wháy-deh, I make strange that they have not before now come for the chickens. Perhaps they have forgotten. The best way is for me to go to the house and see what the servants are doing."

"It is well," said the Coyote. "Go, then, and I will guard the chickens for you."

So the Little-Blue-Fox started toward the house; but getting behind a small hill, he ran away with fast feet. When it was a good while, and he did not come back, the Coyote thought: "While he is gone, I will give myself some of the chickens." Crawling up on his belly to the threshing-floor, he gave a great leap. But the chickens were only crows, and they flew away. Then he began to say evil of the Little-Blue-Fox for giving him a trick, and started on the trail, vowing: "I will eat him up wherever I catch him."

After many miles he overtook the Little-Blue-Fox, and with a bad face said: "Here! Now I am going to eat you up!"

The other made as if greatly excited, and answered: "No, friend Coyote! Do you not hear that *tombé?*" [1]

[1] The sacred drum used in the pueblo dances.

The Coyote listened, and heard a drum in the pueblo.

"Well," said the Little-Blue-Fox, "I am called for that dance, and very soon they will come for me. Won't you go, too?"

"If that is so, I will not eat you, but we will go to the dance."

And the Coyote sat down and began to comb his hair and to make himself pretty with face-paint.

When no one came, the Little-Blue-Fox said: "Friend Coyote, I make strange that the *alguazil* does not come. It is best for me to go up on this hill, whence I can see into the village. You wait here."

"He will not dare to give me another trick," thought the Coyote. So he replied: "It is well. But do not forget to call me."

So the Little-Blue-Fox went up the hill; and as soon as he was out of sight, he began to run for his life.

Very long the Coyote waited; and at last, being tired, went up on the hill — but there was no one there. Then he was very angry, and said; "I will follow him, and eat him surely! *Nothing* shall save him!" And finding the trail, he began to follow as fast as a bird.

Just as the Little-Blue-Fox came to some high cliffs, he looked back and saw the Coyote coming over a hill. So he stood up on his hind feet and put his fore paws up against the cliff, and made many groans, and was as if much excited. In a moment came the Coyote, very angry, crying: "Now you shall not escape me! I am going to eat you up now — now!"

"Oh, no, friend Too-wháy-deh!" said the other; "for I saw this cliff falling down, and ran to hold it up. If I

let go, it will fall and kill us both. But come, help me to hold it."

Then the Coyote stood up and pushed against the cliff with his fore paws, very hard; and there they stood side by side.

Time passing so, the Little-Blue-Fox said: —

"Friend Too-wháy-deh, it is long that I am holding up the cliff, and I am very tired and thirsty. You are fresher. So you hold up the cliff while I go and hunt water for us both; for soon you too will be thirsty. There is a lake somewhere on the other side of this mountain; I will find it and get a drink, and then come back and hold up the cliff while you go."

The Coyote agreed, and the Little-Blue-Fox ran away over the mountain till he came to the lake, just as the moon was rising.

But soon the Coyote was very tired and thirsty, for he held up the cliff with all his might. At last he said: "Ai! how hard it is! I am so thirsty that I will go to the lake, even if I die!"

So he began to let go of the cliff, slowly, slowly — until he held it only with his finger-nails; and then he made a great jump away backward, and ran as hard as he could to a hill. But when he looked around and saw that the cliff did not fall, he was very angry, and swore to eat Too-wháy-shur-wée-deh the very minute he should catch him.

Running on the trail, he came to the lake; and there the Little-Blue-Fox was lying on the bank, whining as if greatly excited. "Now I *will* eat you up, this minute!" cried the Coyote.

But the other said: "No, friend Too-wháy-deh!

Don't eat *me* up! I am waiting for some one who can swim as well as you can. I just bought a big cheese from a shepherd to share with you; but when I went to drink, it slipped out of my hands into the water. Come here, and I will show you." He took the Coyote to the edge of the high bank, and pointed to the moon in the water.

"M—m!" said the Coyote, who was fainting with hunger. "But how shall I get it? It is very deep in the water, and I shall float up before I can dive to it."

"That is true, friend," said the other. "There is but one way. We must tie some stones to your neck, to make you heavy so you can go down to it."

So they hunted about until they found a buckskin thong and some large stones; and the Little-Blue-Fox tied the stones to the Coyote's neck, the Coyote holding his chin up, to help.

"Now, friend Too-wháy-deh, come here to the edge of the bank and stand ready. I will take you by the back and count *weem, wée-si, p'áh-chu!* And when I say *three*, you must jump and I will push — for now you are very heavy."

So he took the Coyote by the back of the neck, swaying him back and forth as he counted. And at "P'ah-chu!" he pushed hard, and the Coyote jumped, and went into the deep water, and — never came out again!

THE STORMING OF THE SKY-CITY

[1599]

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Some of the most characteristic heroisms and hardships of the pioneers in our domain cluster about the wondrous rock of Acoma, the strange sky-city of the Quéres Pueblos. All the Pueblo cities were built in positions which Nature herself had fortified, — a necessity of the times, since they were surrounded by outnumbering hordes of the deadliest warriors in history; but Acoma was most secure of all. In the midst of a long valley, four miles wide, itself lined by almost insurmountable precipices, towers a lofty rock, whose top is about seventy acres in area, and whose walls, three hundred and fifty-seven feet high, are not merely perpendicular, but in most places even overhanging. Upon its summit was perched — and is to-day — the dizzy city of the Quéres. The few paths to the top — whereon a misstep will roll the victim to horrible death, hundreds of feet below — are by wild, precipitous clefts, at the head of which one determined man, with no other weapons than stones, could almost hold at bay an army.

This strange aerial town was first heard of by Europeans in 1539, when Fray Marcos, the discoverer of New Mexico, was told by the people of Cibola of the great rock fortress of Hákuque, — their name for Acoma, which the natives themselves call Áhko. In the following year Coronado visited it with his little army,

and has left us an accurate account of its wonders. These first Europeans were well received there; and the superstitious natives, who had never seen a beard or a white face before, took the strangers for gods. But it was more than half a century later yet before the Spaniards sought a foothold there.

When Oñate entered New Mexico in 1598, he met no immediate resistance whatever; for his force of four hundred people, including two hundred men-at-arms, was large enough to awe the Indians. They were naturally hostile to these invaders of their domain; but finding themselves well treated by the strangers, and fearful of open war against these men with hard clothes, who killed from afar with their thunder-sticks, the Pueblos awaited results. The Quéres, Tigua, and Jemez branches formally submitted to Spanish rule, and took the oath of allegiance to the Crown by their representative men gathered at the pueblo of Guipuy (now Santo Domingo); as also did the Tanos, Picuries, Tehuas, and Taos, at a similar conference at the pueblo of San Juan, in September, 1598. At this ready submission Oñate was greatly encouraged; and he decided to visit all the principal pueblos in person, to make them securer subjects of his sovereign. He had founded already the first town in New Mexico and the second in the United States, — San Gabriel de los Españoles, where Chamita stands to-day. Before starting on this perilous journey, he dispatched Juan de Zaldivar, his *maestro de campo*,[1] with fifty men to explore the vast, unknown plains to the east, and then to follow him.

Oñate and a small force left the lonely little Spanish

[1] Equivalent to our colonel.

colony, — more than a thousand miles from any other town of civilized men, — October 6, 1598. First he marched to the pueblos in the great plains of the Salt Lakes, east of the Manzano mountains, — a thirsty journey of more than two hundred miles. Then returning to the pueblo of Puaray (opposite the present Bernalillo), he turned westward. On the 27th of the same month he camped at the foot of the lofty cliffs of Acoma. The *principales* (chief men) of the town came down from the rock, and took the solemn pledge of allegiance to the Spanish Crown. They were thoroughly warned of the deep importance and meaning of this step, and that if they violated their oath they would be regarded and treated as rebels against His Majesty; but they fully pledged themselves to be faithful vassals. They were very friendly, and repeatedly invited the Spanish commander and his men to visit their sky-city. In truth, they had had spies at the conferences in Santo Domingo and San Juan, and had decided that the most dangerous man among the invaders was Oñate himself. If *he* could be slain, they thought the rest of the pale strangers might be easily routed.

But Oñate knew nothing of their intended treachery; and on the following day he and his handful of men — leaving only a guard with the horses — climbed one of the breathless stone "ladders," and stood in Acoma. The officious Indians piloted them hither and yon, showing them the strange terraced houses of many stories in height, the great reservoirs in the eternal rock, and the dizzy brink which everywhere surrounded the eyrie of a town. At last they brought the Spaniards to where a huge ladder, projecting far aloft through a trapdoor in

the roof of a large house, indicated the *estufa*, or sacred council-chamber. The visitors mounted to the roof by a smaller ladder, and the Indians tried to have Oñate descend through the trapdoor. But the Spanish governor, noting that all was dark in the room below, and suddenly becoming suspicious, declined to enter; and as his soldiers were all about, the Indians did not insist. After a short visit in the pueblo the Spaniards descended the rock to their camp, and thence marched away on their long and dangerous journey to Moqui and Zuñi. That swift flash of prudence in Oñate's mind saved the history of New Mexico; for in that dark *estufa* was lying a band of armed warriors. Had he entered the room, he would have been slain at once; and his death was to be the signal for a general onslaught upon the Spaniards, all of whom must have perished in the unequal fight.

Returning from his march of exploration through the trackless and deadly plains, Juan de Zaldivar left San Gabriel on the 18th of November, to follow his commander-in-chief. He had but thirty men. Reaching the foot of the City in the Sky on the 4th of December, he was very kindly received by the Acomas, who invited him up into their town. Juan was a good soldier, as well as a gallant one, and well used to the tricks of Indian warfare; but for the first time in his life — and the last — he now let himself be deceived. Leaving half his little force at the foot of the cliff to guard the camp and horses, he himself went up with sixteen men. The town was so full of wonders, the people so cordial, that the visitors soon forgot whatever suspicions they may have had; and by degrees they scattered hither and yon to see the strange sights. The natives had been waiting

only for this; and when the war-chief gave the wild whoop, men, women, and children seized rocks and clubs, bows and flint-knives, and fell furiously upon the scattered Spaniards. It was a ghastly and an unequal fight the winter sun looked down upon that bitter afternoon in the cliff-city. Here and there, with back against the wall of one of those strange houses, stood a gray-faced, tattered, bleeding soldier, swinging his clumsy flintlock club-like, or hacking with desperate but unavailing sword at the dark, ravenous mob that hemmed him, while stones rained upon his bent visor, and clubs and cruel flints sought him from every side. There was no coward blood among that doomed band. They sold their lives dearly; in front of every one lay a sprawling heap of dead. But one by one the howling wave of barbarians drowned each grim, silent fighter, and swept off to swell the murderous flood about the next. Zaldivar himself was one of the first victims; and two other officers, six soldiers, and two servants fell in that uneven combat. The five survivors — Juan Tabaro, who was *alguacil-mayor*, with four soldiers — got at last together, and with superhuman strength fought their way to the edge of the cliff, bleeding from many wounds. But their savage foes still pressed them; and being too faint to carve their way to one of the "ladders," in the wildness of desperation the five sprang over the beetling cliff.

Never but once was recorded so frightful a leap as that of Tabaro and his four companions. Even if we presume that they had been so fortunate as to reach the very lowest point of the rock, it could not have been less than one hundred and fifty feet! And yet only one of

the five was killed by this inconceivable fall; the remaining four, cared for by their terrified companions in the camp, all finally recovered. It would be incredible, were it not established by absolute historical proof. It is probable that they fell upon one of the mounds of white sand which the winds had drifted against the foot of the cliffs in places.

Fortunately, the victorious savages did not attack the little camp. The survivors still had their horses, of which unknown brutes the Indians had a great fear. For several days the fourteen soldiers and their four half-dead companions camped under the overhanging cliff, where they were safe from missiles from above, hourly expecting an onslaught from the savages. They felt sure that this massacre of their comrades was but the prelude to a general uprising of the twenty-five or thirty thousand Pueblos; and regardless of the danger to themselves, they decided at last to break up into little bands, and separate, — some to follow their commander on his lonely march to Moqui, and warn him of his danger; and others to hasten over the hundreds of arid miles to San Gabriel and the defense of its women and babes, and to the missionaries who had scattered among the savages. This plan of self-devotion was successfully carried out. The little bands of three and four apiece bore the news to their countrymen; and by the end of the year 1598 all the surviving Spaniards in New Mexico were safely gathered in the hamlet of San Gabriel. The little town was built pueblo-fashion, in the shape of a hollow square. In the plaza within were planted the rude *pedreros* — small howitzers which fired a ball of stone — to command the gates; and upon the

roofs of the three-story adobe houses the brave women watched by day, and the men with their heavy flintlocks all through the winter nights, to guard against the expected attack. But the Pueblos rested on their arms. They were waiting to see what Oñate would do with Acoma, before they took final measures against the strangers.

It was a most serious dilemma in which Oñate now found himself. One need not have known half so much about the Indian character as did this gray, quiet Spaniard, to understand that he must signally punish the rebels for the massacre of his men, or abandon his colony and New Mexico altogether. If such an outrage went unpunished, the emboldened Pueblos would destroy the last Spaniard. On the other hand, how could he hope to conquer that impregnable fortress of rock? He had less than two hundred men; and only a small part of these could be spared for the campaign, lest the other Pueblos in their absence should rise and annihilate San Gabriel and its people. In Acoma there were full three hundred warriors, reinforced by at least a hundred Navajo braves.

But there was no alternative. The more he reflected and counseled with his officers, the more apparent it became that the only salvation was to capture the Quéres Gibraltar; and the plan was decided upon. Oñate naturally desired to lead in person this forlornest of forlorn hopes; but there was one who had even a better claim to the desperate honor than the captain-general, — and that one was the forgotten hero Vicente de Zaldivar, brother of the murdered Juan. He was *sargento-mayor* of the little army; and when he came to

Oñate and begged to be given the command of the expedition against Acoma, there was no saying him nay.

On the 12th of January, 1599, Vicente de Zaldivar left San Gabriel at the head of seventy men. Only a few of them had even the clumsy flintlocks of the day; the majority were not *arquebusiers* but *piquiers*, armed only with swords and lances, and clad in jackets of quilted cotton or battered mail. One small *pedrero*, lashed upon the back of a horse, was the only "artillery."

Silently and sternly the little force made its arduous march. All knew that impregnable rock, and few cherished an expectation of returning from so desperate a mission; but there was no thought of turning back. On the afternoon of the eleventh day the tired soldiers passed the last intervening mesa, and came in sight of Acoma. The Indians, warned by their runners, were ready to receive them. The whole population, with the Navajo allies, were under arms, on the housetops and the commanding cliffs. Naked savages, painted black, leaped from crag to crag, screeching defiance and heaping insults upon the Spaniards. The medicine-men, hideously disguised, stood on projecting pinnacles, beating their drums and scattering curses and incantations to the winds; and all the populace joined in derisive howls and taunts.

Zaldivar halted his little band as close to the foot of the cliff as he could without danger. The indispensable notary stepped from the ranks, and at the blast of the trumpet proceeded to read at the top of his lungs the formal summons in the name of the King of Spain to surrender. Thrice he shouted through the summons; but each time his voice was drowned by the howls and

shrieks of the enraged savages, and a hail of stones and arrows fell dangerously near. Zaldivar had desired to secure the surrender of the pueblo, demand the delivery to him of the ringleaders in the massacre, and take them back with him to San Gabriel for official trial and punishment; without harm to the other people of Acoma; but the savages, secure in their grim fortress, mocked the merciful appeal. It was clear that Acoma must be stormed. The Spaniards camped on the bare sands and passed the night — made hideous by the sounds of a monster war-dance in the town — in gloomy plans for the morrow.

At daybreak, on the morning of January 22, Zaldivar gave the signal for the attack; and the main body of the Spaniards began firing their few arquebuses, and making a desperate assault at the north end of the great rock, there absolutely impregnable. The Indians, crowded along the cliffs above, poured down a rain of missiles; and many of the Spaniards were wounded. Meanwhile twelve picked men, who had hidden during the night under the overhanging cliff which protected them alike from the fire and the observation of the Indians, were crawling stealthily around under the precipice, dragging the *pedrero* by ropes. Most of these twelve were arquebusiers; and besides the weight of the ridiculous little cannon, they had their ponderous flintlocks and their clumsy armor, — poor helps for scaling heights which the unencumbered athlete finds difficult. Pursuing their toilsome way unobserved, pulling one another and then the *pedrero* up the ledges, they reached at last the top of a great outlying pinnacle of rock, separated from the main cliff of Acoma by a narrow but awful chasm. Late in

the afternoon they had their howitzer trained upon the town; and the loud report, as its cobble-stone ball flew into Acoma, signaled the main body at the north end of the mesa that the first vantage-ground had been safely gained, and, at the same time warned the savages of danger from a new quarter.

That night little squads of Spaniards climbed the great precipices which wall the trough-like valley on east and west, cut down small pines, and with infinite labor dragged the logs down the cliffs, across the valley, and up the butte on which the twelve were stationed. About a score of men were left to guard the horses at the north end of the mesa; and the rest of the force joined the twelve, hiding behind the crags of their rock-tower. Across the chasm the Indians were lying in crevices, or behind rocks, awaiting the attack.

At daybreak of the 23d, a squad of picked men at a given signal rushed from their hiding-places with a log on their shoulders, and by a lucky cast lodged its farther end on the opposite brink of the abyss. Out dashed the Spaniards at their heels, and began balancing across that dizzy "bridge" in the face of a volley of stones and arrows. A very few had crossed, when one in his excitement caught the rope and pulled the log across after him.

It was a fearful moment. There were less than a dozen Spaniards thus left standing alone on the brink of Acoma, cut off from their companions by a gulf hundreds of feet deep, and surrounded by swarming savages. The Indians, sallying from their refuge, fell instantly upon them on every hand. As long as the Spanish soldier could keep the Indians at a distance, even his

clumsy firearms and inefficient armor gave an advantage; but at such close quarters these very things were a fatal impediment by their weight and clumsiness. Now it seemed as if the previous Acoma massacre were to be repeated, and the cut-off Spaniards to be hacked to pieces; but at this very crisis a deed of surpassing personal valor saved them and the cause of Spain in New Mexico. A slender, bright-faced young officer, a college boy who was a special friend and favorite of Oñate, sprang from the crowd of dismayed Spaniards on the farther bank, who dared not fire into that indiscriminate jostle of friend and foe, and came running like a deer toward the chasm. As he reached its brink his lithe body gathered itself, sprang into the air like a bird, and cleared the gulf! Seizing the log, he thrust it back with desperate strength until his companions could grasp it from the farther brink; and over the restored bridge the Spanish soldiers poured to retrieve the day.

Then began one of the most fearful hand-to-hand struggles in all American history. Outnumbered nearly ten to one, lost in a howling mob of savages who fought with the frenzy of despair, gashed with raw-edged knives, dazed with crushing clubs, pierced with bristling arrows, spent and faint and bleeding, Zaldivar and his hero-handful fought their way inch by inch, step by step, clubbing their heavy guns, hewing with their short swords, parrying deadly blows, pulling the barbed arrows from their quivering flesh. On, on, on they pressed, shouting the gallant war-cry of Santiago, driving the stubborn foe before them by still more stubborn valor, until at last the Indians, fully convinced that these were no human foes, fled to the refuge of their

fort-like houses, and there was room for the reeling Spaniards to draw breath. Then thrice again the summons to surrender was duly read before the strange tenements, each near a thousand feet long, and looking like a flight of gigantic steps carved from one rock. Zaldivar even now wished to spare unnecessary bloodshed, and demanded only that the assassins of his brother and countrymen should be given up for punishment. All others who should surrender and become subjects of "Our Lord the King" should be well treated. But the dogged Indians, like wounded wolves in their den, stuck in their barricaded houses, and refused all terms of peace.

The rock was captured, but the town remained. A pueblo is a fortress in itself; and now Zaldivar had to storm Acoma house by house and room by room. The little *pedrero* was dragged in front of the first row of houses, and soon began to deliver its slow fire. As the adobe walls crumbled under the steady battering of the stone cannon-balls, they only formed great barricades of clay, which even our modern artillery would not pierce; and each had to be carried separately at the point of the sword. Some of the fallen houses caught fire from their own *fogones;*[1] and soon a stifling smoke hung over the town, from which issued the shrieks of women and babes and the defiant yells of the warriors. The humane Zaldivar made every effort to save the women and children, at great risk of self; but numbers perished beneath the falling walls of their own houses.

This fearful storming lasted until noon of January 24. Now and then bands of warriors made sorties, and tried

[1] Fireplaces.

to cut their way through the Spanish line. Many sprang in desperation over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces at its foot; and two Indians who made that incredible leap survived it as miraculously as had the four Spaniards in the earlier massacre, and made their escape.

At last, at noon of the third day, the old men came forth to sue for mercy, which was at once granted. The moment they surrendered, their rebellion was forgotten and their treachery forgiven. There was no need of further punishment. The ringleaders in the murder of Zaldivar's brother were all dead, and so were nearly all the Navajo allies. It was the most bloody struggle New Mexico ever saw. In this three days' fight the Indians lost five hundred slain and many wounded; and of the surviving Spaniards not one but bore to his grave many a ghastly scar as mementos of Acoma. The town was so nearly destroyed that it had all to be rebuilt; and the infinite labor with which the patient people had brought up that cliff on their backs all the stones and timber and clay to build a many-storied town for nearly a thousand souls was all to be repeated. Their crops, too, and all other supplies, stored in dark little rooms of the terraced houses, had been destroyed, and they were in sore want. Truly a bitter punishment had been sent them by "those above" for their treachery to Juan de Zaldivar.

When his men had sufficiently recovered from their wounds, Vicente de Zaldivar, the leader of probably the most wonderful capture in history, marched victorious back to San Gabriel de los Españoles, taking with him eighty young Acoma girls, whom he sent to be educated by the nuns in Old Mexico. What a shout must have gone up from the gray walls of the little colony when its

anxious watchers saw at last the wan and unexpected tatters of its little army pricking slowly homeward across the snows on jaded steeds!

The rest of the Pueblos, who had been lying demure as cats, with claws sheathed, but every lithe muscle ready to spring, were fairly paralyzed with awe. They had looked to see the Spaniards defeated, if not crushed, at Acoma; and then a swift rising of all the tribes would have made short work of the remaining invaders. But now the impossible had happened! Áhko, the proud sky-city of the Quéres; Áhko, the cliff-girt and impregnable, — had fallen before the pale strangers! Its brave warriors had come to naught, its strong houses were a chaos of smoking ruins, its wealth was gone, its people nearly wiped from off the earth! What use to struggle against "such men of power," — these strange wizards who must be precious to "those above," else they never could have such superhuman prowess? The strong sinews relaxed, and the great cat began to purr as though she had never dreamed of mousing. There was no more thought of a rebellion against the Spaniards; and the Indians even went out of their way to court the favor of these awesome strangers. They brought Oñate the news of the fall of Acoma several days before Zaldivar and his heroes got back to the little colony, and even were mean enough to deliver to him two Quéres refugees from that dread field who had sought shelter among them. Thenceforth Governor Oñate had no more trouble with the Pueblos.

But Acoma itself seemed to take the lesson to heart less than any of them. Too crushed and broken to think of further war with its invincible foes, it still remained

bitterly hostile to the Spaniards for full thirty years, until it was again conquered by a heroism as splendid as Zaldivar's, though in a far different way.

In 1629, Fray Juan Ramirez, "the Apostle of Acoma," left Santa Fé alone to found a mission in that lofty home of fierce barbarians. An escort of soldiers was offered him, but he declined it, and started unaccompanied and on foot, with no other weapon than his crucifix. Tramping his footsore and dangerous way, he came after many days to the foot of the great "island" of rock, and began the ascent. As soon as the savages saw a stranger of the hated people, they rallied to the brink of the cliff and poured down a great flight of arrows, some of which pierced his robes. Just then a little girl of Acoma, who was standing on the edge of the cliff, grew frightened at the wild actions of her people, and losing her balance tumbled over the precipice. By a strange providence she fell but a few yards, and landed on a sandy ledge near the *fray*, but out of sight of her people, who presumed that she had fallen the whole height of the cliff. Fray Juan climbed to her, and carried her unhurt to the top of the rock; and seeing this apparent miracle, the savages were disarmed, and received him as a good wizard. The good man dwelt alone there in Acoma for more than twenty years, loved by the natives as a father, and teaching his swarthy converts so successfully that in time many knew their catechism, and could read and write in Spanish. Besides, under his direction they built a large church with enormous labor. When he died, in 1664, the Acomas from being the fiercest Indians had become the gentlest in New Mexico, and were among the farthest advanced in civilization.

But a few years after his death came the uprising of all the Pueblos; and in the long and disastrous wars which followed the church was destroyed, and the fruits of the brave *fray's* work largely disappeared. In that rebellion Fray Lucas Maldonado, who was then the missionary to Acoma, was butchered by his flock on the 10th or 11th of August, 1680. In November, 1692, Acoma voluntarily surrendered to the reconqueror of New Mexico, Diego de Vargas. Within a few years, however, it rebelled again; and in August, 1696, Vargas marched against it, but was unable to storm the rock. But by degrees the Pueblos grew to lasting peace with the humane conquerors, and to merit the kindness which was steadily proffered them. The mission at Acoma was reëstablished about the year 1700; and there stands to-day a huge church which is one of the most interesting in the world, by reason of the infinite labor and patience which built it. The last attempt at a Pueblo uprising was in 1828; but Acoma was not implicated in it at all.

The strange stone stairway, by which Fray Juan Ramirez climbed first to his dangerous parish in the teeth of a storm of arrows, is used by the people of Acoma to this day, and is still called by them *el camino del padre* (the path of the father).

IV

THE PLANTING OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

For some time the French and the English were far more interested in catching fish off the banks of Newfoundland than in planting colonies; but at length a famous French Protestant named Coligny formed the plan of founding a state in America where the Huguenots, or French Protestants, might find refuge from persecution. This was begun in 1565, in Florida; but a few months later, the Spaniard Menendez, who had founded St. Augustine, attacked the little French colony and killed men, women, and children. The next attempt was by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was eager to make an English settlement in America, and in 1585–87 founded two colonies in Virginia. Neither of these colonies survived.

Early in the seventeenth century so many landowners in Great Britain had turned their farms into sheep pastures that fewer laborers were needed; and much interest was aroused in migrating to America. A great trading association, divided into the London Company and the Plymouth Company, was formed for making settlements. The London Company founded in 1607 the colony of Jamestown, in Virginia. English colonies were also established in the Carolinas,—much to the annoyance of the Spaniards of Florida, who were constantly stirring up the Indians to attack them.

At length the idea occurred to General James Oglethorpe, of England, that a strong colony founded between the Carolinas and Florida would greatly strengthen the English position. His colonists were insolvent debtors, whom he had permission to release from their prisons for this purpose. A few years after he had thus founded Savannah, war broke out between England and Spain, and of course between the English of Georgia and the Spaniards of Florida. The English colonists invaded Florida and the Spanish retaliated by an invasion of Georgia, but were driven away by the military skill of General Oglethorpe.

THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA

[1562–1565]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

Coligny had long desired to establish a refuge for the Huguenots, and a Protestant French empire, in America. Disappointed in his first effort, by the apostasy and faithlessness of his agent, Villegagnon, he still persevered; moved alike by religious zeal, and by a passion for the honor of France. The expedition which he now planned was entrusted to the command of John Ribault of Dieppe, a brave man, of maritime experience, and a firm Protestant, and was attended by some of the best of the young French nobility, as well as by veteran troops. The feeble Charles IX conceded an ample commission, and the squadron set sail for the shores of North America. Desiring to establish their plantation in a genial clime, land was first made in the latitude of St. Augustine; the fine river which we call the St. Johns was discovered, and named the River of May. It is the St. Matheo of the Spaniards. The forests of mulberries were admired, and caterpillars readily mistaken for silkworms. The cape received a French name; as the ship sailed along the coast, the numerous streams were called after the rivers of France; and America, for a while, had its Seine, its Loire, and its Garonne. In searching for the Jordan or Combahee, they came upon Port Royal entrance, which seemed the outlet of a magnificent river. The greatest ships of France and the argosies of Venice

could ride securely in the deep water of the harbor. The site for a first settlement is apt to be injudiciously selected; the local advantages which favor the growth of large cities are revealed by time. It was perhaps on Lemon Island, that a monumental stone, engraved with the arms of France, was proudly raised; and as the company looked round upon the immense oaks, which were venerable from the growth of centuries, the profusion of wild fowls, the groves of pine, the flowers so fragrant that the whole air was perfumed, they already regarded the country as a province of their native land. Ribault determined to leave a colony; twenty-six composed the whole party, which was to keep possession of the continent. Fort Charles, the Carolina, so called in honor of Charles IX of France, first gave a name to the country, a century before it was occupied by the English. The name remained, though the early colony perished.

Ribault and his ships arrived safely in France. But the fires of civil war had been kindled in all the provinces of the kingdom; and the promised reinforcements for Carolina were never levied. The situation of the French became precarious. The natives were friendly; but the soldiers themselves were insubordinate; and dissensions prevailed. The commandant at Carolina repressed the turbulent spirit with arbitrary cruelty, and lost his life in a mutiny which his ungovernable passion had provoked. The new commander succeeded in restoring order. But the love of his native land is a passion easily revived in the breast of a Frenchman; and the company resolved to embark in such a brigantine as they could themselves construct. Intoxicated with joy at the thought of returning home, they neglected to

provide sufficient stores; and they were overtaken by famine at sea, with its attendant crimes. A small English bark at length boarded their vessel, and, setting the most feeble on shore upon the coast of France, carried the rest to the Queen of England. Thus fell the first attempt of France in French Florida, near the southern confines of South Carolina. The country was still a desert.

After the treacherous peace between Charles IX and the Huguenots, Coligny renewed his solicitations for the colonization of Florida. The king gave consent; three ships were conceded for the service; and Laudonnière, who, in the former voyage, had been upon the American coast, a man of great intelligence, though a seaman rather than a soldier, was appointed to lead forth the colony. Emigrants readily appeared; for the climate of Florida was so celebrated, that, according to rumor, the duration of human life was doubled under its genial influences; and men still dreamed of rich mines of gold in the interior. Coligny was desirous of obtaining accurate descriptions of the country; and James le Moyne, called De Morgues, an ingenious painter, was commissioned to execute colored drawings of the objects which might engage his curiosity. A voyage of sixty days brought the fleet, by the way of the Canaries and the Antilles, to the shores of Florida. The harbor of Port Royal, rendered gloomy by recollections of misery, was avoided; and after searching the coast, and discovering places which were so full of amenity, that melancholy itself could not but change its humor, as it gazed, the followers of Calvin planted themselves on the banks of the river May. They sang a psalm of thanksgiving, and

gathered courage from acts of devotion. The fort now erected was also named Carolina. The result of this attempt to procure for France immense dominions at the south of our Republic, through the agency of a Huguenot colony, has been very frequently narrated: in the history of human nature it forms a dark picture of vindictive bigotry.

The French were hospitably welcomed by the natives; a monument, bearing the arms of France, was crowned with laurels, and its base encircled with baskets of corn. What need is there of minutely relating the simple manners of the red men; the dissensions of rival tribes; the largesses offered to the strangers to secure their protection of their alliance; the improvident prodigality with which careless soldiers wasted the supplies of food; the certain approach of scarcity; the gifts and the tribute levied from the Indians by entreaty, menace, or force? By degrees the confidence of the natives was exhausted; they had welcomed powerful guests, who promised to become their benefactors, and who now robbed their humble granaries.

But the worst evil in the new settlement was the character of the emigrants. Though patriotism and religious enthusiasm had prompted the expedition, the inferior class of the colonists was a motley group of dissolute men. Mutinies were frequent. The men were mad with the passion for sudden wealth; and a party, under the pretense of desiring to escape from famine, compelled Laudonnière to sign an order, permitting their embarkation for New Spain. No sooner were they possessed of this apparent sanction of the chief than they equipped two vessels, and began a career of piracy against the

Spaniards. Thus the French were the aggressors in the first act of hostility in the New World; an act of crime and temerity which was soon avenged. The pirate vessel was taken, and most of the men disposed of as prisoners or slaves. A few escaped in a boat; these could find no shelter but at Fort Carolina, where Laudonnière sentenced the ringleaders to death.

Meantime, the scarcity became extreme; and the friendship of the natives was entirely forfeited by unprofitable severity. March was gone, and there were no supplies from France; April passed away, and the expected recruits had not arrived; May came, but it brought nothing to sustain the hopes of the exiles. It was resolved to return to Europe in such miserable brigantines as despair could construct. Just then, Sir John Hawkins, the slave-merchant, arrived from the West Indies. He came fresh from the sale of a cargo of Africans, whom he had kidnapped with signal ruthlessness; and he now displayed the most generous sympathy, not only furnishing a liberal supply of provisions, but relinquishing a vessel from his own fleet. Preparations were continued; the colony was on the point of embarking, when sails were descried. Ribault had arrived to assume the command; bringing with him supplies of every kind, emigrants with their families, garden seeds, implements of husbandry, and the various kinds of domestic animals. The French, now wild with joy, seemed about to acquire a home, and Calvinism to become fixed in the inviting regions of Florida.

But Spain had never relinquished her claim to that territory; where, if she had not planted colonies, she had buried many hundreds of her bravest sons. Should the

proud Philip II abandon a part of his dominions to France? Should he suffer his commercial monopoly to be endangered by a rival settlement in the vicinity of the West Indies? Should the bigoted Romanist permit the heresy of Calvinism to be planted in the neighborhood of his Catholic provinces? There had appeared at the Spanish court a bold commander, well fitted for acts of reckless hostility. Pedro Menendez de Aviles had, in a long career of military service, become accustomed to scenes of blood; and his natural ferocity had been confirmed by his course of life. Often, as a naval officer, encountering pirates, he had become inured to acts of prompt and unsparing vengeance. He had acquired wealth in Spanish America, which was no school of benevolence; and his conduct there had provoked an inquiry, which, after a long arrest, ended in his conviction. The nature of his offenses is not apparent; the justice of the sentence is confirmed, for the king, who knew him well, esteemed his bravery, and received him again into his service, remitted only a moiety of his fine. The heir of Menendez had been shipwrecked among the Bermudas; the father desired to return and search among the islands for tidings of his only son. Philip II suggested the conquest and colonization of Florida; and a compact was soon framed and confirmed, by which Menendez, who desired an opportunity to retrieve his honor, was constituted the hereditary governor of a territory of almost unlimited extent.

The terms of the compact are curious. Menendez, on his part, promised, at his own cost, in the following May, to invade Florida with at least five hundred men; to complete its conquest within three years; to explore its

currents and channels, the dangers of its coasts, and the depth of its havens; to establish a colony of at least five hundred persons, of whom one hundred should be married men; to introduce at least twelve ecclesiastics, besides four Jesuits. It was further stipulated that he should transport to his province all kinds of domestic animals. The bigoted Philip II had no scruples respecting slavery; Menendez contracted to import into Florida five hundred negro slaves. The sugar-cane was to become a staple of the country.

The king, in return, promised the adventurer various commercial immunities; the office of governor for life; with the right of naming his son-in-law as his successor, an estate of twenty-five square leagues in the immediate vicinity of the settlement; a salary of two thousand ducats, chargeable on the revenues of the province; and a fifteenth part of all royal perquisites.

Meantime, news arrived, as the French writers assert, through the treachery of the court of France, that the Huguenots had made a plantation in Florida, and that Ribault was preparing to set sail with reinforcements. The cry was raised that the heretics must be extirpated, the enthusiasm of fanaticism was kindled, and Menendez readily obtained all the forces which he required. More than twenty-five hundred persons — soldiers, sailors, priests, Jesuits, married men with their families, laborers, and mechanics, and, with the exception of three hundred soldiers, all at the cost of Menendez — engaged in the invasion. After delays occasioned by a storm, the expedition set sail; and the trade winds soon bore them rapidly across the Atlantic. A tempest scattered the fleet on its passage; it was with only one third part of

his forces that Menendez arrived at the harbor of St. John in Porto Rico. But he esteemed celerity the secret of success; and, refusing to await the arrival of the rest of his squadron, he sailed for Florida. It had ever been his design to explore the coast; to select a favorable site for a fort or a settlement; and, after the construction of fortifications, to attack the French. It was on the day which the customs of Rome have consecrated to the memory of one of the most eloquent sons of Africa, and one of the most venerated of the fathers of the Church, that he came in sight of Florida. For four days, he sailed along the coast, uncertain where the French were established; on the fifth day, he landed, and gathered from the Indians accounts of the Huguenots. At the same time, he discovered a fine haven and beautiful river; and, remembering the saint on whose day he came upon the coast, he gave to the harbor and to the stream the name of St. Augustine. Sailing, then, to the north, he discovered a portion of the French fleet, and observed the nature of the road where they were anchored. The French demanded his name and objects. "I am Menendez of Spain," replied he; "sent with strict orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions. The Frenchman who is a Catholic, I will spare; every heretic shall die." The French fleet, unprepared for action, cut its cables; the Spaniards, for some time, continued an ineffectual chase.

It was at the hour of vespers, on the evening preceding the festival of the nativity of Mary, that the Spaniards returned to the harbor of St. Augustine. At noonday of the festival itself, the governor went on shore, to take possession of the continent in the name of his king. The

bigoted Philip II was proclaimed monarch of all North America. The solemn mass of Our Lady was performed, and the foundation of St. Augustine was immediately laid. It is, by more than forty years, the oldest town in the United States. Houses in it are yet standing, which are said to have been built many years before Virginia was colonized.

By the French it was debated whether they should improve their fortifications and await the approach of the Spaniards, or proceed to sea and attack their enemy. Against the advice of his officers, Ribault resolved upon the latter course. Hardly had he left the harbor for the open sea, before there arose a fearful storm, which continued till October, and wrecked every ship of the French fleet on the Florida coast. The vessels were dashed against the rocks about fifty leagues south of Fort Carolina; most of the men escaped with their lives.

The Spanish ships also suffered, but not so severely; and the troops of St. Augustine were entirely safe. They knew that the French settlement was left in a defenseless state: with a fanatical indifference to toil, Menendez led his men through the lakes and marshes and forests that divided the St. Augustine from the St. Johns, and, with a furious onset, surprised the weak garrison, who had looked only towards the sea for the approach of danger. After a short contest the Spaniards were masters of the fort. A scene of carnage ensued; soldiers, women, children, the aged, the sick, were alike massacred. The Spanish account asserts that Menendez ordered women and young children to be spared; yet not till after the havoc had long been raging.

Nearly two hundred persons were killed. A few

escaped into the woods, among them Laudonnière, Challus, and Le Moyne, who have related the horrors of the scene. But whither should they fly? Death met them in the woods; and the heavens, the earth, the sea, and men, all seemed conspired against them. Should they surrender, appealing to the sympathy of their conquerors? "Let us," said Challus, "trust in the mercy of God, rather than of these men." A few gave themselves up, and were immediately murdered. The others, after the severest sufferings, found their way to the seaside, and were received on board two small French vessels which had remained in the harbor. The Spaniards, angry that any should have escaped, insulted the corpses of the dead with wanton barbarity.

The victory had been gained on the festival of St. Matthew; and hence the Spanish name of the river May. After the carnage was completed, mass was said; a cross was raised; and the site for a church selected, on ground still smoking with the blood of a peaceful colony. So willingly is the human mind the dupe of its prejudices; so easily can fanaticism connect acts of savage ferocity with the rites of a merciful religion.

The shipwrecked men were, in their turn, soon discovered. They were in a state of helpless weakness, wasted by their fatigues at sea, half famished, destitute of water and of food. Should they surrender to the Spaniards? Menendez invited them to rely on his compassion; the French capitulated, and were received among the Spaniards in such successive divisions as a boat could at once ferry across the intervening river. As the captives stepped upon the bank which their enemies occupied, their hands were tied behind them;

and in this way they were driven to the slaughter-house. As they approached the fort, a signal was given; and, amidst the sound of trumpets and drums, the Spaniards fell upon the unhappy men who had confided in their humanity, and who could offer no resistance. A few Catholics were spared; some mechanics were reserved as slaves; the rest were massacred, "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans." The whole number of the victims of bigotry, here and at the fort, is said by the French to have been about nine hundred; the Spanish accounts diminish the number of the slain, but not the atrocity of the deed. Menendez returned to Spain, impoverished, but triumphant. The French Government heard of the outrage with apathy, and made not even a remonstrance on the ruin of a colony, which, if it had been protected, would have given to its country a flourishing empire in the south, before England had planted a single spot on the new continent. History has been more faithful, and has assisted humanity by giving to the crime of Menendez an infamous notoriety. The first town in the United States sprang from the unrelenting bigotry of the Spanish king. We admire the rapid growth of our larger cities; the sudden transformation of portions of the wilderness into blooming states. St. Augustine presents a stronger contrast, in its transition from the bigoted policy of Philip II to the American principles of religious liberty. Its origin should be carefully remembered, for it is a fixed point from which to measure the liberal influence of time; the progress of modern civilization; the victories of the American mind, in its contests for the interests of humanity.

The Huguenots and the French nation did not share

the indifference of the court. Dominic de Gourgues — a bold soldier of Gascony, whose life had been a series of adventures, now employed in the army against Spain, now a prisoner and a galley-slave among the Spaniards, taken by the Turks with the vessel in which he rowed, and redeemed by the commander of the knights of Malta — burned with a desire to avenge his own wrongs and the honor of his country. The sale of his property and the contributions of his friends furnished the means of equipping three ships, in which, with one hundred and fifty men, he embarked for Florida, not to found a colony, but only to destroy and revenge. He surprised two forts near the mouth of the St. Matheo; and, as terror magnified the number of his followers, the consternation of the Spaniards enabled him to gain possession of the larger establishment, near the spot which the French colony had occupied. Too weak to maintain his position, he, in May, 1565, hastily weighed anchor for Europe, having first hanged his prisoners upon the trees, and placed over them the inscription, "I do not this as unto Spaniards or mariners, but as unto traitors, robbers, and murderers." The natives, who had been ill-treated both by the Spaniards and the French, enjoyed the consolation of seeing their enemies butcher one another.

The attack of the fiery Gascon was but a passing storm. France disavowed the expedition and relinquished all pretension to Florida. Spain grasped at it as a portion of her dominions; and, if discovery could confer a right, her claim was founded in justice. Cuba now formed the center of her West Indian possessions, and everything around it was included within her empire.

Sovereignty was asserted, not only over the archipelagoes within the tropics, but over the whole continent round the inner seas. From the remotest southeastern cape of the Caribbean, along the whole shore to the Cape of Florida, and beyond it, all was hers. The Gulf of Mexico lay embosomed within her territories.

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE ISLAND

[1584–1587]

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

[This colony was sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. Croatan, or Croatoan, was an island south of Roanoke Island. It is thought that, owing to the shifting of the sands, it has now become a part of Hatteras or Ocracoke Island. It is possible that the lost colonists may have mingled with the Indian tribe on Croatan Island.

White, the leader of the colony, returned to England at the request of the colonists, in order to make sure that supplies were sent them.

The Editor.]

After many mishaps and a miserable voyage, White reached England in November, at an unlucky time for the colonists whom he had left. The danger of a Spanish invasion was then so imminent, that all the naval strength of the country was required for its defense; and when Raleigh was preparing supplies, which Greenville was to have taken out, that brave officer was ordered not to proceed to sea with them White, however, so urgently represented the necessity of the case that two small pinnaces were dispatched with stores and fifteen planters. Instead of pursuing their voyage they thought proper to cruise for prizes, till two men-of-war from Rochelle disabled and rifled them, and obliged them to put back for England. Raleigh, who had now, it is said, expended forty thousand pounds upon this attempt at colonization, was either unable to persist in the adventure, or impatient of waiting for the slow returns which

could be expected from a country in which neither gold nor silver had been found. He, therefore, assigned over his patent to a company of merchants, giving, at the same time, one hundred pounds "in especial regard and zeal of planting the Christian religion in those barbarous countries, and for the advancement and preferment of the same, and the common utility and profit of the inhabitants."

White was a member of the company. He seems to have done his duty toward the colonists to the utmost of his power, as they had expected from him. Finding that three ships, fitted out for the West Indies at the especial charge of a London merchant, were detained at Plymouth by a general embargo, when they were ready to sail he obtained, through Raleigh's influence, a license for them to proceed on their voyage; in consideration whereof the owner engaged that they should transport a convenient number of passengers, with their furniture and necessaries, and land them in Virginia. In contempt of this engagement, White, who had hoped now to go out with such supplies as his poor countrymen had two years been looking for, was only allowed a passage for himself and his chest. There was no time for him to go to Raleigh with his complaint; "for the ships," he says, "being all in readiness, would have departed before I could have made my return: then both governors, masters, and sailors regarded very smally the goods of their countrymen in Virginia, determined nothing less than to touch at those places, but wholly disposed themselves to seek after purchase and spoil, spending so much time therein that summer was spent before we arrived in Virginia."

They anchored at Hatteras in the middle of August; and seeing a great smoke in the isle of Roanoke, near the place where the colony had been left, White, who had a married daughter among the colonists, was in good hope that some of them were there, looking for his return. The two boats went ashore, leaving orders for the gunners to make ready three guns, "well loaded, and to shoot them off with reasonable space between each shot, to the end that their reports might be heard at the place where they hoped to find some of their people." They were "sore tired before they came to the smoke; and, what grieved them more, when they came there they found neither man nor sign that any had been there lately." On the morrow a second search was made; but one of the boats was swamped, and the captain, with four others of the chiefest men, perished, — a mischance "which did so much discomfort the sailors, that they were all of one mind not to go any farther to seek the planters"; but they yielded to White's persuasion and the authority of the surviving captain, and making for the place where the colonists were left, they overshot it in the dark. Espying then the light of a great fire through the woods, they rowed towards it; "and when we came right over against it," says White, "we let fall our grapnel near the shore, and sounded with a trumpet a call, and after many familiar English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer. We therefore landed at daybreak, and coming to the fire we found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about the place." Going from thence to the place where the colony had been left three years before, "all the way we saw in the sand the print of the savages' feet trodden

that very night; and as we entered up the sandy bank, upon a tree on the very brow thereof, were curiously carved these fair Roman letters, CRO, which letters presently we knew to signify the place I should find the planters seated, according to a token agreed upon at my departure; which was, that they should not fail to write or carve on the trees, or posts of the doors, the name of the place where they should be seated, for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanoak fifty miles into the main. Therefore, at my departure, I willed them, that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, then they should carve over the letters or name a cross; but we found no such sign of distress. And having well considered of this, we passed toward the place where they were left; but we found the houses taken down, and the place strongly enclosed with a high palisade of great trees, with cortynes and flankers very fort-like; and one of the chief trees or posts, at the right side of the entrance, had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground, in fair capital letters, was written CROATOAN, without any cross or sign of distress. In the palisade we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron fowlers, iron saker shot, and such-like heavy things, thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds. We went to see if we could find any of their boats; but could perceive no sign of them, nor of the falcons and small ordnance which were left with them. At our return from the creek, some of our sailors, meeting us, told us they had found where divers chests had been hidden, and long since digged up again and broken up, and much of the goods in them spoiled and scattered about; but nothing left, of such

things as the savages knew any use of, undefaced. Presently Captain Cooke and I went to the place, which was in the end of an old trench made by Captain Amadas, where we found five chests that had been carefully hidden of the planters, and of the same chests three were my own; and about the place many of my things spoiled and broken, and my books torn from the covers, the frames of some of my pictures and maps rotten and spoiled with rain, and my armor almost eaten through with rust. This could be no other but the deed of the savages our enemies at Dasamonguepeuk, who had watched the departure of our men to Croatan, and digged up every place where they suspected anything to be buried. But, although it much grieved me to see such spoil of my goods, yet, on the other side, I greatly joyed that I had found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

It was now agreed that they should make for Croatan; but one mishap followed another; and though they left the coast with the intention of wintering in the West Indies, and visiting their countrymen on their return, foul weather compelled them to frame their course first for the Azores, and thence for England. No further attempt was made to relieve the colonists, nor to ascertain their fate. The names of ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children, "which safely arrived at Virginia, and remained to inhabit there," and of two infants who were born there, are preserved in Hakluyt; and of these persons nothing was ever afterwards known. No further attempt was made to succor them, nor even to ascertain their fate.

Hakluyt was one of the company to which Raleigh assigned his patent; and to Hakluyt, addressing the journal of his last voyage, his "most well-wishing" and "more deeply engaged friend," White says these "evils and unfortunate events had not chanced if the order set down by Sir Walter Raleigh had been observed, or if my daily and continual petitions for the performance of the same might have taken any place. Yet, seeing it is not my first crossed voyage, I remain contented; and, wanting my wishes, I leave off from prosecuting that whereunto I would to God my wealth were answerable to my will. Thus committing the relief of my discomfortable company, the planters in Virginia, to the merciful help of the Almighty, whom I most humbly beseech to help and comfort them according to His most holy will and their desire, I take my leave."

JOHN SMITH AS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS

[1607–1608]

BY CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

The savages, having drawn from George Casson whither Captain Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with three hundred bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamunkey, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fireside; those they shot full of arrows and slew. Then finding the captain, as is said, that used the savage that was his guide as his shield (three of them being slain and divers others so galled) all the rest would not come near him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more than his way, he slipped up to the middle in an oozy creek and his savage with him; yet durst they not come to him till, being near dead with cold, he threw away his arms. Then according to their composition, they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slain. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs.

He demanding for their captain, they showed him Opechankanough, King of Pamunkey, to whom he gave a round ivory double compass dial. Much they marveled at the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly and yet not touch it, because of the glass that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that globe-like jewel, the roundness of the earth and

skies, the sphere of the sun, moon, and stars, and how the sun did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other suchlike matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration.

Notwithstanding, within an hour after, they tied him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him; but the king holding up the compass in his hand, they all laid down their bows and arrows, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well used.

Their order in conducting him was thus: Drawing themselves all in file, the king in the midst, had all their pieces and swords borne before him. Captain Smith was led after him by three great savages, holding him fast by each arm: and on each side went in file with their arrows nocked. But arriving at the town [Orapaks] (which was but only thirty or forty hunting houses made of mats), which they remove as they please, as we our tents, all the women and children staring to behold him, the soldiers first all in file performed the form of a *bissone* so well as could be; and on each flank, officers as sergeants to see them keep their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dancing in such several postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of arrows, and at his back a club; on his arm a fox or an otter's skin, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with oil and *pocones* mingled together, which scarlet-like color made an exceeding

handsome show; his bow in his hand, and the skin of a bird with her wings abroad dried, tied on his head, a piece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tails of their snakes tied to it, or some such like toy. All this while Smith and the king stood in the midst guarded, as before is said: and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirty or forty tall fellows did guard him; and ere long more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twenty men. I think his stomach at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tied over his head. About midnight they set the meat again before him, all this time not one of them would eat a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more; and then did they eat all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him think they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gown, in requital of some beads and toys Smith had given him at his first arrival in Virginia.

Two days after, a man would have slain him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his son, to whom they conducted him to recover the poor man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at Jamestown he had a water would do it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that: but made all the preparations they could to assault Jamestown, craving his advice; and for recompense he should have life, liberty, land, and women. In part of a table book he wrote his mind to them at the fort, what was intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the

messengers, and without fail send him such things as he wrote for. And an inventory with them. The difficulty and danger, he told the savages, of the mines, great guns, and other engines exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to Jamestown, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three days returned with an answer.

But when they came to Jamestown, seeing men sally out as he had told them they would, they fled; yet in the night they came again to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them: which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speak.

Then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients upon the rivers of Rapahanock, and Patawomek; over all those rivers, and back again by divers other several nations, to the king's habitation at Pamunkey: where they entertained him with most strange and fearful conjurations.

As if near led to hell,
Amongst the Devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in the morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coal, mingled with oil; and many snakes' and weasels' skins stuffed with moss, and all their tails tied together,

so as they met on the crown of his head in a tassel; and round about the tassel was as a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, back, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voice, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meal; which done, three more such devils came rushing in with the like antic tricks, painted half black, half red; but all their eyes were painted white, and some red strokes like Mutchato's, along their cheeks: round about him those fiends danced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white strokes over the black faces, at last they all sat down right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chief priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chief priest laid down five wheat corns: then straining his arms and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veins swelled, he began a short oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groan; and then laid down three grains more. After that, began their song again, and then another oration, ever laying down so many corns as before, till they had twice encircled the fire; that done, they took a bunch of little sticks prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and oration, they laid down a stick betwixt the divisions of corn. Till night, neither he nor they did either eat or drink; and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three days they used this ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle

of meal signified their country, the circles of corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks his country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher; and they in the midst.

After this they brought him a bag of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corn; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seed.

Opitchapam, the king's brother, invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, fowl, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him welcome; but not any of them would eat a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in baskets.

At this return to Opechancanoughs, all the king's women, and their children flocked about him for their parts; as a due by custom, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hideous dreams did oft see wondrous shapes,
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendous makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire in a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of rarowcun [raccoon?] skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the

white down of birds; but every one with something; and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon him to save him from death: whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

> They say he bore a pleasant show,
> But sure his heart was sad,
> For who can pleasant be, and rest,
> That lives in fear and dread:
> And having life suspected, doth
> It still suspected lead?

Two days after [January 7, 1608], Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behind a mat

POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

BY F. C. YOHN

(*American artist*, 1875)

According to the account which John Smith wrote of his own life, he had most thrilling adventures. When little more than a boy, he enlisted in the service of the Low Countries, and for a number of years shared in their warfare. Eager for new experiences, he seized the opportunity to join the armies fighting with the Turks, and started for the Holy Land. He was robbed and reduced to beggary; but, worse than this, he was accused by some pilgrims, his fellow voyagers, of being the Jonah whose heresy had brought a violent tempest upon them, and was thrown overboard. He swam to an island and was taken on board a French ship. He soon made generous payment for his rescue by the aid which he rendered in a sharp engagement with a richly laden Venetian vessel. At length he reached Syria, and was at once so helpful in capturing a town from the Turks that he was put in command of a troop of horse. Later, he was seriously wounded and his horse was shot under him. Most famous of all his stories is that of his meeting in single combat three Turkish champions and slaying them all. But in the varying fortunes of war he was taken prisoner and sent to Constantinople. His master abused him so terribly that he struck the man dead and fled to Russia. On his way from Russia to England, he heard of a war with Barbary and started promptly to get his share of the fighting. He became disgusted with both of the contending parties and returned to England, just in time to become interested in the discoveries in the New World, and in December, 1606, he set sail to help found a colony at Jamestown.

The story of the illustration, Smith's rescue by the child Pocahontas, is told in the following extract. Her act was quite in accordance with Indian customs; and, indeed, wild as are Smith's tales of his adventures, they were by no means impossible at that period.

By Courtesy of the Continental Fire Ins. Co., N.Y.

that divided the house, was made the dolefulest noise he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns and a grindstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and forever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown with twelve guides Powhatan sent him. That night [January 7, 1608], they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But Almighty God (by his divine Providence) had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning [January 8] betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some confidence with them, and gave them such toys; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents as gave them in general full content.

THE ARRIVAL OF "THE KING'S MAIDS"

[1620]

BY MARY JOHNSTON

[It was now thirteen years since the founding of Jamestown. There were few women in the colony, and in order to induce the settlers to make homes for themselves and remain in Virginia, the London Company sent over one hundred and fifty respectable young women who were willing to marry planters. The price of a wife was at first one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, later one hundred and fifty pounds. "Jocelyn," the heroine of the story from which the following extract is taken, is a ward of King James I. He has promised her hand to a worthless favorite of his own. She can find no way of escape, and in a moment of reckless despair she takes the name of her servant, becomes one of the "king's maids," and crosses the sea to Virginia.

The Editor.]

A cheer arose from the crowd, followed by a crashing peal of the bells and a louder roll of the drum. The doors of the houses around and to right and left of the square swung open, and the company which had been quartered overnight upon the citizens began to emerge. By twos and threes, some with hurried steps and downcast eyes, others more slowly and with free glances at the staring men, they gathered to the center of the square, where, in surplice and band, there awaited them godly Master Bucke and Master Wickham of Henricus. I stared with the rest, though I did not add my voice to theirs.

Before the arrival of yesterday's ship there had been in this natural Eden (leaving the savages out of the reckoning) several thousand Adams, and but some threescore Eves. And for the most part, the Eves were either portly and bustling or withered and shrewish housewives, of age and experience to defy the serpent. These were different. Ninety slender figures decked in all the bravery they could assume; ninety comely faces, pink and white, or clear brown with the rich blood showing through; ninety pairs of eyes, laughing and alluring, or downcast with long fringes sweeping rounded cheeks; ninety pairs of ripe red lips, — the crowd shouted itself hoarse and would not be restrained, brushing aside like straws the staves of the marshal and his men, and surging in upon the line of adventurous damsels. I saw young men, panting, seize hand or arm and strive to pull toward them some reluctant fair; others snatched kisses, or fell on their knees and began speeches out of Euphues; others commenced an inventory of their possessions, — acres, tobacco, servants, household plenishing. All was hubbub, protestation, frightened cries, and hysterical laughter. The officers ran to and fro, threatening and commanding; Master Pory alternately cried "Shame!" and laughed his loudest; and I plucked away a jackanapes of sixteen who had his hand upon a girl's ruff, and shook him until the breath was well-nigh out of him. The clamor did but increase.

"Way for the governor!" cried the marshal. "Shame on you, my masters! Way for His Honor and the worshipful council!"

The three wooden steps leading down from the door of the governor's house suddenly blossomed into crimson

and gold, as His Honor with the attendant councilors emerged from the hall and stood staring at the mob below.

The governor's honest moon face was quite pale with passion. "What a devil is this?" he cried wrathfully. "Did you never see a woman before? Where's the marshal? I'll imprison the last one of you for rioters!"

Upon the platform of the pillory, which stood in the market place, suddenly appeared a man of gigantic frame, with a strong face deeply lined and a great shock of grizzled hair, — a strange thing, for he was not old. I knew him to be one Master Jeremy Sparrow, a minister brought by the Southampton a month before, and as yet without a charge, but at that time I had not spoken with him. Without word of warning he thundered into a psalm of thanksgiving, singing it at the top of a powerful and yet sweet and tender voice, and with a fervor and exaltation that caught the heart of the riotous crowd. The two ministers in the throng beneath took up the strain; Master Pory added a husky tenor, eloquent of much sack; presently we were all singing. The audacious suitors, charmed into rationality, fell back, and the broken line re-formed. The governor and the council descended, and with pomp and solemnity took their places between the maids and the two ministers who were to head the column. The psalm ended, the drum beat a thundering roll, and the procession moved forward in the direction of the church.

. . . .

With one great final crash, the bells ceased, the drum stopped beating, and the procession entered.

The long service of praise and thanksgiving was well-nigh over when I first saw her.

She sat some ten feet from me, in the corner, and so in the shadow of a tall pew. Beyond her was a row of milkmaid beauties, red of cheek, free of eye, deep-bosomed, and beribboned like Maypoles. I looked again, and saw — and see — a rose amongst blowzed poppies and peonies, a pearl amidst glass beads, a Perdita in a ring of rustics, a nonparella of all grace and beauty! As I gazed with all my eyes, I found more than grace and beauty in that wonderful face, — found pride, wit, determination, finally shame and anger. For, feeling my eyes upon her, she looked up and met what she must have thought the impudent stare of an appraiser. Her face, which had been without color, pale and clear like the sky about the evening star, went crimson in a moment. She bit her lip and shot at me one withering glance, then dropped her eyelids and hid the lightning. When I looked at her again, covertly, and from under my hand raised as though to push back my hair, she was pale once more, and her dark eyes were fixed upon the water and the green trees without the window.

The congregation rose, and she stood up with the other maids. Her dress was of dark woolen, severe and unadorned, her close ruff and prim white coif, would have cried "Puritan," had ever Puritan looked like this woman, upon whom the poor apparel had the seeming of purple and ermine.

Anon came the benediction. Governor, councilors, commanders, and ministers left the choir and paced solemnly down the aisle; the maids closed in behind;

and we who had lined the walls, shifting from one heel to the other for a long two hours, brought up the rear, and so passed from the church to a fair green meadow adjacent thereto. Here the company disbanded; the wearers of gold lace betaking themselves to seats erected in the shadow of a mighty oak, and the ministers, of whom there were four, bestowing themselves within pulpits of turf. For one altar and one clergyman could not hope to dispatch that day's business.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one cluster; then, shyly or with laughter, they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels errant and would-be bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone; for if by chance I neared a maid, she looked (womanlike) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back. So disengaged, I felt like a guest at a mask, and in some measure enjoyed the show, though with an uneasy consciousness that I was pledged to become, sooner or later, a part of the spectacle. I saw a shepherdess fresh from Arcadia wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl, not five feet high and all eyes, who

dropped a curtsy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis, "Any poultry?"

Corydon. "A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks."

Phyllis. "A cow?"

Corydon. "Twa."

Phyllis. "How much tobacco?"

Corydon. "Three acres, hinny, though I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I'm a Stuart, woman, an' the king's puir cousin."

Phyllis. "What household furnishings?"

Corydon. "Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather cairpet, sax cawf-skin chairs an' twa-three rush, five pair o' sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes" —

Phyllis. "I'll take you."

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?"

"By ——!" he answered, with an angry laugh. "If they 're all like the sample I've just left, I'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!"

I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?"

His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuftaffeta with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough, I warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with."

"Ah!" I said. "When I left the crowd, they were

going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain."

"I'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "If you keep on to the river and that clump of cedars, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone, I stood still for a while and watched the slow sweep of a buzzard high in the blue, after which I unsheathed my dagger, and with it tried to scrape the dried mud from my boots. Succeeding but indifferently, I put the blade up, stared again at the sky, drew a long breath, and marched upon the covert of cedars indicated by Hamor.

As I neared it, I heard at first only the wash of the river; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!"

"Kiss and be friends," said the man.

The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even the most hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting the bushes, to find the man nursing his cheek, and the maid her hand.

"You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists.

She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small ferret eyes. I knew him to be one Edward Sharpless, and I knew no good of him. He had been a lawyer in England. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could

not resist it, so, assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood.

When he had clambered out and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great cedar, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as Sharpless touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other, a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder, and beheld young Hamor, — probably disappointed of a wife, — with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her dark eyes, glancing here and there like those of a hunted creature, met my own.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?"

She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town.

"No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here."

"Then, in God's name, let us be gone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the cedars into the open meadow, where we presently met Hamor and his party.

They would have barred the way, laughing and making unsavory jests, but I drew her closer to me, and laid my hand upon my sword. They stood aside, for I was the best swordsman in Virginia.

LIFE ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION

[Seventeenth century]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Not long after the settlement of Jamestown the colonists learned that the best way to make money from their land was to plant as much of it as possible with tobacco. It was not easy for a man to care for these great farms, or plantations, if his home was far away; therefore each planter built his house on his plantation. That is why, even when Virginia was a century old, there was hardly a village in the country.

Whether large or small, this house was always known as the "great house," to distinguish it from the smaller houses, or cabins, in which the workmen lived. In later times these workmen were negro slaves, but in the earlier days of the colony white men sent over from England were employed. Most of them were "redemptioners," that is, poor men who wished to try their fortune in a new land. When they reached Virginia, some planter was always ready to pay the cost of their passage on condition that they should work for him till the value of their labor had "redeemed" the amount. Some of these redemptioners were well-educated, enterprising men; and in that case they had a good opportunity to become tenants or even to acquire estates of their own.

Guests were always welcome on the plantations, and a visit in those times was not an afternoon call, but a stay of several days or a week or a month. This hospital-

ity was offered as freely to strangers as to friends. A traveler had only to stop his horse at any door, and he was sure of a welcome and a night's entertainment. It was so customary to entertain travelers free of cost that the law forbade even innkeepers to make any charge for food and lodging unless they had told the guest in advance that he would be expected to pay. If a planter was going away from home, he would tell his agent to see that any stranger who might ask for hospitality should be welcomed and given every comfort that the plantation afforded. If we may trust the old stories, it was not always necessary even to ask, for it is said that sometimes a sociable planter would station a servant where he would be most likely to meet travelers and give him orders to invite them to stop and pay a visit.

Such a visit must have been well worth making, for on the larger plantations there was much to see that would interest a stranger. After the earliest days the houses grew larger to suit the hospitable notions of the colonists, and many of them contained expensive furnishings that had been brought across the Atlantic. There was always a hall that was used as a dining-room and general living-room. The walls were sometimes hung with tapestry or built up with oaken panels. There was a long dining-table of course, and a cupboard well filled with china. There was pewter, too, and silver; spoons, forks, saltcellars, candlesticks, and snuffers. There was sure to be at least one great chest, sometimes plain, sometimes carved, full of snowy linen napkins and tablecloths. On one side of the room was a great fireplace in which enormous logs cheerily blazed and roared up the chimney. A sitting-room and parlor usually

opened off the hall, but the hall was the heart of the home, and it was of the hall and the family gathered about the open fire that the homesick Virginian thought when he was on the other side of the ocean.

The kitchen was a little way from the house. There was always a great fireplace, sometimes ten or twelve feet long, with crane and pot-hooks and all sorts of arrangements for roasting and baking and frying. There was room enough in such a fireplace to cook for even the large gatherings of friends that so often came together in this land of visits. Virginia had a most generous supply of food. Oysters, fish, chickens, beef, and venison were exceedingly cheap. Cream and butter and milk were plentiful, and all sorts of fruit and vegetables grew most luxuriantly.

There was much to see outside of the house. A plantation was like a little town, for whatever was needed must either be made on the spot or ordered from England. Most of the large plantations had among the servants carpenters, blacksmiths, tanners, weavers, shoemakers, and coopers. A planter's own men could build sheds and barns and keep them in repair. Hides and wool were raised on the place. The tanners and shoemakers and weavers made shoes and clothes for the negroes, and much of the cloth that was used for common purposes at the "great house." When finer articles were needed, an order went to England. With whole forests of wood at hand, even chairs, tables, boxes, bowls, and wheels came across the ocean, for the time and strength necessary to make these articles would cultivate much more than enough tobacco to pay for importing them.

A very important part of the things ordered from England were articles of dress. These Virginians, colonists though they were, did not propose to give up the London fashions, and they sent for gowns of brocaded silk or satin or velvet, or calico lined with silk — for calico was expensive in those days. They had petticoats of silk, often shot with threads of silver. They had laces of silver and of gold, scarfs of all colors, silk stockings, scarlet sleeves, and crimson mantles. This gorgeousness was not limited to the women, for the men were just as desirous of fine clothes. The coat was of broadcloth, often olive or some other color, and dazzling with buttons of polished silver. Ruffles fell over the hand. The waistcoat was of any color that struck the fancy of the wearer. The breeches were of plush or fine broadcloth. Silver buckles were worn on the shoes. If the day was cool, a handsome mantle of blue or scarlet was thrown over this array. Such was the gala dress of the colonists. Imagine a ballroom glowing with all this brilliancy in the clear, soft light of dozens of myrtle wax candles!

How were children educated on the plantations? There were a few free schools supported, not by the colony, but by individuals. The houses, however, were too far apart for district schools to flourish, but frequently the children on adjoining plantations were taught by some educated man of the neighborhood; perhaps a tutor was engaged to come from England to live in a planter's family and teach his children. When the sons grew older, they were sometimes sent to Cambridge or to Oxford. Virginia had plans only fourteen years after the founding of Jamestown for establishing not only a free school but a university. Indians as well as whites were

THE PLANTING OF THE COLONY OF MARYLAND

THE PLANTING OF THE COLONY OF MARYLAND

BY FRANK B. MAYER

(*American artist*)

Soon after the founding of Jamestown, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic nobleman of England, planned to found a colony in the New World where members of his Church might be free from the bitter persecutions to which they were exposed in their own land. Charles I gave him a grant of land north of the Potomac, and he named it Maryland. In this domain Lord Baltimore, or rather his son (for he died just before the grant was made out) was almost as free as an absolute monarch; for he could form an assembly of representatives, and whatever laws they chose to make and he chose to sign would go into effect without waiting for the king's approval. There was much opposition to this grant, and absurd rumors arose that the proprietor was not carrying emigrants, but soldiers to help Spain conquer England; and even after the vessels were started, they had to return to assure the authorities that every one on board had taken the oath of allegiance to the king.

On landing in Maryland (1634), an altar was built and mass was celebrated. Then all the Roman Catholics went a little to one side where a great tree had been roughly hewn into a cross. The priests, the governor, the commissioners, and the chief men among the adventurers lifted it upon their shoulders, and walked slowly to the place that had been made ready for it. It was set up, and all knelt around it and recited the Litany of the Sacred Cross. Then Governor Calvert stood beside it and said, "I hereby take possession of Terra Mariæ for our Blessed Saviour and for our sovereign Lord, the King of England."

So it was that Maryland was founded.

to become pupils. Money was raised and a president was chosen. An Indian massacre and the overthrow of the London Company prevented these plans from being carried out immediately; but even then, the college of William and Mary, founded in 1692, was, save for Harvard, the first college in America. A place was chosen for its home which was also to be the capital of the colony. It was named Williamsburg, and the original plan was to lay its streets out in the shape of a "W" and an "M," in honor of the sovereigns of England. The students were always few, but three presidents of the United States have been among them; and governors, judges, and other public officials without number.

So it was that life went on in Virginia in "good old colony times." The planter's wife, with the large house to superintend, was a busy woman. The planter was like a monarch, for on his own plantation his word was law. In one way he had a very easy life, for he was never obliged to do anything for himself that a servant could do for him. On the other hand, there was constant need of the master's watchful eye to prevent the waste and neglect that would soon ruin the wealthiest planter. Mrs. Washington once said that she wished "George" would stay at home and attend to his plantation instead of going off to fight Indians. The planter had to learn how to attend to many things at once, how to decide questions quickly and independently, in short, how to command; and this ability was of the utmost value to the country.

HOW OGLETHORPE SAVED GEORGIA FROM SPAIN

[1743]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

The Georgia seaboard, even more than that of the Carolinas, is covered with large islands and shoals, access to the main land being had through numerous sounds between the islands. On several of these islands Oglethorpe had erected fortifications, notably Fort William on Cumberland Island, commanding Amelia Sound; but the principal defensive works were on St. Simon's Island, off the mouth of the Altamaha River.

Here some six years before had been established the military settlement of Frederica. As he had named the province Georgia in honor of George II, so he had called the town Frederica, after the worthless and dissipated Frederick, Prince of Wales, who is known to fame as the father of George III, and is the man for whose dog Pope wrote the following verse: —

> "I am his highness' dog at Kew,
> Good reader, pray, whose dog are you?"

These are the principal things for which Frederick is noted.

Georgia was of necessity what we would now call a "buffer" State, between the older northerly colonies and the Spanish settlements in Florida. Oglethorpe had chosen the location of St. Simon's Island with an eye

single to its defensive possibilities. On a high bluff surrounded by thick and impenetrable forests, about midway on the western shore of the island, he had built a fort protected on the land side by a tide-water ditch, and on the river side by a water battery and by another battery of twelve heavy guns so mounted as to command the channel of a navigable river which gave access to the place, for three quarters of a mile. Any attacking ships would be forced to subject themselves to a raking fire for that distance as they came in. In addition they would be compelled to endure an oblique fire from the fort itself.

The intrenchments were strongly built of a material called "tabby," a compound of lime, sand, and shells, which hardened upon exposure into stone-like cement of impenetrable consistency. The fort and the batteries were amply provided with artillery. On one side of the fort before the forests began was an open place used as a parade ground, which was completely commanded by its guns. Back of the fort, the town, surrounded by a rampart, was built. No access to Frederica, built upon the landward or the river shore, was possible from the seaward shore of the island, on account of the character of the beach and certain pathless morasses beyond it. At the lower part of the island and commanding St. Simon's, or Jekyl, Sound, several batteries had been erected and a well-built road laid out connecting Frederica with these works. The road wound about in devious course between impenetrable forests and dangerous marshes. Sometimes it would widen into a meadow or savanna where would be a clearing spacious enough in which to pitch a camp, but presently the

forest and the marsh would approach each other once more and the road resume its character of a narrow pass.

To garrison Frederica, Oglethorpe had his own regiment, which was an efficient body of men, well officered, several companies of Rangers, and a small body of Highlanders from the settlement at Darien, full of warlike courage and zeal as became the children of the fighting Scottish race. In all they amounted to less than eight hundred men. To supplement this force he had his own schooner of fourteen guns and eighty men, two sloops of about the same size and armament, a large merchant ship called the Success, which mounted twenty-two guns, and several smaller craft.

Before attempting any enterprise against the upper coast cities to the northward, it was necessary for the invaders to dispose of this force. It would be dangerous to leave such a post to menace the rear of the Spanish expedition and possibly destroy its communications. Monteano therefore intended to sweep the little English and colonial force off the coast in short order and proceed on his way rejoicing. He thought it would be an easy task. He reckoned without his host, as we shall see.

On the 22d of June, 1743, the commanding officer of Fort William found means to inform Oglethorpe that fourteen Spanish ships had appeared off Amelia Sound. It was the advance of the expected attack. After a smart engagement with the fort they were driven off with some loss and entered Cumberland Sound north of the island and out of range of Fort William, but within easy shooting distance of Fort Andrew. The two forts on Cumberland Island were both small and not provided with large garrisons. Their situation was

critical. Oglethorpe acted promptly; he always did. Embarking two companies of his regiment on his own schooner and the two sloops and taking advantage of a favorable wind, he at once put to sea.

On the evening of the 23d of June he came in sight of the Spanish squadron riding quietly at anchor. Giving them no time to get under way or to make any other preparation for battle, with bold yet calculated courage he dashed at them. Although one of his captains, named Tolson, became panic-stricken at the sight of the odds and bore away from the approaching contest seeking safety in ignominious flight, Oglethorpe, followed by the other sloop, kept right on. The Spaniards were taken by surprise at the audacity of his maneuvers, yet they hurried to their quarters and opened a wild and ineffectual fire upon the approaching English from the guns that bore. Oglethorpe skillfully ran into the smoke banks to leeward and, himself hidden, deliberately poured his broadsides into the huddled mass of the Spanish at short range, with such effect that no less than four of the Spanish vessels afterward foundered in a storm on account of the severe handling they had received.

The two little vessels succeeded in passing the Spanish fleet with little or no loss. Oglethorpe landed immediately on Cumberland Island and, after spiking the guns of Fort St. Andrew, threw some of his soldiers and the garrison of the abandoned work into Fort William. Leaving a promising young Scotsman named Alexander Stewart in command of that work, the general succeeded in regaining St. Simon's Island with his two remaining vessels without further loss. His arrival was a source of

great joy to the soldiers and inhabitants of Frederica, as the boat which had run away had returned bearing the news that Oglethorpe's flotilla had been sunk by the Spaniards and that he had been lost. The cowardly captain was immediately put under arrest for his pusillanimous conduct.

On the 28th of June the united Spanish fleet appeared off St. Simon's Bar. The number of vessels varies in the different accounts, some authorities stating that there were as many as fifty-six. There were at least thirty-six of them, however, the largest being three ships of twenty guns each, although the majority of them were vessels of a sort known as a "half-galley," probably propelled by sweeps as well as sails; some of them were large enough to carry one hundred and twenty men and mount an eighteen-pound gun; although, being built for service in inland streams, they drew but five feet of water. The statements as to the number of soldiers on board range from seven to five thousand. On the 5th of July, the Spaniards, taking advantage of a brisk gale and a heavy flood tide, crossed the bar and engaged the forts at the end of the island. For four hours the battle was severely contested. The Success and the small ships also joined in the encounter and the Spanish made four different attempts to board the Success, which, from her larger size, was necessarily anchored farthest away from the shore. They were repulsed in each instance with heavy loss. They finally abandoned the contest, but they succeeded in passing the forts and entering the river well up toward Frederica.

Oglethorpe acted promptly as usual. Sending his vessels to sea with orders that they proceed to Savannah,

he spiked the guns of the batteries at the lower end of the island and concentrated his forces at Frederica. The Spanish commander, having reconnoitered the water approach to that fort, and after having advanced rather hesitatingly to attack it, which attempt was repulsed with some loss, determined to land his army at Gascoigne's bluff on the island. Some four thousand men, including the Spanish artillery, grenadiers, and dismounted dragoons, and regiments of negroes and mulattoes, took possession of the abandoned forts, erected additional batteries mounting twenty eighteen-pound guns, and made other preparations for the expected conquest.

They had discovered that it was impossible to take the fort by water, and that it was equally impossible to lead an army through the woods. The military road which Oglethorpe had built offered the only practicable mode of access to Frederica. On the 7th of July, Don Manuel sent out a scouting party comprising one hundred and twenty Spaniards, forty Indians, and forty negro grenadiers. They came marching gayly up the road and walked blindly into an ambush which had been prepared with consummate skill by the English commander. In the battle that ensued the greater part of them were killed out of hand. A few only of the Indians and negroes escaped to tell the tale. Oglethorpe took a prominent part in the fighting, engaging the Spanish captain hand to hand and finally killing him. He performed several feats of personal prowess in the encounter which greatly endeared him to his men. The English pursued the flying Spanish for several miles until they came to an open meadow on the edge of which Ogle-

thorpe posted them in anticipation of a return attack. He himself returned post-haste to Frederica to bring up the rest of his men.

Don Manuel, when he heard of the disastrous defeat, immediately sent out a second and much stronger party comprising one hundred grenadiers, two hundred infantry, a small squadron of horse, and a large body of negro troops and Indians, all under the command of Don Antonio Barba, a veteran and experienced soldier. Throwing out scouts, and making use of every precaution, they marched up the road to the place held by the detachment of Oglethorpe's men and a small body of the Highlanders. Notwithstanding their previous success, in some way the regulars became panic-stricken as the Spanish advance appeared in the open, and after exchanging a few futile volleys, they abandoned the field and withdrew.

The retrograde movement soon became a rapid retreat, and they streamed up the road in one of those strange panics which sometimes seizes upon the best of troops. A platoon of the Highlanders under Lieutenant Mackay and a small body of colonial Rangers under Lieutenant Sutherland brought up the rear. Fortunately, they did not share the prevailing fear of their comrades, and after retreating a short distance they resolved to lay an ambuscade for the pursuing Spaniards. They halted, turned about, made a détour, struggled back through the woods until they actually got in the rear of the Spanish forces still advancing up the road. They chose a position where the way narrowed to a width of less than twenty yards and bent into a crescent between a morass and the thick wood, and

there determined to wait an opportunity of dealing a decisive blow, not doubting that the enemy would soon return.

Having learned something of the dangers of the way by their previous disastrous repulse, the Spanish advance had been halted after a short pursuit; and as they thought they had dispersed the force before them, and as they were not strong enough to attack Frederica, they retraced their steps and returned to the open to make a camp. They came back slowly, so that the Georgians had ample time to make proper dispositions. They carefully chose their place and lay concealed in the thick undergrowth awaiting the enemy. Presently the Spaniards came marching along the road. As they reached the spot where the English had been awaiting them and whence the regulars had retreated in terror, imagining that no enemy was anywhere near them, and considering themselves protected by marsh and wood, they entered the defile covered by the guns of the waiting Scots, halted, dismounted, stacked arms and prepared to repose and rest under the shade of the palmetto tree.

The colonists had been cautioned by Mackay, the ranking officer, on no account to fire until he gave the word. It was his desire completely to surround the Spaniards before he began the engagement, but a Spanish horse happening to catch a sight of a Highland bonnet through the trees over the undergrowth — the wearer, in disobedience to orders, having risen to get a better look — shied violently and attracted the attention of his rider, and he at once gave the alarm. The Spaniards awoke to the peril of their situation and sprang to their arms.

Concealment was at an end. Instantly the Highlanders and Rangers fired. The Spaniards, taken at a great disadvantage and seeing the woods on either side of them ablaze with musketry, after a few feeble and ineffectual discharges by such men as could reach their weapons, turned to fly. The officers bravely tried to check their retreat, but unavailingly. Don Antonio Barba was mortally wounded, and many of the officers fell. The Highlanders and Rangers burst out of the woods and charged upon the enemy with bayonet or claymore in hand. This completed the rout. More than two hundred of the Spanish party were killed and wounded on the spot, and many captured before they got out of reach of the little party of scarcely more than fifty Highlanders and Rangers.

Back on the road advancing at the head of the rest of his troops, Oglethorpe met the fleeing soldiers of the regiment and heard the story of their disgraceful retreat. Rallying the men and putting an officer in charge of them with instructions to bring them up at full speed, he galloped on ahead down the road at a great pace. He saw, of course, that the Highlanders and Rangers were not with the rest of the troops, and when he heard the firing he imagined that they had been, or were being, cut down and captured. The Spaniards had openly declared that they would give quarter to neither man nor woman.

In great anxiety Oglethorpe made his way toward the scene of the encounter. What was his joy when he reached the pass to find that not one of his troops had been touched, and that over two hundred of the enemy lay dead and dying before him! Of the remainder of the

Spanish party but few reached the main camp. So fierce had been the attack and pursuit of the colonists, that most of the Spaniards had forsaken the road in their blind attempts to escape. Those who unwittingly plunged into the hideous marsh, of course never succeeded in extricating themselves from its awful depths; while for years afterward hunters ranging the woods would find in lonely spots skeletons which told grim tales of lost Spaniards dying of starvation in the savage wastes of the forest. The encounter was called the battle of Bloody Marsh, and Oglethorpe promoted the two young officers who had commanded the Highlanders and Rangers, on the field. It is noteworthy that this battle was gained by the colonists alone after the men of the regiment recruited in England had fled the field.

Meanwhile the situation of the soldiers in the Spanish camp was growing desperate. Fever and dysentery had broken out, hundreds of the men fell ill, and fresh water was scarce. They were unable properly to care for the many wounded and ill. They had lost over five hundred men in the several battles. They made, however, one more attempt to capture the place, this time by a boat expedition. The attack was gallantly made, but they were beaten off with great loss by the forts and the batteries at Frederica. Several of the Spanish boats were sunk, and Oglethorpe, commanding the boats of the place, pursued the flying Spaniards until he was within range of the guns of their ships.

Dissensions sprang up between them on account of these repeated failures, and the rivalry between the contingents from Cuba and Florida at last developed a dangerous degree of antagonism and discontent.

Learning this situation, Oglethorpe, although the Spaniards still numbered over three thousand effectives, determined to beat up their camp. For the expedition, he chose five hundred of his best troops, notably the Highlanders and Rangers, who had done such valiant work at Bloody Marsh, and with them advanced to the attack on the night of the 12th of July.

A Frenchman in the party, however, gave the alarm to the Spaniards by firing his musket, and before he could be apprehended escaped in the darkness and made his way to the Spanish camp, in which the men immediately stood at their arms. Oglethorpe therefore had to withdraw. But he turned the man's desertion to good account. The traitor revealed to Don Manuel the feebleness of the garrison of Frederica and urged him to attack it in force, when the result would be certain success.

The commander was hesitating when a Spaniard, who had been taken by Oglethorpe and who professed to have escaped from captivity, was brought to him. On his person was found a letter which he confessed to have agreed to deliver to the Frenchman for a sum of money that had been given him. The English general had written this letter to the Frenchman purporting to consider him as his spy; and in it, among other things, urged him to persuade the Spaniards to remain in their camp for three days or more, or until an English fleet with two thousand troops aboard, then on its way, should come down from Charleston. He also stated that Admiral Vernon was about to attack St. Augustine with another fleet. Oglethorpe had bribed the prisoner, and the letter fell into the hands of the Spanish commander

— as Oglethorpe knew it would — instead of being delivered to the Frenchman.

The ruse succeeded perfectly. Instead of the friend whose advice was worth having and who would have helped them, the Spanish officers looked upon the Frenchman as an English spy. They would have hanged him in spite of his protestations of the falsity of Oglethorpe's letter, had not Don Manuel, who entertained some doubt as to the reports, interfered to save his life. The situation of the Spaniards, however, was such that when word was brought them that three ships — South Carolina scouting vessels, — had been seen in the offing, supposing them to indicate the approach of the English fleet, they were filled with terror. Sick, hungry, thirsty, dispirited, they set fire to the fort and, abandoning large quantities of stores and supplies, including their guns, they piled aboard their ships and sailed away. There was no English fleet anywhere near the scene of action and none was coming; no ships were menacing St. Augustine, either.

Oglethorpe at once surmised that they would stop at Fort William and endeavor to strike one effective blow there. He sent expresses, therefore, to the young commander and bade him hold on at all hazards. For two days Ensign Stewart and sixty men sustained a vigorous attack from the Spaniards, whom they finally repulsed. Oglethorpe had followed in the wake of the retreating ships with his own small vessels and annoyed them as much as he could. Shortly after the middle of July the Spaniards abandoned their expedition and the whole armada left the coast, never to return.

The celebrated Whitefield, who was with Oglethorpe

at the time, said of the results of the campaign, "The deliverance of Georgia is such as cannot be paralleled save by some of the incidents of the Old Testament." When the smallness of his force and the overwhelming strength of the Spaniards is considered, the student of history must agree with the theologian. Oglethorpe's defense had been brilliant in the extreme. He had saved the Southern colonies from coming under the evil of Spanish rule. Of the little campaign it is not too much to record, with approval, the phrase which called the narrow road between the wood and the marsh at Frederica "the Thermopylæ of America."

V

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1607, the Plymouth Company sent some colonists to Maine, where they attempted to make a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec River. After one winter, they reported that no Englishmen could live in so cold a country. A few years later, a company of people known as Separatists, because they wished to separate entirely from the Church of England, fled with their pastor, John Robinson, from England to Holland, which permitted more liberty in religious matters than other countries. (See "When the Pilgrim Fathers went to Holland," volume VII.) But to prevent their children from becoming Dutch in language and customs, they sailed, in 1620, for the unknown world across the ocean. They were driven northward by storms, and made their landing at what is now Plymouth, in Massachusetts. Ten years later, nearly one thousand Puritans, or people who wished to remain members of the Church of England, but to purify it, settled in Salem and Boston.

Not all the Massachusetts settlers agreed in their opinions. Roger Williams, pastor of a Salem church and the most famous of the dissenters, was ordered to return to England, but he escaped to his good friends, the Narragansett Indians, and in 1636 founded the town of Providence, in Rhode Island.

In 1633, some Pilgrims from Plymouth went up the Connecticut River, set up on the present site of Windsor a little wooden house that they had brought with them, and opened trade with the Indians. This was the beginning of Connecticut.

WHEN GOSNOLD CAME TO CUTTYHUNK

[1602]

BY JOHN BRERETON

In the morning we found ourselves embayed with a mighty headland.[1] But coming to an anchor about nine of the clock the same day, within a league of the shore, we hoisted out the one half of our shallop; and Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, myself, and three others, went ashore, being a white, sandy, and bold shore; and marching all that afternoon, with our muskets on our necks, on the highest hills which we saw, — the weather very hot, — at length we perceived this headland to be parcel of the main, and sundry islands lying almost round about it. So returning towards evening to our shallop, — for by that time the other part was brought ashore, and set together, — we espied an Indian, a young man of proper stature, and of a pleasing countenance; and, after some familiarity with him, we left him at the seaside, and returned to our ship, where, in five or six hours' absence, we had pestered our ship so with codfish, that we threw numbers of them overboard again. And surely, I am persuaded, that in the months of March, April, and May, there is upon this coast better fishing, and in as great plenty, as in Newfoundland; for the skulls of mackerel, herrings, cod, and other fish, that we daily saw as we went and came from the shore, were wonderful. And besides, the places where we took these

[1] Cape Cod.

cods, and might in a few days have laden our ship, were but in seven fathoms water, and within less than a league from the shore; where, in Newfoundland, they fish in forty or fifty fathoms water, and far off.

From this place we sailed round about this headland almost all the points of the compass, the shore very bold; but, as no coast is free from dangers, so I am persuaded this is as free as any. The land somewhat low, full of goodly woods, but in some places plain. At length we were come amongst many fair islands, which we had partly discerned at our first landing, all lying within a league or two one of another, and the outermost not above five or seven leagues from the main. But coming to an anchor under one of them, which was about three or four leagues from the main, Captain Gosnold, myself, and some others, went ashore; and, going round about it, we found it to be four English miles in compass, without house or inhabitant, saving a little old house made of boughs covered with bark, an old piece of a weir of the Indians to catch fish, and one or two places where they had made fires. The chiefest trees of this island are beeches and cedars, the outward parts all overgrown with low, bushy trees three or four feet in height, which bear some kind of fruits, as appeared by their blossoms; strawberries, red and white, as sweet and much bigger than ours in England; raspberries, gooseberries, whortleberries, and such an incredible store of vines, as well in the woody part of the island, where they run upon every tree, as on the outward parts, so that we could not go for treading upon them; also many springs of excellent sweet water, and a great standing lake of fresh water near the seaside, an English mile in compass, which is

maintained with the springs, running exceedingly pleasantly through the woody grounds, which are very rocky. Here are also in this island great store of deer, which we saw, and other beasts, as appeared by their tracks; as also divers fowls, as cranes, hernshaws, bitterns, geese, mallards, teals, and other fowl in great plenty; also great store of peas, which grow in certain plots all the island over. On the north side of this island we found many huge bones and ribs of whales.

From hence we went to another island to the northwest of this, and within a league or two of the main, which we found to be greater than before we imagined, being sixteen English miles, at the least, in compass; for it containeth many pieces of necks of land, which differ nothing from several islands, saving that certain banks of small breadth do like bridges join them to this island. On the outside of this island are many plain places of grass, abundance of strawberries, and other berries before mentioned. In mid-May we did sow in this island, for a trial, in sundry places, wheat, barley, oats, and peas, which in fourteen days were sprung up nine inches, and more. The soil is fat and lusty, the upper crust of gray color, but a foot or less in depth, of the color of our hemp-lands in England, and being thus apt for these and the like grains. The sowing or setting — after the ground is closed — is no greater labor than if you should set or sow in one of our best prepared gardens in England. This island is full of high timbered oaks, their leaves thrice so broad as ours; cedars, straight and tall, beech, elm, holly, walnut trees in abundance, the fruit as big as ours, as appeared by those we found under the trees, which had lain all the year ungathered; hazel-

nut trees, cherry trees, the leaf, bark, and bigness not differing from ours in England, but the stalk beareth the blossoms or fruit at the end thereof, like a cluster of grapes, forty or fifty in a bunch; sassafras trees, great plenty all the island over, a tree of high price and profit; also divers other fruit-trees, some of them with strange barks of an orange color, in feeling soft and smooth like velvet: in the thickest parts of these woods, you may see a furlong or more round about.

On the northwest side of this island, near to the sea-side, is a standing lake of fresh water, almost three English miles in compass, in the midst whereof stands a plot of woody ground, an acre in quantity, or not above. This lake is full of small tortoises, and exceedingly frequented with all sorts of fowls, before rehearsed, which breed, some low on the banks, and others on low trees about this lake, in great abundance, whose young ones of all sorts we took and ate at our pleasure; but all these fowls are much bigger than ours in England. Also in every island, and almost in every part of every island, are great store of ground-nuts, forty together on a string, some of them as big as hen's eggs: they grow not two inches under ground, the which nuts we found to be as good as potatoes. Also divers sorts of shell-fish, as scallops, mussels, cockles, lobsters, crabs, oysters, and whelks, exceeding good and very great. . . .

Now the next day, we determined to fortify ourselves in a little plot of ground in the midst of the lake above mentioned, where we built our house, and covered it with sedge, which grew about this lake in great abundance; in building whereof we spent three weeks and more. But, the second day after our coming from the

main, we espied eleven canoes or boats, with fifty Indians in them, coming toward us from this part of the main, where we two days before landed; and, being loath they should discover our fortification, we went out on the seaside to meet them. And, coming somewhat near them, they all sat down upon the stones, calling aloud to us, as we rightly guessed, to do the like, a little distance from them. Having sat a while in this order, Captain Gosnold willed me to go unto them to see what countenance they would make; but, as soon as I came up unto them, one of them, to whom I had given a knife two days before in the main, knew me, whom I also very well remembered, and, smiling upon me, spake somewhat unto their lord or captain, which sat in the midst of them, who presently rose up, and took a large beaver-skin from one that stood about him, and gave it unto me, which I requited for that time the best I could. But I, pointing towards Captain Gosnold, made signs unto him that he was our captain, and desirous to be his friend, and enter league with him, which, as I perceive, he understood, and made signs of joy. Whereupon Captain Gosnold, with the rest of his company, being twenty in all, came up unto them, and after many signs of gratulations, — Captain Gosnold presenting their lord with certain trifles which they wondered at and highly esteemed, — we became very great friends, and sent for meat aboard our shallop, and gave them such meats as we had then ready dressed; whereof they misliked nothing but our mustard, whereat they made many a sour face. . . .

So the rest of the day we spent in trading with them for furs, which are beavers, luzernes, martens, otters,

wildcat-skins, — very large and deep fur, — black foxes, coney-skins, of the color of our hares, but somewhat less, deer-skins very large, seal-skins, and other beasts' skins, to us unknown. They have also great store of copper, some very red, and some of a paler color: none of them but have chains, ear-rings, or collars of this metal. They head some of their arrows herewith, much like our broad-arrow heads, very workmanly made. Their chains are many hollow pieces cemented together, each piece of the bigness of one of our reeds, a finger in length, ten or twelve of them together on a string, which they wear about their necks. Their collars they wear about their bodies, like bandoleers, a handful broad, all hollow pieces like the other, but somewhat shorter, four hundred pieces in a collar, very fine and evenly set together. Besides these, they have large drinking-cups, made like skulls, and other thin plates of copper, made much like our boar-spear blades, all which they so little esteem as they offered their fairest collars or chains for a knife or such like trifle; but we seemed little to regard it. Yet I was desirous to understand where they had such store of this metal, and made signs to one of them, with whom I was very familiar, who, taking a piece of copper in his hand, made a hole with his finger in the ground, and withal pointed to the main from whence they came. . . .

Thus they continued with us three days, every night retiring themselves to the furthermost part of our island, two or three miles from our fort; but the fourth day they returned to the main, pointing five or six times to the sun, and once to the main, which we understood [to mean] that, within five or six days, they would come

from the main to us again. But, being in their canoes a little from the shore, they made huge cries and shouts of joy unto us; and we with our trumpet and cornet, and casting up our caps into the air, made them the best farewell we could. Yet six or seven of them remained with us behind, bearing us company every day into the woods, and helped us to cut and carry our sassafras, and some of them lay aboard our ship.

These people, as they are exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition, and well conditioned, exceeding all others that we have seen, so for shape of body and lovely favor, I think they excel all the people of America. [They are] of stature much higher than we; of complexion or color much like a dark olive; their eyebrows and hair black, which they wear long, tied up behind in knots, whereon they prick feathers of fowls, in fashion of a coronet. Some of them are black, thin-bearded. They make beards of the hair of beasts; and one of them offered a beard of their making to one of our sailors, for his that grew on his face, which, because it was of a red color, they judged to be none of his own. They are quick-eyed, and steadfast in their looks, fearless of others' harms, as intending none themselves; some of the meaner sort given to filching, which the very name of savages, not weighing their ignorance in good or evil, may easily excuse. Their garments are of deer-skins; and some of them wear furs round and close about their necks. They pronounce our language with great facility; for one of them one day sitting by me, upon occasion I spake smiling to him these words, "How now, sirrah, are you so saucy with my tobacco?" which words, without any further repetition, he suddenly spake so plain

and distinctly, as if he had been a long scholar in the language. Many other such trials we had, which are here needless to repeat.

But after our bark had taken in so much sassafras, cedar, furs, skins, and other commodities, as were thought convenient, some of our company that had promised Captain Gosnold to stay, having nothing but a saving voyage in their minds, made our company of inhabitants, which was small enough before, much smaller; so as Captain Gosnold seeing his whole strength to consist but of twelve men, and they but meanly provided, determined to return for England, leaving this island, which he called Elizabeth's Island,[1] with as many true sorrowful eyes as were before desirous to see it. So the 18th of June, being Friday, we weighed, and with indifferent fair wind and weather came to anchor the 23d of July, being also Friday, in all bare five weeks, before Exmouth.

[1] Now Cuttyhunk.

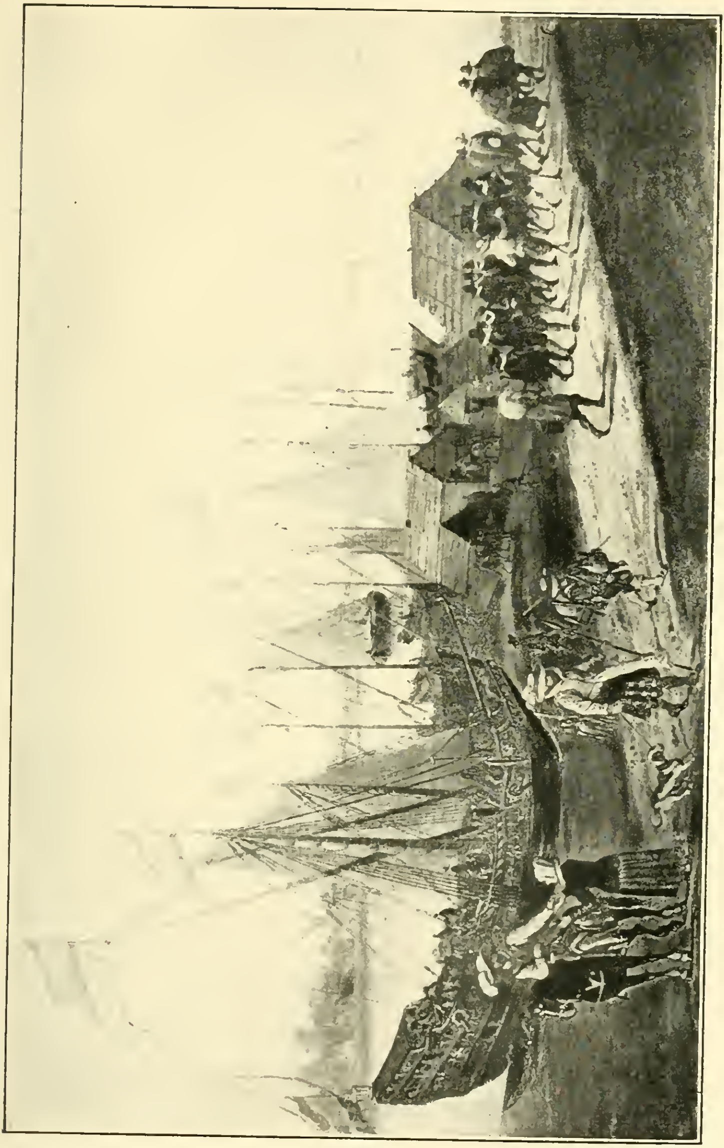
THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM HOLLAND

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM HOLLAND

FROM AN OLD DUTCH PAINTING

The following account of this departure was written by William Bradford, second governor of Plymouth: —

"And ye time being come that they must departe, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of ye citie, unto a towne sundrie miles of called Delfes-Haven, wher the ship lay ready to receive them. So they lefte ye goodly & pleasante citie, which had been ther resting place near 12. years; but they knew they were pilgrimes, & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to ye heavens, their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits. When they came to ye place they found ye ship and all things ready; and shuch of their freinds as could not come with them followed after them, and sundrie also came from Amsterdame to see them shipte and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleepe by ye most, but with freindly entertainmente & christian discourse and other reall expressions of true christian love. The next day, the wind being faire, they wente aborde, and their freinds with them, where truly dolefull was ye sight of that sade and mournfull parting; to see what sighs and sobbs and praires did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, & pithy speeches peirst each harte; that sundry of ye Dutch strangers y^t stood on ye key as spectators, could not refraine from tears. Yet comfortable & sweete it was to see shuch lively and true expressions of dear & unfained love. But ye tide (which stays for no man) caling them away y^t were loath to departe, their Rev̄ē^d: pastor falling downe on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watrie cheeks com̄-ended them with most fervente praiers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of an other; which proved to be y^e last leave to many of them."



THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS

[1620]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

It was resolved that the youngest and the strongest of the Leyden congregation should first go to New Netherland and start a colony. If Providence seemed to approve of their undertaking, then the others, including the middle-aged and the old, would come out also, if they could, — that is, if they were not hindered by their intolerant king and the bigoted people in the London Company, who hated "Brownists." How wonderful and exciting must have been the dreams of the Pilgrim lads and lassies from the day of decision!

It was on July 22, 1620, that the pioneer party left Delfshaven on the Maas River, fourteen miles south of Leyden, in the little ship Speedwell, reaching Southampton a few days later. There they met the larger vessel, the Mayflower, from London. For the first time many of the young folks looked upon old England.

The Leyden church had sent one or two agents over to England to secure a ship and provisions and make agreement about work for the company, shares, payment, etc. Now they found that matters for the colony had been arranged in a very distasteful way, and besides they had to sell off most of their butter and all their beer in order to pay their debts and clear the harbor. Even then they were poorly equipped. However, the two ships started. The Speedwell soon began

to leak, and they had to put in at Dartmouth, and again at Plymouth, losing both time and money. After getting well into the Atlantic, the rascally captain of the Speedwell, who did not want to cross the ocean, declared she was unseaworthy. So, turning back to Plymouth, the weakest of the company were put on the Speedwell and sent back to London, while the strongest and bravest, numbering one hundred and two persons, started on the large ship for a voyage in the stormiest time of the year.

When in mid-ocean the frame of the Mayflower was so strained by the chopping waves and the terrible winds, that one of the great supporting beams of the ship was drawn out of place. Then it seemed as though the vessel would go to pieces. Fortunately, one of the passengers had a piece of Dutch hardware on board, which had been invented some years before. This was called a *dommekratcht*, or, as we say, a "jack screw." By this, the stout beam was forced into place, and being held by an iron band and supported by a post, the ship was made safe again. Then they calked the seams and tried to keep dry and comfortable; but shut up in the foul air by the horrible weather, and then afterwards much exposed to the raw winds and cold, it is not surprising that the seeds of quick consumption were planted in their constitutions.

Expecting first to see Sandy Hook and to disembark near the Hudson River, the Pilgrims made landfall at Cape Cod. Instead of a lovely land robed in the verdure and flowers of late summer or early autumn, they beheld leafless trees through which the chill winds of November roared and whistled, with pines and cedars.

Yet Pilot Coppin, who had been once across the Atlantic, had not made a mistake in his original reckoning, but something had carried the Mayflower too far north, just as it had done Verrazzano many years before. What was the mystery? Coppin, and many who like him mistook their course, could not then tell. Foolish people long afterward, with that shameful prejudice against the Dutch which so many Americans have inherited from Englishmen and their wars, like to think that the pilot of the Mayflower was "bribed by the Dutch."

The truth is, that men did not know anything then about the Gulf Stream, which probably never was understood until after the time of Benjamin Franklin, who was the first to study it philosophically. This great blue stream of warm water flowing northward had disturbed Verrazzano's, as it did Coppin's, calculations. The captain of the Mayflower tried to sail southward around Cape Cod, but could not get the Mayflower through the rough waters, shoals, and quicksands. Thankful to escape shipwreck, the Pilgrims gladly turned back and the Mayflower found anchorage off the point where Provincetown now lies. Here, in the summer of 1897, was unveiled a monument in honor of this historic ship and her heroic passengers.

It was a mixed company on board the Mayflower. In the first place, there were rough sailors; some of them were very profane and heartless. The captain and mates did not care to remain one day longer than necessary on this side of the Atlantic, and they gave their passengers hints that they must soon get ashore. Then, the colonists had expected to settle in New Netherland or

within the limits claimed by the London Virginia Company, but had been compelled by the Gulf Stream, or by Providence, to settle in these northern regions of the Plymouth Company, for which they had no patent. They were, therefore, without any authority or means of government. Some of the uncertain characters on board, who were rather free with their tongues, were already giving out that when on land they were going to do pretty much as they pleased. Perhaps the every-day morality of the Pilgrim Company was a little too severe for them.

It was necessary to agree upon some form of government. So in the cabin of the little ship the leaders met together and in the name of God and as loyal subjects of the superstitious monarch that hated them, and whom they called the "King of France," as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, and even nominated "the defender of the faith," they covenanted and combined themselves together into a civil body politic. They promised all due submission and obedience to such laws and offices as should be enacted. To this document, probably laid upon the lid of a chest, forty-one names out of the sixty-five adult passengers then on the ship were signed. Governor Carver was made head of the colony. This compact, since copied in bronze and cut in stone and made the theme of poetry and oratory, was the natural result of the provisions already made by the company in London.

Several weeks were spent in exploring the country by sending out parties on land and over the waters in the shallop. Among the adventures were the finding of corn, the remains of an old fort, the graves of two Europeans,

and many evidences of the Indians, such as deer traps, deserted wigwams, trails, and old maize fields. They had one skirmish with the Indians, in which no one was hurt. One party spent a Sunday on Clark's Island.

One of the first things done was by the women, who went ashore to wash clothes. Men and boys helped them to build fires, with sweet-smelling juniper or cedar wood, and to bring fresh water from a spring on the beach. Thus was begun the great American Monday wash-day.

It was not until the 21st of December, in the stormy weather, that they landed and began their settlement at what Captain John Smith had already named Plymouth. Here were a brook of fresh water, cultivated land, and a fairly good site for a town, with a hill near by, for a fort, just as at Leyden. On the shore lay a boulder, one of the very few large stones anywhere in the neighborhood, which had taken a ride on some prehistoric glacier or iceberg and had thus been carried down from regions farther north in Canada. This they made their first wharf or landing-place, the tradition being that Mary Allerton was the first woman who stepped upon it.

The men went daily to and from the ship, in the wet and stormy weather, occasionally remaining several days and nights on land, but every day working hard, putting up log houses and covering them with thatch. As in all new colonies, there were great dangers from fire, for evidently these people were not accustomed to build houses and to make good chimneys; but though the roofs were several times burnt off, the log walls remained unhurt. The settlement at Plymouth was a good deal like that in Leyden, with houses in rows, with one wide

street between, and the hill fort, in which they mounted their four little cannon. Their food was rather poor, but they managed to vary it with a few wild ducks and geese. The provisions and stores were landed and put under shelter, late in January, by which time they had roofed the Common House, which was at once filled with the sick and dying. It was not until late in February that their fort was in sufficiently good order to be considered capable of withstanding an attack. No human being of the country visited them until the middle of March.

By this time contagious consumption had broken out, which quickly carried off whole families and diminished their number nearly one half; so that only a few able-bodied men were left. Nevertheless, when the Mayflower went away, not one of the colonists returned in her. Even the ship became a pest-house; for many of the sailors that were living in the germ-infested quarters of the late passengers sickened and died. With such brutal and profane sailors in a floating coffin, it is no wonder that the Pilgrims, even if any of them had a longing to run the risk of imprisonment and death at the hands of their country's rulers, preferred to trust in God and stay on the bleak shores of Massachusetts.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RATTLESNAKE SKIN

[1621]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MEANWHILE the choleric captain[1] strode wrathful away
to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his
coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deport-
ment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this
planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern
and defiant;
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in
aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a
Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in
Holland,

[1] Miles Standish.

And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

[Captain Standish, with his little army of eight men, led by "Hobomok, friend of the white man," marched to the northward to subdue the outbreak of the Indians.]

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain at night, from an oak tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle;
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry, and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-like fierceness upon it.
Straightway there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature, —
Mocked the great captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.

THE GRAVES OF THE PILGRIMS

THE GRAVES OF THE PILGRIMS

BY HENRY BACON

(*American artist*, 1840)

In spite of their noble courage, there must have been hours during the first winter in Plymouth when even the bravest among the Pilgrims felt disheartened. The rough houses which they hastily raised could not protect them from the blasts of a New England winter; they had not proper food or, indeed, any of the comforts of life. Sickness came upon them, and at one time there were only seven well persons in the little colony. Before the end of March, nearly half of the colonists had died. These were buried near the first landing-place; and lest the Indians should count their graves and so discover how few were yet living, grain was sown above them. Longfellow makes Miles Standish say of his wife Rose, who died during that terrible winter: —

"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"

ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS

[1634]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

At noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband, which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armor, and practice the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England, its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles the First and his subjects were then, and for several years afterwards, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the king and ministry were rendered more tyrannically violent by an opposition, which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record that our forefathers perceived their danger, but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the king's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times when the folds of

the English banner, with the Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armor was so highly polished that the whole surrounding country had its image in the glittering steel. The central object in the mirrored picture was an edifice of humble architecture with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it — what nevertheless it was — the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meeting-house. The blood was still plashing on the doorstep. There happened to be visible, at the same noontide hour, so many other characteristics of the times and manners of the Puritans, that we must endeavor to represent them in a sketch, though far less vividly than they were reflected in the polished breastplate of John Endicott.

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post — with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evil-doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine; while a fellow criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the King, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood

a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label, — A WANTON GOSPELLER, — which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend that, the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the offense would demand new ingenuity in chastising it.

The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several whose punishment would be life long; some, whose ears had been cropped, like those of puppy dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the rope to some convenient beam or bough.

Let not the reader argue, from any of these evidences of iniquity, that the times of the Puritans were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass along the very street of this sketch, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them

to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

Except the malefactors whom we have described, and the diseased or infirm persons, the whole male population of the town, between sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates which inclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

"Come, my stout hearts!" quoth he, drawing his sword. "Let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in earnest!"

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But, as Endicott glanced right and left along the front, he discovered a personage at some little distance with whom it behooved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman, wearing a black cloak and band, and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his

shoes were bemired as if he had been traveling on foot through the swamps of the wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity. Just as Endicott perceived him, he laid aside his staff, and stooped to drink at a bubbling fountain which gushed into the sunshine about a score of yards from the corner of the meeting-house. But, ere the good man drank, he turned his face heavenward in thankfulness, and then, holding back his gray beard with one hand, he scooped up his simple draught in the hollow of the other.

"What, ho! good Mr. Williams," shouted Endicott. "You are welcome back again to our town of peace. How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful sir," answered Roger Williams, now resuming his staff, and drawing near. "And for the news, here is a letter, which, knowing I was to travel hitherward to-day, His Excellency committed to my charge. Belike it contains tidings of much import; for a ship arrived yesterday from England."

Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem, and of course known to all the spectators, had now reached the spot where Endicott was standing under the banner of his company, and put the governor's epistle into his hand. The broad seal was impressed with Winthrop's coat of arms. Endicott hastily unclosed the letter and began to read, while, as his eye passed down the page, a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose

that his breastplate would likewise become red-hot with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclusion, he shook the letter fiercely in his hand, so that it rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings these, Mr. Williams," said he; "blacker never came to New England. Doubtless you know their purport?"

"Yes, truly," replied Roger Williams; "for the governor consulted, respecting this matter, with my brethren in the ministry at Boston; and my opinion was likewise asked. And His Excellency entreats you, by me, that the news be not suddenly noised abroad, lest the people be stirred up unto some outbreak, and thereby give the king and the archbishop a handle against us."

"The governor is a wise man — a wise man, and a meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my own best judgment. There is neither man, woman, nor child in New England, but has a concern as dear as life in these tidings; and if John Endicott's voice be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square! Ho, good people! Here are news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain; and he and Roger Williams stood together under the banner of the Red Cross; while the women and the aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up their children to look Endicott in the face. A few taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow soldiers, — fellow exiles," began Endicott, speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully

restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old gray halls, where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is! The wolf and the bear meet us within halloo of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our ploughshares, when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread and we must dig in the sands of the seashore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?"

"Call you this liberty of conscience?" interrupted a voice on the steps of the meeting-house.

It was the Wanton Gospeller. A sad and quiet smile flitted across the mild visage of Roger Williams. But Endicott, in the excitement of the moment, shook his sword wrathfully at the culprit — an ominous gesture from a man like him.

"What hast thou to do with conscience, thou knave?" cried he. "I said liberty to worship God, not license to profane and ridicule Him. Break not in upon my speech, or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Hearken to me, friends, nor heed that accursed rhapsodist. As I was saying, we have sacrificed all things, and have come to a land whereof the Old World hath scarcely heard, that we might make a new world unto ourselves, and painfully seek a path from hence to

heaven. But what think ye now? This son of a Scotch tyrant — this grandson of a Papistical and adulterous Scotch woman, whose death proved that a golden crown doth not always save an anointed head from the block —"

"Nay, brother, nay," interposed Mr. Williams; "thy words are not meet for a secret chamber, far less for a public street."

"Hold thy peace, Roger Williams!" answered Endicott imperiously. "My spirit is wiser than thine for the business now in hand. I tell ye, fellow exiles, that Charles of England, and Laud, our bitterest persecutor, arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general, in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English Episcopacy; so that, when Laud shall kiss the Pope's toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master!"

A deep groan from the auditors — a sound of wrath, as well as fear and sorrow — responded to this intelligence.

"Look ye to it, brethren," resumed Endicott with increasing energy, "if this king and this arch-prelate have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builded, and a high altar within its walls, with wax tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the sacring bell, and the voices of the Romish priests saying the mass. But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations

may be suffered without a sword drawn? without a shot fired? without blood spilt, yes, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No, — be ye strong of hand and stout of heart! Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows, which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate, — with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?"

Endicott gazed round at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

"Officer, lower your banner!" said he.

The officer obeyed; and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

"Sacrilegious wretch!" cried the high churchman in the pillory, unable longer to restrain himself, "thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion!"

"Treason, treason!" roared the royalist in the stocks. "He hath defaced the King's banner!"

"Before God and man, I will avouch the deed," answered Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer! — shout, soldiers and people! — in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now!"

With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records.

And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.

HOW PROVIDENCE WON ITS NAME

[1636]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

["Among the settlers who came to Massachusetts, there were some who did not like the way in which things were managed there. Of these dissenters the most famous was Roger Williams, who became pastor of a church at Salem, in 1633. He was one of the noblest men of his time. Some of his opinions were such as very few people then held. He advocated the entire separation of Church from State, declared that no man should be obliged to pay taxes to support a minister, that magistrates had no right to punish Sabbath-breaking or blasphemy, and that a man is responsible for his opinions only to God and his own conscience. He also declared that the King of England could not rightfully give land in America to English settlers, because this land belonged not to the King of England, but to the Indians. The magistrates and clergy of Massachusetts could not endure such opinions, and Williams was ordered to return to England."

John Fiske.]

Winter was at hand; Williams succeeded in obtaining permission to remain till spring; intending then to begin a plantation in Narragansett Bay. But the affections of the people of Salem revived, and could not be restrained; they thronged to his house to hear him whom they were so soon to lose forever; it began to be rumored that he could not safely be allowed to found a new state in the vicinity; "many of the people were much taken with the apprehension of his godliness"; his opinions were

contagious; the infection spread widely. It was therefore resolved to remove him to England in a ship that was just ready to set sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time he declined the summons of the court. A pinnace was sent for him; the officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there. Three days before, he had left Salem, in winter snow and inclement weather, of which he remembered the severity even in his late old age. "For fourteen weeks, he was sorely tost in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean. Often in the stormy night he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide, and had no house but a hollow tree." But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others, which had led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him also the champion of the Indians. He had already been zealous to acquire their language, and knew it so well that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth, he had often been the guest of the neighboring sachems; and now, when he came in winter to the cabin of the chief of Pokanoket, he was welcomed by Massasoit; and "the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp." "The ravens," he relates with gratitude, "fed me in the wilderness." And in requital for their hospitality, he was ever through his long life their friend and benefactor; the apostle of Christianity to them without hire, without weariness, and without impatience at their idolatry; the guardian of their rights; the pacificator, when their rude passions were inflamed; and their unflinching advo-

cate and protector, whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their soil.

He first pitched and began to build and plant at Seekonk. But Seekonk was found to be within the patent of Plymouth; on the other side of the water, the country opened in its unappropriated beauty; and there he might hope to establish a community as free as the other colonies. "That ever-honored Governor Winthrop," says Williams, "privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Narragansett Bay, encouraging me from the freeness of the place from English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as a voice from God."

It was in June that the lawgiver of Rhode Island, with five companions, embarked on the stream; a frail Indian canoe contained the founder of an independent state and its earliest citizens. Tradition has marked the spring near which they landed; it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode Island. To express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God, Williams called the place PROVIDENCE. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

In his new abode, Williams could have less leisure for contemplation and study. "My time," he observes of himself, — and it is a sufficient apology for the roughness of his style, as a writer on morals, — "was not spent altogether in spiritual labors; but, day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread." In the course of two years, he was joined by others, who fled to his asylum. The land which was now occupied by Williams was within the

territory of the Narragansett Indians; it was not long before an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonomoh made him the undisputed possessor of an extensive domain. Nothing displays more clearly the character of Roger Williams than the use which he made of his acquisition of territory. The soil he could claim as his "own, as truly as any man's coat upon his back"; and he "reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers." "He gave away his lands and other estate to them that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all." He chose to found a commonwealth in the unmixed forms of a pure democracy; where the will of the majority should govern the state; yet "only in civil things"; God alone was respected as the Ruler of conscience. To their more aristocratic neighbors, it seemed as if these fugitives "would have no magistrates"; for everything was as yet decided in convention of the people. This first system has had its influence on the whole political history of Rhode Island; in no state in the world, not even in the agricultural state of Vermont, has the magistracy so little power, or the representatives of the freemen so much.

THE INDIAN BIBLE

[1661–1663]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

What a task would you think it, even with a long lifetime before you, were you bidden to copy every chapter, and verse, and word in yonder family Bible! Would not this be a heavy toil? But if the task were, not to write off the English Bible, but to learn a language utterly unlike all other tongues, — a language which hitherto had never been learned, except by the Indians themselves, from their mothers' lips, — a language never written, and the strange words of which seemed inexpressible by letters, — if the task were, first to learn this new variety of speech, and then to translate the Bible into it, and to do it so carefully that not one idea throughout the holy book should be changed, — what would induce you to undertake this toil? Yet this was what the apostle Eliot did.

It was a mighty work for a man, now growing old, to take upon himself. And what earthly reward could he expect from it? None; no reward on earth. But he believed that the red men were the descendants of those lost tribes of Israel of whom history has been able to tell us nothing for thousands of years. He hoped that God had sent the English across the ocean, Gentiles as they were, to enlighten this benighted portion of his once chosen race. And when he should be summoned hence,

he trusted to meet blessed spirits in another world, whose bliss would have been earned by his patient toil in translating the word of God. This hope and trust were far dearer to him than anything that earth could offer.

Sometimes, while thus at work, he was visited by learned men, who desired to know what literary undertaking Mr. Eliot had in hand. They, like himself, had been bred in the studious cloisters of a university, and were supposed to possess all the erudition which mankind has hoarded up from age to age. Greek and Latin were as familiar to them as the babble of their childhood. Hebrew was like their mother tongue. They had grown gray in study; their eyes were bleared with poring over print and manuscript by the light of the midnight lamp.

And yet, how much had they left unlearned! Mr. Eliot would put into their hands some of the pages which he had been writing; and behold! the gray-headed men stammered over the long, strange words, like a little child in his first attempts to read. Then would the apostle call to him an Indian boy, one of his scholars, and show him the manuscript which had so puzzled the learned Englishmen.

"Read this, my child," would he say; "these are some brethren of mine, who would fain hear the sound of thy native tongue."

Then would the Indian boy cast his eyes over the mysterious page, and read it so skillfully that it sounded like wild music. It seemed as if the forest leaves were singing in the ears of his auditors, and as if the roar of distant streams were poured through the young Indian's voice. Such were the sounds amid which the language

of the red man had been formed; and they were still heard to echo in it.

The lesson being over, Mr. Eliot would give the Indian boy an apple or a cake, and bid him leap forth into the open air which his free nature loved. The apostle was kind to children, and even shared in their sports sometimes. And when his visitors had bidden him farewell, the good man turned patiently to his toil again.

No other Englishman had ever understood the Indian character so well, nor possessed so great an influence over the New England tribes, as the apostle did. His advice and assistance must often have been valuable to his countrymen in their transactions with the Indians. Occasionally, perhaps, the governor and some of the councilors came to visit Mr. Eliot. Perchance they were seeking some method to circumvent the forest people. They inquired, it may be, how they could obtain possession of such and such a tract of their rich land. Or they talked of making the Indians their servants; as if God had destined them for perpetual bondage to the more powerful white man.

Perhaps, too, some warlike captain, dressed in his buff coat, with a corselet beneath it, accompanied the governor and councilors. Laying his hand upon his sword hilt, he would declare that the only method of dealing with the red men was to meet them with the sword drawn and the musket presented.

But the apostle resisted both the craft of the politician and the fierceness of the warrior.

"Treat these sons of the forest as men and brethren," he would say; "and let us endeavor to make them Chris-

tians. Their forefathers were of that chosen race whom God delivered from Egyptian bondage. Perchance he has destined us to deliver the children from the more cruel bondage of ignorance and idolatry. Chiefly for this end, it may be, we were directed across the ocean."

When these other visitors were gone, Mr. Eliot bent himself again over the half-written page. He dared hardly relax a moment from his toil. He felt that, in the book which he was translating, there was a deep human as well as heavenly wisdom, which would of itself suffice to civilize and refine the savage tribes. Let the Bible be diffused among them, and all earthly good would follow. But how slight a consideration was this, when he reflected that the eternal welfare of a whole race of men depended upon his accomplishment of the task which he had set himself! What if his hands should be palsied? What if his mind should lose its vigor? What if death should come upon him ere the work were done? Then must the red men wander in the dark wilderness of heathenism forever.

Impelled by such thoughts as these, he sat writing in the great chair when the pleasant summer breeze came in through his open casement; and also when the fire of forest logs sent up its blaze and smoke, through the broad stone chimney, into the wintry air. Before the earliest bird sang in the morning the apostle's lamp was kindled; and, at midnight, his weary head was not yet upon its pillow. And at length, leaning back in the great chair, he could say to himself, with a holy triumph, "The work is finished!"

QUESTIONS THAT THE INDIANS ASKED JOHN ELIOT

Can God understand prayers in the Indian language?

If a father is bad and his son good, will God be offended with the child?

How came the world to be so full of people if they were all once drowned in the flood?

How comes it to pass that the sea water is salt and the land water fresh?

If an Indian should steal goods, and not be punished by the sachem or by any law, and then should restore the goods, would all be well and right, or would God still punish him for his theft?

Are we bound to pay the debts that we formerly incurred by gambling, when they are demanded by such as are not "praying Indians"?

Was the Devil or man made first?

How may one know wicked men, — who are good and who are bad?

If a man should be inclosed in iron a foot thick, and thrown into the fire, what would become of his soul? Could the soul come forth thence or not?

Why did not God give all men good hearts, that they might be good? And why did not God kill the Devil, that made all men so bad, "God having all power"?

How does it happen that, as the English have been in this country so long, some of them no less than twenty-seven years, they have so long neglected to instruct the

natives in the knowledge of God? If they consider it so important, why did they not tell us sooner?

What will become of our children after death, since they have not sinned?

Suppose two men sin, of whom one knows that he sins, and the other does not know it; will God punish both alike?

VI

NEW NETHERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

Of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam (New York) William Elliot Griffis says: "Short as was the Dutch occupation, being only fifty years, from 1614 to 1664, the foundations of the Empire State were laid by them. The republican Dutchmen gave New York its tolerant and cosmopolitan character, insured its commercial supremacy, introduced the common schools, founded the oldest day school and the first Protestant church in the United States, and were pioneers in most of the ideas and institutions we boast of as distinctly American. Almost from the very first, ministers and schoolmasters were active in the settlements, and morality and religion were carefully looked after. Every acre of land occupied was bought from the Indians, according to Dutch law and the West India Company's express order."

In 1681, William Penn wrote the following letter to the colonists on his grant of land: —

"My Friends, — I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know, that it hath pleased God in his Providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your chainge and the king's choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governour that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own makeing, and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industreous People. I shall not usurp the right of any, nor oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with — I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true Friend,

Wm. Penn.

London, 8th of the Month called April, 1681."

THE FIRST VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON RIVER

[1609]

BY JOHN FISKE

Nine days after passing the North Cape, the little Half-Moon put in at the Faroe Islands, and the casks were filled with fresh water. On the 3d of June the sailors were surprised at the force of the current which we call the Gulf Stream. On the 18th of July they arrived in Penobscot Bay, with foremast gone and sails much the worse for wear. Here they anchored and went ashore to cut a pine tree for a new foremast. It took them a week to make the mast and repair their sails, and meanwhile they must have lived like princes, for they caught fifty cod, a hundred lobsters, and one great halibut. They were visited by two French shallops full of Indians, who offered them fine beaver skins in exchange for red cloth. Nine days after leaving Penobscot Bay the Half-Moon anchored near Cape Cod, and another day brought her to Old Stage Harbor, on the south side of that peninsula. On the 18th of August, amid gusts of wind and rain, she was off the Accomet Peninsula and sighted an opening, probably Machipongo Inlet, which Hudson mistook for the James River. "This," he says, "is the entrance into the King's River in Virginia, where our Englishmen are." He made no attempt to visit them, perhaps because he may have been conscious that Dutch explorers upon this coast would be regarded by Englishmen as poachers. Presently turning north-

ward, he entered Delaware Bay on the 28th of August, and several times the Half-Moon struck upon the sands; the current, moreover, set outward with such force as to assure him that he was at the mouth of a large and rapid river. This was not encouraging, for a large river, discharging loads of sand, implied something more than a narrow neck of land behind it. Before daybreak he weighed anchor, and on the 3d of September dropped it again somewhere between Sandy Hook and Staten Island, as Verrazzano had done eighty-five years before.

When the Half-Moon entered the great bay, says the mate's journal, "the people of the country came aboard of us, seeming very glad of our coming, and brought greene tobacco, and gave us of it for knives and beads. They goe in deere skins loose, well dressed. They have yellow copper. They desire cloathes, and are very civil. They have great store of maize of Indian wheat, whereof they make good bread. The countrey is full of great and tall oakes. . . . Some of the people were in mantles of feathers, and some of skinnes of divers of good furres. Some women also came to us with hempe. They did weare about their neckes things of red copper. At night they went on land againe, so wee rode very quiet, but durst not trust them."

It soon appeared that this suspiciousness was well founded. Next day the ship's boat was sent out toward Bergen with five men to make some observations; on their way back they were assailed by a score of Indians in canoes, and one Englishman was killed with an arrow. As the Half-Moon passed on up the river she was occasionally saluted with flights of arrows, and sometimes these volleys were answered by musket shot with deadly

effect. On the 14th of September the ship passed between Stony and Verplanck's Points and entered upon the magnificent scenery of the Catskills. On the 22d she had probably gone above the site of Troy, and the boat found only seven feet of water, so that progress was stopped. "The people of the mountaynes," says the journal, "came aboord us, wondring at our ship and weapons. We bought some small skinnes of them for trifles. This afternoone, one canoe kept hanging under our sterne with one man in it, which we could not keepe from thence, who got up by our rudder to the cabin window, and stole out my pillow, and two shirts, and two bandeleeres. Our master's mate shot at him . . . and killed him. Whereupon all the rest fled away, some in their canoes, and some leapt out of them into the water. We manned our boats and got our things againe. Then one of them that swamme got hold of our boat, thinking to overthrow it. But our cooke took a sword and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned. By this time the ebbe was come, and we weighed and got down two leagues." On another occasion there was quite a skirmish, the barbarians swarming by hundreds in their bark canoes and shooting persistently, though with little effect, while the ship's cannon sank them and musketry mowed them down. But the meetings were sometimes more friendly. Somewhere near the site of Catskill, "I sailed to the shore," says Hudson, "in one of their canoes, with an old man, who was the chief of a tribe, consisting of forty men and seventeen women; these I saw there in a house well constructed of oak bark, and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being well built, with an arched roof. It con-

tained a great quantity of maize . . . and beans of the last year's growth, and there lay near the house for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house, two mats were spread out to sit upon, and immediately some food was served in well-made red wooden bowls; two men were also despatched at once with bows and arrows in quest of game, who soon after brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it with great haste, with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned after a short time on board the ship. The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon, and it also abounds in trees of every description."

HOW FEUDALISM CAME TO NEW NETHERLAND

[1630]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

WE have seen that Dutch colonists for New Netherland were difficult to secure, and that artificial stimulus to emigration was needed. From England good men were driven out by spiritual tyranny, but in Holland conscience was free and the country well off. The ordinary lures — gold, fish, furs, freedom to worship God — which led Spaniards, Frenchmen, some Dutchmen, and many Englishmen beyond sea, did not suffice for the men of the Republic. So "John Company" hit upon a new device, which was nothing less than a reversion to feudalism.

In the Netherlands, the three classes of society were nobles, burghers, or citizens, and the common people. The nobles, who lived mostly in the country, were landowners, and often patroons, that is, patrons, or manor lords of vast estates; but the burghers, who governed the cities, formed the aristocracy, and had great powers. The consuming ambition of the merchants, who were gaining wealth rapidly, was to own land, and thus be like the nobles. This desire could not well be gratified in a small country like Holland. Here the earth had to be rescued by pump, spade, and dike from under the jealous waters, and held only through sleepless vigilance. In America land was plentiful and cheap. It was this

coveted prize that was a lure. By securing and owning great manors in New Netherland, plain burghers might become landed proprietors and rank as nobles.

So, with the threefold idea of enlarging their fortunes, becoming patrons, and developing New Netherland, the directors of the Dutch West India Company, in 1630, enlarged their plans. Reserving Manhattan to the corporation, they issued the charter of "Privileges and Exemptions." This allowed a private person to take up stretches of land sixteen miles long facing a navigable river, or eight miles on either side of one, and extending as far back in the country as might be. Such a promoter, if he planted a colony of at least fifty adults, within four years, was a patroon on a manor, and had feudal rights over colonists. During their decade of bonded service, the tenants could not leave their master, and if they did so, they were to be treated as runaways, and could be arrested. The patroons, though free to trade, must pay at Manhattan five per cent duty on their cargoes.

Here was a selfish scheme for the enrichment of a few monopolists. It was utterly opposed to the spirit of freedom-loving Holland. The company's methods were already bad enough, as the immigrants, on Manhattan, for example, could not own land in fee simple, but were tenants at will. This new scheme simply added another and a rival sovereignty. It was bound to be the source of unnumbered troubles, causing frequent conflicts of jurisdiction between the agents of the company and the patroons, besides anger and irritation among tenants, who were subjected to "the double pressure of feudal exaction and mercantile monopoly." The system, which

was a step backwards, was hated from the first by all self-respecting free settlers. Colonists who settled under patroon and manor were free of all taxes for ten years. They were not freemen, but semi-serfs. The patroon system was one of many Old-World ideas that would not work in America.

In favor of this semi-feudalism, probably suggested by French methods in Canada, it may be said, however, that in all cases above the value of fifty guilders, the tenants on the manors had the right of appeal. Independent farmers, as well as patroons and manor-tenants after discharging their obligations, were encouraged to seek homesteads. Other benefits in the Charter of Exemptions were in favor of the Indians, and of religion and morals, so that, despite objectionable features in the new plan of colonization, there was hope of a large emigration from Patria.

As matter of fact, however, only one of the manors, that of Van Rensselaer, ever became a success. This result was due as much to the high character of the people settling it as to that of the Van Rensselaers, high as this was.

The men who devised this feudal scheme were among the first to take advantage of it. So far forward were Messrs. Godyn and Blommaert, that even before the adoption of the charter in Holland they had bought, through their agent, a manor, that is a *Riddergoed*, or knight's estate, on Delaware Bay. The Indians, by agreement made with pen and ink, were paid for a tract of land thirty-two miles long, from Cape Henlopen to the mouth of the river. This was the first European land title written within the State of Delaware.

Kilian van Rensselaer bought from the Indians, first through Captain Krol and later through Gillis Housett, the land which is now the larger part of the counties of Albany and Rensselaer in New York, making an estate of about a thousand square miles. Hendrik and Alexander van der Capellen, two brothers, and one an ancestor of our nation's friend during the War for Independence, bought land of the Navesink and Raritan Indians. Michael Pauw (in Latin, *Pavonius*, or peacock) secured Staten Island, Hoboken, and what is now Jersey City, calling his domain Pavonia.

Thus was the land seized, not as in Europe, by the might and sword of the border brawler, but by the craft of the pen held by the man in the counting-house. Already in New France, or Canada, the French had set the Dutch the bad example of feudalism; but, at its worst, the Dutch system was much milder in its features than either the British or the Gallic model.

Yet notwithstanding the advantages offered to poor folks, the whole system of patroons and manors was detestable to a free Dutchman. As matter of fact and history, no Dutch village community was ever founded under the charter of 1629.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW NETHERLAND

[Seventeenth century]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

The Dutch never took kindly to the axe or the log cabin. In succession to their first creditable houses of bark, after the Iroquois model, they had frame houses of sawn timber, for they very early set up sawmills. But the typical house in New Netherland consisted of two brick walls, gabled and crow-stepped, with the intervening space of timber. Thus they combined the solidity of stone with the interior dryness of the wooden dwelling.

After the first frontier novelties of experience were over, the Dutch shack, dugout, or wooden house was rebuilt of stone or brick. Besides early baking their own clay into stone (*baksteen*), much brick, and probably most of the glazed tiles and material for wall checkering, was brought from Holland as ship's ballast. Thus in the majority of cases the front and rear walls, or gabled ends, were of mineral material, the whole intervening space except the chimney being of wood, and often strengthened with iron rods. One of the gables faced the street, and the other the garden, with a stoop, or porch, at each end, the front one having seats and railings. When such a house got too old, it was common, as I have often seen, "to tear out everything but the frame," and, between the old thick gable ends of brick or stone,

to rebuild with modern timber, in new interior arrangements.

The door was divided crosswise into two parts, upper and lower, the former to let in air and light, and the latter to keep out the pigs, chickens, and marauders of all sorts. The Dutch bisected door goes back to feudal days, when every comer might be challenged before being given entrance. Of similar warlike origin was the projecting second story, which, overlapping by its extension the doorway beneath, allowed the defender above to guard against attack by fire or weapon. In many old Dutch houses in the Mohawk and Hudson valleys this feature served admirably against hostile Indians. In the later frame dwelling, ancient history and survival are suggested by a conventional moulding which reveals the projection of a few inches only. The bricks, near the gables, wrought in the form of crow-steps, or top-pieces serving as chimneys, were laid in curious triangular or checkered patterns, just as one sees in Friesland to-day. Indeed, the keen-eyed visitor to Holland can recognize the original model and features of many an old house in Kingston and Schenectady. The ancestral traits reappear in the domestic architecture of the New World as infallibly as the noses, mouths, eyes, and hair common to the grandparents, parents, and grandchildren in the same towns.

At one point there was a notable departure from the model in Patria, and that was in the windows, which on Manhattan and in old Dorp, for example, were small. In Holland, even though the panes of glass be very small and the house fronts narrow, the window spaces are and were large. This is because in Holland windows

have from mediæval times been taxed by number. Much of the war revenue was thus raised. In New Netherland no such reason existed permanently, and a sash of many panes, being cheaper and less liable to break, was used. Thus the house lights were modest in size as compared with the large windows in Patria.

On the outside, fastened into the bricks, were "ankers," or iron clamps, hammered into figures showing dates. If it were possible to have a weather-vane, cock, arrow, monogram, family crest, or arms on the gable top, it was sure to be there. The blacksmith, or anchor-smith, was an important person in the New Netherland village. He was usually an artist, more or less ambitious, for he made floriated patterns of hinges or braces that might branch out over most of the area of the upper or lower leaf of the door. He enjoyed pounding out colossal figures, 1, 6, or 7, and other digital numerals, for the ornamentation of the house front. He was probably also the maker of the big church-door lock. On his anvil he beat out the key, brazing on the bit or web, rounding on his anvil's beak a bow and forging it to the shank, and filing out the wards. He also was responsible for the church weather-vane, which in frontier days, instead of stamped gilded metal, representing a cock, lamb, beaver, or other emblem of doctrine or virtue, was usually cut or punched out of sheet iron.

The anchor-smith followed mason and carpenter in the building of a house. He equipped the fireplace with a cast-iron jamb, andirons, and the great swinging pot-holder with chain and hangers. Often the iron jamb or back was a casting containing dates, emblems, mottoes,

scriptural or other quotations, proverbs, or poems. Only in late days, when the Dutchmen learned from the Japanese to make Delft ware, and applied their knowledge to tiles, were those miniature Bible panoramas set up to adorn the front and sides, creating a fashion which was borrowed by the New Englanders. Delft tiles served as the picture galleries at which our American painters, Trumbull, Allston, Vanderlyn, and others, received their first impressions and stimulus to art. Often these tiles had on them mere outlines of biblical events, with numbers showing the text which one must look up in order to understand the pictorial allusion. On others the designs were suggestions rather than pictures, mere "lesson helps."

The fireplace was literally the focus of the house and the home. It was big enough usually to accommodate the whole family, should they want all at once to get inside to look up its black throat, to see whether Santa Claus or Kris Kringle were coming. Inside its length, up and down, were usually steps or projections on which the chimney sweep or cleaner, usually a boy not too fat, could steady his feet while brushing or scraping off the soot or the stalactites of pine tar. Hickory was the best fuel, however, and kept the chimney neater. The inner hearth was most often of brick, but the broad outer hearthstone consisted frequently of one slab of noble length and width. The back log, gloried in and celebrated in song and proverb, was so huge that in many cases the house was purposely built against the side of a hill, in order that the kitchen door might be level with the ground. A heavy section of tree trunk, sawed to the right length, was hauled in by a horse, rolled and set as

the background of the fire, while corncobs, brush, and fagots blazed in front.

Here, after the serious work of preparing the food was over, the family sat for rest, worship, chat and gossip, jokes and merriment; and no people were wittier, brighter, or more full of fun than the Dutch. In winter the long evenings were given up to stories, finger games, with lullaby for baby and pipe for papa, and then, at the right time, cider, apples, nuts, and refreshments as desired. For the real old folks the hearth was the place of memory, but for the young it was the seed-bed of dreams. In the darting tongues of the blaze and the deep glow of the embers lad and lassie saw the castles of the future, and the aged pictures of the past.

Carpets and matting were, for the most part, unknown. Instead of these hiders of dirt and holders of germs, the floor was scrubbed until it shone, and then sprinkled with white sand, which was made into fanciful patterns with the end of a broomstick, a custom which one sees in the back country in Holland to-day. Such a floor dressing, swept off and renewed every week, made life for the vermin so disagreeable that they kept out and away. In the homes of the well-to-do, rugs were common.

The "threshold covenant" was an ancient and serious thing with the Dutch. In other words, the front door was opened only on great occasions of joy, or when a bride or a corpse was to cross the line dividing outdoors from indoors. For every-day use, and for everybody in general, the kitchen door was the proper entrance. Often the hallway was from front to rear, the sitting-room being at the back and the parlor in front. In small

houses, numbering fewer apartments than the fingers on one hand, the bedrooms were in the wall, or were like cupboards, shut up during the day and opened at night, and climbed up and into by means of a short step-ladder. In a word, just as one still sees in the old home-land to-day, and recognizes on the canvases, from Ostade to Israels, so, within my remembrance, were the interiors in Dutch America. To the Domine of the congregation it was the matron's pride to show all, from cellar to attic, with the wondrous store of house-linen and table equipment.

The beds were made of hay or straw, corn leaves or silk moss, hair or feathers, sewed into "ticking," — which is an English word of Dutch origin. Sassafras wood was at first much in demand for supposed protection from unwelcome bed mates, securing, it was believed, to each person the exclusive use of his own cuticle. As civilization advanced, the bunk, or box lined with dry leaves, spruce boughs, or pine needles gave way to the four-poster bed, and in later times favorite imported woods were in fashion. Long after Manhattan was swapped off for Surinam, with its forests of mahogany, this timber became plentiful and in fashion for furniture. To take the chill off the pure linen sheets, long-handled brass bed-warmers were used. Polished until their basins shone like gold, these hung on the walls by day as part of the decoration of the room, to become hand-stoves at night. Except what one's own caloric and the thick folds of quilt, blanket, or comfortable furnished, the bed-warmer was usually the only source of heat allowed in the sleeping-chamber, though later luxury allowed wood stoves. As a rule, all the family,

the parents up in the heights of piled feather beds or mattresses, and children in the trundle beds beneath, slept in pure cold air, for the great open chimney was a capital ventilator. "When hearts are light and life is new," slumber after prayers was usually too sudden and too sound to know much of the variations of the thermometer. The Dutchmen took sleep as a serious thing, enjoyed plenty of it, and believed in it as one of life's best blessings. How beautiful is the evening prayer in the liturgy of the Dutch Church, — "Temper our sleep that it be not disorderly, that we remain spotless both in body and soul, nay, that our sleep itself may be to Thy glory."

WOUTER VAN TWILLER, GOVERNOR OF NEW NETHERLAND

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[The following burlesque is taken from Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York." This book purported to have been written by a mysterious old gentleman named Diedrich Knickerbocker, and is a fascinating mingling of fun and sober history. Wouter Van Twiller was a real Dutchman, who was made governor of New Netherland in the seventeenth century. The biographies describe him as "inexperienced in the art of government, slow in speech, incompetent to decide important affairs, and obstinate in minor matters."

The Editor.]

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when Dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament — when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows — all which happy coincidence persuaded the

old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out

the ashes would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look; shake his capacious head; smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name: for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of

walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer bottle on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of

gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects — and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole

of it, a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment — a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth — whether as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Al Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts,

written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced — that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other — therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced — therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt — and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration — and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates; but be-

THE EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY

THE EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY

BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

(*British-American painter*, 1836–1905)

According to "Diedrich Knickerbocker," William Kieft, "William the Testy," Governor of New Netherland, became convinced in his logical mind that the pipe, "the organ of reflection and deliberation of the New Netherlander," was the cause of the frequent criticisms of his government; and he went so far as to issue an edict which forbade the smoking of tobacco anywhere in New Netherland. Irving says: —

"The immediate effect of the edict of William the Testy was a popular commotion. A vast multitude armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, and an immense supply of ammunition, sat themselves down before the governor's house, and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued forth like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats and puffing away with redoubled fury; raising such a murky cloud that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

"A long negotiation ensued through the medium of Antony the Trumpeter. The governor was at first wrathful and unyielding, but was gradually smoked into terms. He concluded by permitting the smoking of tobacco, but he abolished the fair long pipes used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment; these he condemned as incompatible with the dispatch of business, in place whereof he substituted little captious short pipes, two inches in length, which, he observed, could be stuck in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hatband; and would never be in the way. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of the 'Pipe Plot,' and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most plots and seditions, in mere smoke."

cause it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

HOW NEW AMSTERDAM BECAME NEW YORK

[1664]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[ENGLAND had no intention of leaving New Amsterdam in the hands of her commercial rivals, the Dutch; and although the two nations were at peace, Charles II sent, in 1664, a fleet under command of Richard Nichols, and demanded the surrender of the colony.

The Editor.]

THE first movement of the governor [Peter Stuyvesant], on reaching his dwelling, was to mount the roof, whence he contemplated with rueful aspect the hostile squadron. This had already come to anchor in the bay, and consisted of two stout frigates, having on board, as "John Joseselyn, Gent.," informs us, "three hundred valiant red-coats." Having taken this survey, he sat himself down and wrote an epistle to the commander, demanding the reason of his anchoring in the harbor without obtaining previous permission so to do. This letter was couched in the most dignified and courteous terms, though I have it from undoubted authority that his teeth were clinched, and he had a bitter, sardonic grin upon his visage all the while he wrote. Having dispatched his letter, the grim Peter stumped to and fro about the town with a most war-betokening countenance, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and whistling a Low-Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a northeast wind, when a

storm is brewing. The very dogs as they eyed him skulked away in dismay; while all the old and ugly women of New Amsterdam ran howling at his heels, imploring him to save them from murder, robbery, and pitiless ravishment!

The reply of Colonel Nicholas, who commanded the invaders, was couched in terms of equal courtesy with the letter of the governor; declaring the right and title of His British Majesty to the province; where he affirmed the Dutch to be merely interlopers; and demanding that the town, forts, etc., should be forthwith rendered into His Majesty's obedience and protection; promising, at the same time, life, liberty, estate, and free trade to every Dutch denizen who should readily submit to His Majesty's Government.

Peter Stuyvesant read over this friendly epistle with some such harmony of aspect as we may suppose a crusty farmer reads the loving letter of John Stiles, warning him of an action of ejectment. He was not, however, to be taken by surprise; but, thrusting the summons into his breeches pocket, stalked three times across the room, took a pinch of snuff with great vehemence, and then, loftily waving his hand, promised to send an answer the next morning. He now summoned a general meeting of his privy councilors, and burgomasters, not to ask their advice, for, confident in his own strong head, he needed no man's counsel, but apparently to give them a piece of his mind on their late craven conduct.

His orders being duly promulgated, it was a piteous sight to behold the late valiant burgomasters, who had demolished the whole British Empire in their harangues,

peeping ruefully out of their hiding-places; crawling cautiously forth, dodging through narrow lanes and alleys; starting at every little dog that barked; mistaking lamp-posts for British grenadiers; and, in the excess of their panic, metamorphosing pumps into formidable soldiers leveling blunderbusses at their bosoms! Having, however, in despite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived safely, without the loss of a single man, at the hall of assembly, they took their seats, and awaited in fearful silence the arrival of the governor. In a few moments the wooden leg of the intrepid Peter was heard in regular and stout-hearted thumps upon the staircase. He entered the chamber, arrayed in full suit of regimentals, and carrying his trusty Toledo, not girded on his thigh, but tucked under his arm. As the governor never equipped himself in this portentous manner unless something of martial nature were working within his pericranium, his council regarded him ruefully, as if they saw fire and sword in his iron countenance, and forgot to light their pipes in breathless suspense.

His first words were, to rate his council soundly for having wasted in idle debate and party feud the time which should have been devoted to putting the city in a state of defense. He was particularly indignant at those brawlers who had disgraced the councils of the province by empty bickerings and scurrilous invectives against an absent enemy. He now called upon them to make good their words by deeds, as the enemy they had defied and derided was at the gate. Finally, he informed them of the summons he had received to surrender, but concluded by swearing to defend the province as long as

Heaven was on his side and he had a wooden leg to stand upon; which warlike sentence he emphasized by a thwack with the flat of his sword upon the table that quite electrified his auditors.

The privy councilors, who had long since been brought into as perfect discipline as were ever the soldiers of the great Frederick, knew there was no use in saying a word, — so lighted their pipes, and smoked away in silence, like fat and discreet councilors. But the burgomasters, being inflated with considerable importance and self-sufficiency, acquired at popular meetings, were not so easily satisfied. Mustering up fresh spirit, when they found there was some chance of escaping from their present jeopardy without the disagreeable alternative of fighting, they requested a copy of the summons to surrender, that they might show it to a general meeting of the people.

So insolent and mutinous a request would have been enough to have roused the gorge of the tranquil Van Twiller himself, — what then must have been its effect upon the great Stuyvesant, who was not only a Dutchman, a governor, and a valiant wooden-legged soldier to boot, but withal a man of the most stomachful and gunpowder disposition? He burst forth into a blaze of indignation, — swore not a mother's son of them should see a syllable of it, — that as to their advice or concurrence he did not care a whiff of tobacco for either, — that they might go home, and go to bed like old women; for he was determined to defend the colony himself, without the assistance of them or their adherents! So saying he tucked his sword under his arm, cocked his hat upon his head, and girding up his loins, stumped

indignantly out of the council-chamber, everybody making room for him as he passed.

No sooner was he gone than the busy burgomasters called a public meeting in front of the Stadthouse, where they appointed as chairman one Dofue Roerback, formerly a meddlesome member of the cabinet during the reign of William the Testy, but kicked out of office by Peter Stuyvesant on taking the reins of government. He was, withal, a mighty gingerbread baker in the land, and reverenced by the populace as a man of dark knowledge, seeing that he was the first to imprint New-Year cakes with the mysterious hieroglyphics of the Cock and Breeches, and such like magical devices.

This burgomaster, who still chewed the cud of ill-will against Peter Stuyvesant, addressed the multitude in what is called a patriotic speech, informing them of the courteous summons which the governor had received, to surrender, of his refusal to comply therewith, and of his denying the public even a sight of the summons, which doubtless contained conditions highly to the honor and advantage of the province.

He then proceeded to speak of His Excellency in high-sounding terms of vituperation, suited to the dignity of his station; comparing him to Nero, Caligula, and other flagrant great men of yore; assuring the people that the history of the world did not contain a despotic outrage equal to the present. That it would be recorded in letters of fire, on the blood-stained tablet of history! That ages would roll back with sudden horror when they came to view it! That the womb of Time (by the way, your orators and writers take strange liberties with the womb of Time, though some would have us believe that Time

is an old gentleman) — that the womb of Time, pregnant as it was with direful horrors, would never produce a parallel enormity! — with a variety of other heart-rending, soul-stirring tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate; neither, indeed, need I, for they were of the kind which even to the present day form the style of popular harangues and patriotic orations, and may be classed in rhetoric under the general title of "RIGMAROLE."

The result of this speech of the inspired burgomaster was a memorial addressed to the governor, remonstrating in good round terms on his conduct. It was proposed that Dofue Roerback himself should be the bearer of this memorial; but this he warily declined, having no inclination of coming again within kicking distance of His Excellency. Who did deliver it has never been named in history, in which neglect he has suffered grievous wrong; seeing that he was equally worthy of blazon with him perpetuated in Scottish song and story by the surname of "Bell-the-Cat." All we know of the fate of this memorial is, that it was used by the grim Peter to light his pipe; which, from the vehemence with which he smoked it, was evidently anything but a pipe of peace.

. . . .

The glare of day had long dispelled the horrors of the stormy night; still all was dull and gloomy. The late jovial Apollo hid his face behind lugubrious clouds, peeping out now and then for an instant, as if anxious, yet fearful, to see what was going on in his favorite city. This was the eventful morning when the great Peter was to give his reply to the summons of the invaders. Already

was he closeted with his privy council, sitting in grim state, brooding over the fate of his favorite trumpeter, and anon boiling with indignation as the insolence of his recreant burgomasters flashed upon his mind. While in this state of irritation, a courier arrived in all haste from Winthrop, the subtle governor of Connecticut, counseling him, in the most affectionate and disinterested manner, to surrender the province, and magnifying the dangers and calamities to which a refusal would subject him. What a moment was this to intrude officious advice upon a man who never took advice in his whole life! The fiery old governor strode up and down the chamber with a vehemence that made the bosoms of his councilors to quake with awe, — railing at his unlucky fate, that thus made him the constant butt of factious subjects, and jesuitical advisers.

Just at this ill-chosen juncture, the officious burgomasters, who had heard of the arrival of mysterious dispatches, came marching in a body into the room, with a legion of *schepens* and toadeaters at their heels, and abruptly demanded a perusal of the letter. This was too much for the spleen of Peter Stuyvesant. He tore the letter in a thousand pieces, — threw it in the face of the nearest burgomaster, — broke his pipe over the head of the next,—hurled his spitting-box at an unlucky *schepen*, who was just retreating out at the door, and finally prorogued the whole meeting *sine die*, by kicking them downstairs with his wooden leg.

As soon as the burgomasters could recover from their confusion and had time to breathe, they called a public meeting, where they related at full length, and with appropriate coloring and exaggeration, the despotic and

vindictive deportment of the governor; declaring that, for their own parts, they did not value a straw the being kicked, cuffed, and mauled by the timber toe of His Excellency, but that they felt for the dignity of the sovereign people, thus rudely insulted by the outrage committed on the seat of honor of their representatives. The latter part of the harangue came home at once to that delicacy of feeling and jealous pride of character vested in all true mobs, — who, though they may bear injuries without a murmur, yet are marvelously jealous of their sovereign dignity; and there is no knowing to what act of resentment they might have been provoked had they not been somewhat more afraid of their sturdy old governor than they were of St. Nicholas, the English — or the Devil himself.

There is something exceedingly sublime and melancholy in the spectacle which the present crisis of our history presents. An illustrious and venerable little city, — the metropolis of a vast extent of uninhabited country, — garrisoned by a doughty host of orators, chairmen, committeemen, burgomasters, *schepens*, and old women, — governed by a determined and strong-headed warrior, and fortified by mud batteries, palisadoes, and resolutions, — blockaded by sea, beleaguered by land, and threatened with direful isolation from without, while its very vitals are torn with internal faction and commotion! Never did historic pen record a page of more complicated distress, unless it be the strife that distracted the Israelites, during the siege of Jerusalem, — where discordant parties were cutting each other's throats, at the moment when the victorious legions of Titus had toppled down their bulwarks, and

were carrying fire and sword into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the temple.

Governor Stuyvesant having triumphantly put his grand council to the rout and delivered himself from a multitude of impertinent advisers, dispatched a categorical reply to the commanders of the invading squadron; wherein he asserted the right and title of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General to the province of New Netherlands, and trusting in the righteousness of his cause, set the whole British nation at defiance!

My anxiety to extricate my readers and myself from these disastrous scenes prevents me from giving the whole of this gallant letter, which concluded in these manly and affectionate terms: —

"As touching the threats in your conclusion, we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God (who is just as merciful) shall lay upon us; all things being in his gracious disposal, and we may as well be preserved by him with small forces as by a great army; which makes us to wish you all happiness and prosperity, and recommend you to his protection. My lords, your thrice humble and affectionate servant and friend,

"P. STUYVESANT."

Thus having thrown his gauntlet, the brave Peter stuck a pair of horse-pistols in his belt, girded an immense powder-horn on his side, — thrust his sound leg into a Hessian boot, and clapping his fierce little war-hat on the top of his head, — paraded up and down in front of his house, determined to defend his beloved city to the last.

While all these struggles and discussions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above-quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had agents secretly employed to foment the fears and clamors of the populace; and moreover, circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their summons to surrender, at the same time beguiling the simple Nederlanders with the most crafty and conciliating professions. They promised that every man who voluntarily submitted to the authority of His British Majesty should retain peaceful possession of his house, his *vrouw*, and his cabbage-garden. That he should be suffered to smoke his pipe, speak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleased, and import bricks, tiles, and stone jugs from Holland, instead of manufacturing them on the spot. That he should on no account be compelled to learn the English language, nor eat codfish on Saturdays, nor keep accounts in any other way than by chalking them down upon the crown of his hat; as is observed among the Dutch yeomanry at the present day. That every man should be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, shoe-buckles, pipe, and other personal appendage; and that no man should be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; but, on the contrary should be permitted to build his house, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, precisely as his ancestors had done before him from time immemorial. Finally, that he should have all the benefits of free trade, and

should not be required to acknowledge any other saint in the calendar than St. Nicholas, who should thence forward, as before, be considered the tutelar saint of the city.

These terms, as may be supposed, appeared very satisfactory to the people, who had a great disposition to enjoy their property unmolested, and a most singular aversion to engage in a contest, where they could gain little more than honor and broken heads, — the first of which they held in philosophic indifference, the latter in utter detestation. By these insidious means, therefore, did the English succeed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they considered as obstinately bent upon running them into hideous misadventures; and did not hesitate to speak their minds freely, and abuse him most heartily — behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus when assailed and buffeted by roaring waves and brawling surges, still keeps on an undeviating course, rising above the boisterous billows, spouting and blowing as he emerges, — so did the inflexible Peter pursue, unwavering, his determined career, and rise, contemptuous, above the clamors of the rabble.

But when the British warriors found that he set their power at defiance, they dispatched recruiting officers to Jamaica, and Jericho, and Nineveh, and Quag, and Patchog, and all those towns on Long Island which had been subdued of yore by Stoffel Brinkerhoff; stirring up the progeny of Preserved Fish, and Determined Cock, and those other New England squatters, to assail the city of New Amsterdam by land, while the hostile ships prepared for an assault by water.

The streets of New Amsterdam now presented a scene of wild dismay and consternation. In vain did Peter Stuyvesant order the citizens to arm and assemble on the Battery. Blank terror reigned over the community. The whole party of Short Pipes in the course of a single night had changed into arrant old women, — a metamorphosis only to be paralleled by the prodigies recorded by Livy as having happened at Rome at the approach of Hannibal, when statues sweated in pure affright, goats were converted into sheep, and cocks, turning into hens, ran cackling about the street.

Thus baffled in all attempts to put the city in a state of defense, blockaded from without, tormented from within, and menaced with a Yankee invasion, even the stiff-necked will of Peter Stuyvesant for once gave way, and in spite of his mighty heart, which swelled in his throat until it nearly choked him, he consented to a treaty of surrender.

Words cannot express the transports of the populace, on receiving this intelligence; had they obtained a conquest over their enemies, they could not have indulged greater delight. The streets resounded with their congratulations, — they extolled their governor as the father and deliverer of his country, — they crowded to his house to testify their gratitude, and were ten times more noisy in their plaudits than when he returned, with victory perched upon his beaver, from the glorious capture of Fort Christina. But the indignant Peter shut his doors and windows, and took refuge in the innermost recesses of his mansion, that he might not hear the ignoble rejoicings of the rabble.

Commissioners were now appointed on both sides,

and a capitulation was speedily arranged; all that was wanting to ratify it was that it should be signed by the governor. When the commissioners waited upon him for this purpose, they were received with grim and bitter courtesy. His warlike accouterments were laid aside, — an old Indian night-gown was wrapped about his rugged limbs, a red night-cap overshadowed his frowning brow, an iron-gray beard of three days' growth gave additional grimness to his visage. Thrice did he seize a worn-out stump of a pen and essay to sign the loathsome paper, — thrice did he clinch his teeth, and make a horrible countenance, as though a dose of rhubarb, senna, and ipecacuanha had been offered to his lips; at length, dashing it from him, he seized his brass-hilted sword, and jerking it from the scabbard, swore by St. Nicholas, to sooner die than yield to any power under Heaven.

For two whole days did he persist in this magnanimous resolution, during which his house was besieged by the rabble, and menaces and clamorous revilings exhausted to no purpose. And now another course was adopted to soothe, if possible, his mighty ire. A procession was formed by the burgomasters and *schepens*, followed by the populace, to bear the capitulation in state to the governor's dwelling. They found the castle strongly barricaded, and the old hero in full regimentals, with his cocked hat on his head, posted with a blunderbuss at the garret window.

There was something in this formidable position that struck even the ignoble vulgar with awe and admiration. The brawling multitude could not but reflect with self-abasement upon their own pusillanimous conduct, when they beheld their hardy but deserted old governor,

thus faithful to his post, like a forlorn hope, and fully prepared to defend his ungrateful city to the last. These compunctions, however, were soon overwhelmed by the recurring tide of public apprehension. The populace arranged themselves before the house, taking off their hats with most respectful humility; Burgomaster Roerback, who was of that popular class of orators described by Sallust as being "talkative rather than eloquent," stepped forth and addressed the governor in a speech of three hours' length, detailing, in the most pathetic terms, the calamitous situation of the province, and urging him in a constant repetition of the same arguments and words to sign the capitulation.

The mighty Peter eyed him from his garret window in grim silence, — now and then his eye would glance over the surrounding rabble, and an indignant grin, like that of an angry mastiff, would mark his iron visage. But though a man of most undaunted mettle, — though he had a heart as big as an ox, and a head that would have set adamant to scorn, — yet after all he was a mere mortal. Wearied out by these repeated oppositions, and this eternal haranguing, and perceiving that unless he complied, the inhabitants would follow their own inclination, or rather, their fears, without waiting for his consent, or, what was still worse, the Yankees would have time to pour in their forces and claim a share in the conquest, he testily ordered them to hand up the paper. It was accordingly hoisted to him on the end of a pole; and having scrawled his name at the bottom of it, he anathematized them all for a set of cowardly, mutinous, degenerate poltroons, threw the capitulation at their heads, slammed down the window, and was

heard stumping downstairs with vehement indignation. The rabble incontinently took to their heels; even the burgomasters were not slow in evacuating the premises, fearing lest the sturdy Peter might issue from his den, and greet them with some unwelcome testimonial of his displeasure.

Within three hours after the surrender, a legion of British beef-fed warriors poured into New Amsterdam, taking possession of the fort and batteries. And now might be heard, from all quarters, the sound of hammers made by the old Dutch burghers, in nailing up their doors and windows, to protect their *vrouws* from these fierce barbarians, whom they contemplated in silent sullenness from the garret windows as they paraded through the streets.

Thus did Colonel Richard Nichols, the commander of the British forces, enter into quiet possession of the conquered realm as *locum tenens* for the Duke of York. The victory was attended with no other outrage than that of changing the name of the province and its metropolis, which thenceforth were denominated NEW YORK, and so have continued to be called unto the present day. The inhabitants, according to treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet possession of their property; but so inveterately did they retain their abhorrence of the British nation, that in a private meeting of the leading citizens it was unanimously determined never to ask any of their conquerors to dinner.

WILLIAM PENN, FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA

[1682]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

WHILE La Salle was on the Mississippi River planning a colony that failed, an English Quaker named William Penn, was getting ready to found a colony that was to succeed. Long before this the Quakers had thought of America. "The Puritans have gone to Massachusetts," they said, "and the Roman Catholics have gone to Maryland. Why should not we have a home of our own in the New World?" A number of Quakers crossed the ocean and made little settlements on the banks of the Delaware. Penn said to himself, "What a glorious thing it would be if we could have a country where not only Quakers but every one else could worship God as he thought right!" At last he planned a way in which this might be brought about. King Charles had owed Penn's father a large sum of money, so the young man asked, "Friend Charles, wilt thou give me land in America instead of that money?" The king was more than willing. Land in America was of no great value, he believed, and so he readily gave Penn a piece almost as large as the whole of England. "It shall be called New Wales," said Penn; but the king had the good taste not to like this name. "Then let it be Sylvania," Penn suggested. "Pennsylvania," declared the quick-witted king. Penn thought that might look as if he wished to honor himself,

but the king said, "Oh, no, it is to honor the admiral, your father." So Pennsylvania — Penn's woodland — was written on the maps of the new state.

Just where his settlement was to be, he did not know, but he sent three men across the ocean to find a good place and treat with the Indians. The town was to be named Philadelphia, or the City of Brotherly Love. He had a delightful time planning it. He did not mean to have the houses dropped down anywhere and to have the streets wriggle and twist to go by the houses. His town was to have streets running north and south, cut at right angles by other streets running east and west. Those that went north and south were to be numbered, First Street, Second Street, and so on; those that went east and west were to be named for the trees of the forest, — Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine. The river banks were never to be built upon, but always to be open to the people. The streets were made narrow because Penn was not planning for a large city, but for a "green country town." He marked on his plan just where the city hall was to be, where he meant to have open parks, and where his own house was to stand. He wrote a friendly letter to the English and the Swedes who were already settled on his land, telling them he hoped they would not dislike having him as governor, for they should be treated fairly and make whatever laws they thought best. He also wrote to the Indians that he was their friend and that he wanted to live with them in love and peace. He sent his cousin across the ocean to deliver these letters and act as governor until he himself could come. Then he set to work and wrote a businesslike advertisement. It told how much it

would cost to cross the ocean, how much he would sell land for, what kind of country Pennsylvania was, and what things colonists would need. It was not long before ships began to carry settlers to Pennsylvania. It is thought that three thousand came the first year.

These settlers, even the earliest of them, had none of the hard times that the people of Plymouth and Jamestown had to endure. Of course there were no houses; and when the first ship sailed up the beautiful Delaware River, her passengers had to scramble up the bank and shelter themselves as best they could until their houses were built. Some of them made huts of bark. Some dug into the river bank and beat down the earth for floors. For walls they piled up sods, or they cut down branches and small trees and set them up around the floor. For chimneys, they mixed grass and clay together. Some of them drove forked sticks into the ground, laid a pole in the crotches, and hung a kettle on the pole. A fire was built under it, and there the cooking was done. It was a busy time, for while all this was going on, the surveyors were marking off lots as fast as they could. The settlers were in a hurry, for they wanted to build their houses. Some made them of logs, and some had brought the frames with them, each piece marked and numbered, so they could be put up very quickly. The Indians were much interested. They gazed with wonder at a wooden house growing almost as rapidly as a wigwam. They often did more than gaze; they helped those who were in need. On the voyage a man had died, and his widow, with eight or nine children, found herself alone in a strange country. The white people, busy as they were, saw that she had

a cave-house at once, and the Indians hurried to bring venison and corn for her and her little family.

The next year, in 1682, Penn himself came to America. He landed first at Newcastle, and there he took formal possession of his land in the old English fashion; that is, he took a cup of water, a handful of soil, a bit of turf, and a twig. When he saw his new town, he was delighted. The situation, the air, the water, the sky, — everything pleased him, and he wrote his friends most enthusiastic letters. He told them about the nuts and grapes and wheat, about the wild pigeons, the big turkeys, the ducks, and the geese, all free to whoever chose to shoot them. The water was full of fish and the forest abounded with deer. It is no wonder that settlers hurried to Pennsylvania.

Of course the Indians were eager to see the new governor, and very likely a group of them stood on the bank when he first landed. He was quite as eager to meet them, and soon they came together for feasting and a treaty of peace. Penn was exceedingly handsome. His hair was long and lay on his shoulders in curls, as was the fashion of the day. His clothes had not the silver trimmings and the lace that most young men of wealth were used to wear, but he liked to have them of rich material and well made. "He was the handsomest, best-looking, and liveliest of gentlemen," declared a lady who saw him at that time. Tradition says that he and the Indians met under a great elm that stood on the river bank. The deep blue stream was flowing softly by, the blue sky was overhead, the leaves of the elm were gently fluttering, and little birds were peering down curiously between the branches. The chief seated

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

BY BENJAMIN WEST

(*American artist*, 1738–1820)

THE painting here reproduced is hung in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The artist, Benjamin West, was a Pennsylvania boy, who, according to the familiar story, drew before the age of seven a recognizable portrait of his baby sister. His first assistance in the pursuit of art came from some friendly Indians, who gave him a little red and yellow earth. Indigo he begged from his mother, brushes he made for himself. He was quite a boy before he ever saw a box of paints; but at the age of eighteen, he established himself in Philadelphia as a full-fledged portrait-painter, and two years later opened a studio in New York. In 1760 he went to Italy for study, then to England, and here he made his permanent home. He became famous almost at once, was welcomed by lovers of art, and given many commissions for paintings by King George III. For twenty-three years he was president of the Royal Academy, succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was at that time the custom to paint historical characters in classical costume; but West was original enough and brave enough to lay aside this convention and give his subjects the clothing appropriate to their period. When he was at work upon his Death of General Wolfe, Sir Joshua objected to this new departure; but when the painting was completed, he said, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will . . . occasion a revolution in art."

The story of the scene pictured in the illustration is told in the text. The artist's grandfather was present at the making of this treaty, and is portrayed among the group of Friends standing near William Penn.

himself for a council. His wisest men sat close behind him in a half-circle. Behind them sat the younger braves. Penn stood before them and told them about his colony. He said that he wished to be a good friend to the Indians and to treat them kindly. As each sentence was translated to them, they gave a shout of pleasure. At the end they said, "We will never do any wrong to you or your friends"; and Penn declared, "We will live in love as long as the sun gives light." Penn paid the Indians for their land just as the settlers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Netherland had done. He gave them cloth, bells, guns, kettles, axes, scissors, knives, mirrors, shoes, beads, combs, and shirts. Of course all these things together would hardly buy a rod of land in Philadelphia to-day; but they were of great value to the Indians, and they were well pleased with the bargain. They were also well pleased with the governor. He was dignified and courtly in his bearing; but when he spoke to them, he was simple and friendly. He would sit with them and eat of their hominy and roasted acorns as if he were one of them. At college he had been fond of outdoor sports, and there is a story that once when the red men were leaping to show what they could do, he suddenly stepped out and leaped higher and farther than they. The Indians were delighted. "He is a great man," they said, "but when he comes among us, he is our brother." They called him "Onas," the Indian word for pen or quill. "Onas always does what he says he will do," they told the other tribes.

Penn stayed two years in America, but not all the time in Philadelphia. Once he went to Maryland to have a talk with Lord Baltimore about boundaries.

America was so large, and a few miles of wilderness seemed of so little value, that the English kings gave away broad slices of the country without taking much trouble to make sure that no two men had the same piece. Lord Baltimore claimed the very land on which Philadelphia had been settled. It became known that he was on his way to England to lay his claim before the king. Then Penn had to cross the ocean to defend his grant. He expected to return soon, but one trouble after another kept him in England for fifteen years.

At last the time came when he and his wife and children could come to Philadelphia. He built a fine brick house at a place which he named Pennsbury, twenty miles up the river. It was handsomely furnished. There were dishes of silver and china, plush couches, embroidered chairs, satin curtains, and a heavy carpet — perhaps the first one that ever came across the ocean. There were gardens, made beautiful not only with plants brought from England, but with wild flowers of America. Lawns and terraces ran down to the river bank. There was a stable for twelve horses, there was a "coach and four," there was a barge to be rowed by six oarsmen. The Indians came freely to visit him, and he entertained them on his lawn or in the great hall of his handsome house. He roamed over the country on horseback, and was once lost in the woods near Valley Forge as completely as if he had not been on his own ground. Once when he was riding to meeting, he came up with a child who was also going to the same place. The shy little barefoot girl must have been half-afraid but much delighted when the governor caught her up, set her behind him on his great horse, and trotted on to meeting

with her. It would be pleasant if we could think of Penn as spending the rest of his days in the country life that he enjoyed; but he had been in America only two years when he was obliged to return to England. Never again did he see beautiful Pennsbury, his Indian friends, the city that he loved, or the smoothly flowing Delaware.

VII
STORIES OF THE PURITANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

"There are some who love to enumerate the singularities of the early Puritans. They were opposed to wigs; they could preach against veils; they denounced long hair; they disliked the cross in the banner, as much as the people of Paris disliked the lilies of the Bourbons, and for analogous reasons. They would not allow Christmas Day to be kept sacred; they called neither months, nor days, nor seasons, nor churches, nor inns, by the names common in England; they revived Scripture names at christenings. The grave Romans legislated on the costume of men, and their senate could even stoop to interfere with the triumphs of the sex to which civic honors are denied; the fathers of New England prohibited frivolous fashions in their own dress; and their austerity, checking extravagance even in woman, frowned on her hoods of silk and her scarfs of tiffany, extended the length of her sleeve to the wrist, and limited its greatest width to half an ell. The Puritans were formal and precise in their manners; singular in the forms of their legislation; rigid in the observance of their principles. Every topic of the day found a place in their extemporaneous prayers, and infused a stirring interest into their long and frequent sermons. The courts of Massachusetts respected in practice the code of Moses; the island of Rhode Island enacted for a year or two a Jewish masquerade; in New Haven, the members of the constituent committee were called the seven pillars, hewn out for the house of wisdom. But these are only outward forms, which gave to the new sect its marked exterior. If from the outside peculiarities, which so easily excite the sneer of the superficial observer, we look to the genius of the sect itself, Puritanism was Religion struggling for the People." — *George Bancroft.*

SUNDAY IN THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES

[Seventeenth century]

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE

THE first building used as a church at the Plymouth colony was the fort, and to it the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children walked on Sunday reverently and gravely, three in a row, the men fully armed with swords and guns, till they built a meeting-house in 1648. In other New England settlements, the first services were held in tents, under trees, or under any shelter. The settler who had a roomy house often had also the meeting. The first Boston meeting-house had mud walls, a thatched roof, and earthen floor. It was used till 1640, and some very thrilling and inspiring scenes were enacted within its humble walls. Usually the earliest meeting-houses were log houses, with clay-filled chinks, and roofs thatched with reeds and long grass, like the dwelling-houses. At Salem is still preserved one of the early churches. The second and more dignified form of New England meeting-houses was usually a square wooden building with a truncated pyramidal roof, surmounted often with a belfry, which served as a lookout station and held a bell, from which the bell-rope hung down to the floor in the center of the church aisle. The old church at Hingham, Massachusetts, still standing and still used, is a good specimen of this shape. It was built in 1681, and is known as the "Old Ship," and is a comely and dignified building. As more elegant and costly

dwelling-houses were built, so were better meeting-houses; and the third form with lofty wooden steeple at one end, in the style of architecture invented by Sir Christopher Wren, after the great fire of London, multiplied and increased until every town was graced with an example. In all these the main body of the edifice remained as bare, prosaic, and undecorated as were the preceding churches, while all the ambition of both builders and congregation spent itself in the steeple. These were so varied and at times so beautiful that a chapter might be written on New England steeples. The Old South Church of Boston is a good example of this school of ecclesiastical architecture, and is a well-known historic building as well.

The earliest meeting-houses had oiled paper in the windows, and when glass came in it was not set with putty but was nailed in. The windows had what were termed "heavy current side-shutters." The outside of the meeting-house was not "colored," or "stained" as it was then termed, but was left to turn gray and weather-stained, and sometimes moss-covered with the dampness of the great shadowing hemlock and fir trees which were usually planted around New England churches. The first meeting-houses were often decorated in a very singular and grotesque manner. Rewards were paid by all the early towns for killing wolves; and any person who killed a wolf brought the head to the meeting-house and nailed it to the outer wall; the fierce grinning heads and splashes of blood made a grim and horrible decoration. All kinds of notices were also nailed to the meeting-house door where all of the congregation might readily see them, — notices of town-meetings, prohibi-

tions from selling guns to the Indians, notices of intended marriages, vendues, etc. It was the only meeting-place, the only method of advertisement. In front of the church was usually a row of stepping-stones or horse-blocks, for nearly all came on horseback; and often on the meeting-house green stood the stocks, pillory, and whipping-post.

A verse from an old-fashioned hymn reads thus: —

"New England's Sabbath day
  Is heaven-like, still, and pure,
When Israel walks the way
  Up to the temple's door.
The time we tell
  When there to come,
  By beat of drum,
Or sounding shell."

The first church at Jamestown, Virginia, gathered the congregation by beat of drum; but while attendants of the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, and Dutch Reformed churches in the New World were in general being summoned to divine service by the ringing of a bell hung either over the church or in the branches of a tree by its side, New England Puritans were summoned, as the hymn relates, by drum, or horn, or shell. The shell was a great conch-shell, and a man was hired to blow it — a mournful sound — at the proper time, which was usually nine o'clock in the morning. In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the church-shell was afterwards used for many years as a signal to begin and stop work in the haying-field. In Windsor, Connecticut, a man walked up and down on a platform on the top of the meeting-house and blew a trumpet to summon worshipers. Many churches had a church drummer, who stood on the roof

or in the belfry and drummed, a few raised a flag as a summons, or fired a gun.

Within the meeting-house all was simple enough: raftered walls, puncheons and sanded or earthen floors, rows of benches, a few pews, all of unpainted wood, and a pulpit which was usually a high desk overhung by a heavy sounding-board, which was fastened to the roof by a slender metal rod. The pulpit was sometimes called a scaffold. When pews were built, they were square, with high partition walls, and had narrow, uncomfortable seats round three sides. The word was always spelled "pue"; and they were sometimes called "pits." A little girl in the middle of this century attended a service in an old church which still retained the old-fashioned square pews; she exclaimed, in a loud voice, "What! must I be shut in a closet and sit on a shelf?" These narrow, shelf-like seats were usually hung on hinges and could be turned up against the pew-walls during the long psalm-tunes and prayers; so the members of the congregation could lean against the pew-walls for support as they stood. When the seats were let down, they fell with a heavy slam that could be heard half a mile away in the summer time, when the windows of the meeting-house were open. Lines from an old poem read: —

> "And when at last the loud Amen
> Fell from aloft, how quickly then
> The seats came down with heavy rattle,
> Like Musketry in fiercest battle."

A few of the old-time meeting-houses, with high pulpit, square pews, and deacons' seats, still remain in

New England and fully illustrate the words of the poet: —

> "Old house of Puritanic wood
> Through whose unpainted windows streamed
> On seats as primitive and rude
> As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,
> The white and undiluted day —"

The seats were carefully and thoughtfully assigned by a church committee called the Seating Committee, the best seats being given to older persons of wealth and dignity who attended the church. Whittier wrote of this custom: —

> "In the goodly house of worship, where in order due and fit,
> As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit.
> Mistress first and good wife after, clerkly squire before the clown,
> From the brave coat lace-embroidered to the gray coat shading down."

Many of the plans for "seating the meeting-house" have been preserved; the pews and their assigned occupants are clearly designated. In the early meeting-houses men and women sat on separate sides of the meeting-house, as in Quaker meetings till our own time. Sometimes a group of young women or of young men were permitted to sit in the gallery together. Little girls sat beside their mothers or on footstools at their feet, or sometimes on the gallery stairs; and I have heard of a little cage or frame to hold Puritan babies in meeting. Boys did not sit with their families, but were in groups by themselves, usually on the pulpit and gallery stairs, where tithing-men watched over them. In Salem, in 1676, it was ordered by the town that "all ye boyes of ye towne are appointed to sitt upon ye three paire

of stairs in ye meeting-house, and William Lord is appointed to look after ye boys upon ye pulpitt stairs."

In Stratford the tithing-man was ordered to "watch over youths of disorderly carriage, and see they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as is in his discretion meet." In Durham any misbehaving boy was punished publicly after the service was over. We would nowadays scarcely seat twenty or thirty active boys together in church if we wished them to be models of attention and dignified behavior; but after the boys' seats were removed from the pulpit stairs they were all turned in together in a "boys' pew" in the gallery. There was a boys' pew in Windsor, Connecticut, as late as 1845, and pretty noisy it usually was. A certain small boy in Connecticut misbehaved himself on Sunday, and his wickedness was specified by the justice of peace as follows: "A Rude and Idel Behaver in the meeting hous. Such as Smiling and Larfing and Intiseing others to the Same Evil. Such as Larfing or Smiling or puling the hair of his nayber Benoni Simkins in the time of Publick Worship. Such as throwing Sister Penticost Perkins on the Ice, it being Saboth day, between the meeting hous and his plaes of abode."

I can picture well the wicked scene; poor, meek little Benoni Simpkins trying to behave well in meeting, and not cry out when the young "wanton gospeller" pulled her hair, and unfortunate Sister Perkins tripped up on the ice by the young rascal.

Another vain youth in Andover, Massachusetts, was brought up before the magistrate, and it was charged that he "sported and played, and by indecent gestures and wry faces caused laughter and misbehavior in the

beholders." The girls were just as wicked; they slammed down the pew-seats. Tabatha Morgus of Norwich "prophaned the Lord's daye" by her "rude and indecent behavior in Laughing and playing in ye tyme of service." On Long Island godless boys "ran Raesses" on the Sabbath and "talked of vane things," and as for Albany children, they played hookey and coasted down hill on Sunday to the scandal of every one evidently, except their parents. When the boys were separated and families sat in pews together, all became orderly in meeting.

The deacons sat in a "Deacons' Pue" just in front of the pulpit; sometimes also there was a "Deaf Pue" in front for those who were hard of hearing. After choirs were established, the singers' seats were usually in the gallery; and high up under the beams in a loft sat the negroes and Indians.

If any person seated himself in any place which was not assigned to him, he had to pay a fine, usually of several shillings, for each offense. But in old Newbury men were fined as high as twenty-seven pounds each for persistent and unruly sitting in seats belonging to other members.

The churches were all unheated. Few had stoves until the middle of this century. The chill of the damp buildings, never heated from autumn to spring, and closed and dark throughout the week, was hard for every one to bear. In some of the early log-built meeting-houses, fur bags made of wolfskins were nailed to the seats; and in winter church attendants thrust their feet into them. Dogs, too, were permitted to enter the meeting-house and lie on their masters' feet. Dog-

whippers or dog-pelters were appointed to control and expel them when they became unruly or unbearable. Women and children usually carried foot-stoves, which were little pierced metal boxes that stood on wooden legs, and held hot coals. During the noon intermission the half-frozen church attendants went to a neighboring house or tavern, or to a noon-house to get warm. A noon-house or "Sabba-day house," as it was often called, was a long low building built near the meeting-house, with horse-stalls at one end and a chimney at the other. In it the farmers kept, says one church record, "their duds and horses." A great fire of logs was built there each Sunday, and before its cheerful blaze noon-day luncheons of brown bread, doughnuts, or ginger-bread were eaten, and foot-stoves were filled. Boys and girls were not permitted to indulge in idle talk in those noon-houses, much less to play. Often two or three families built a noon-house together, or the church built a "Society house," and there the children had a sermon read to them by a deacon during the "nooning"; sometimes the children had to explain aloud the notes they had taken during the sermon in the morning. Thus they throve, as a minister wrote, on the "Good Fare of brown Bread and the Gospel." There was no nearer approach to a Sunday School until this century.

The services were not shortened because the churches were uncomfortable. By the side of the pulpit stood a brass-bound hour-glass which was turned by the tithing-man or clerk, but it did not hasten the closing of the sermon. Sermons two or three hours long were customary, and prayers from one to two hours in length. When the first church in Woburn was dedicated, the minister

preached a sermon nearly five hours long. A Dutch traveler recorded a prayer four hours long on a Fast Day. Many prayers were two hours long. The doors were closed and watched by the tithing-man, and none could leave even if tired or restless unless with good excuse. The singing of the psalms was tedious and unmusical, just as it was in churches of all denominations both in America and England at that date. Singing was by ear and very uncertain, and the congregation had no notes, and many had no psalm-books, and hence no words. So the psalms were "lined" or "deaconed"; that is, a line was read by the deacon, and then sung by the congregation. Some psalms when lined and sung occupied half an hour, during which the congregation stood. There were but eight or nine tunes in general use, and even these were often sung incorrectly. There were no church organs to help keep the singers together, but sometimes pitch-pipes were used to set the key. Bass-viols, clarinets, and flutes were played upon at a later date in meeting to help the singing. Violins were too associated with dance music to be thought decorous for church music. Still the New England churches clung to and loved their poor confused psalm-singing as one of their few delights, and whenever a Puritan, even in road or field, heard the distant sound of a psalm-tune, he removed his hat and bowed his head in prayer.

Contributions at first were not collected by the deacons, but the entire congregation, one after another, walked up to the deacons' seat and placed gifts of money, goods, wampum, or promissory notes in a box. When the services were ended, all remained in the pews until

the minister and his wife had walked up the aisle and out of the church.

The strict observance of Sunday as a holy day was one of the characteristics of the Puritans. Any profanation of the day was severely punished by fine or whipping. Citizens were forbidden to fish, shoot, sail, row, dance, jump, or ride, save to and from church, or to perform any work on the farm. An infinite number of examples might be given to show how rigidly the laws were enforced. The use of tobacco was forbidden near the meeting-house. These laws were held to extend from sunset on Saturday to sunset on Sunday; for in the first instructions given to Governor Endicott by the company in England, it was ordered that all in the colony cease work at three o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday. The Puritans found support of this belief in the Scriptural words, "The evening and the morning were the first day."

A Sabbath day in the family of Rev. John Cotton was thus described by one of his fellow-ministers: "He began the Sabbath at evening, therefore then performed family duty after supper, being longer than ordinary in exposition. After which he catechized his children and servants, and then returned to his study. The morning following, family worship being ended, he retired into his study until the bell called him away. Upon his return from meeting (where he had preached and prayed some hours), he returned again into his study (the place of his labor and prayer), unto his favorite devotion; where having a small repast carried him up for his dinner, he continued until the tolling of the bell. The public service of the afternoon being over, he withdrew for

a space to his pre-mentioned oratory for his sacred addresses to God, as in the forenoon, then came down, repeated the sermon in the family, prayed, after supper sang a Psalm, and toward bedtime betaking himself again to his study he closed the day with prayer. Thus he spent the Sabbath continually."

CALLING A MINISTER THREE CENTURIES AGO

[1652]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

In 1652, the little church in Boston was in sore distress, for their beloved minister, John Cotton, was sick unto death, and who should take his place? Who was so learned, and, withal, so fervent in spirit as he? Who could so wisely instruct the elders, and yet remember the children, for had he not written "Milk for Babes," a little catechism well known in New England?

The poor people knew not what to do, and so, as they had done with many a hard question, they carried this hardest and saddest of all to their pastor, and with heartfelt grief and many tears, asked him whom he would choose to teach them when he should be gone.

This was a question upon which the weary, suffering man had pondered ever since he knew that he must leave his beloved people. Perhaps a dream which, as the old record says, gave no "encouragement unto this business," may yet have given him a thought; for he dreamed of seeing Mr. Norton, the minister of Ipswich, come into Boston riding on a white horse, and he at once advised his people to ask the church of Ipswich to give them Mr. Norton for their pastor.

Now these simple people could not have been good financiers, for they made no effort to get a man to "fill the house." They did not even "hear candidates" a

few months. They seemed anxious only to have a settled pastor and wise teacher as soon as possible; and so, after the death of their beloved minister, they went frankly to the Ipswich church, telling them what Mr. Cotton had said, and begging that they, "being accommodated with such another eminent person as Mr. Rogers, would, out of respect unto the general good of all the people of God throughout the land, so far deny themselves as to dismiss him [Mr. Norton] from themselves."

Now this same church in Ipswich had great regard for Mr. Rogers, and, too, they cared much for the good of the church in Boston; but Mr. Norton was very dear to them, for they loved him in the old-time way that would now be thought sadly out of fashion, and there was much question whether they ought to let him go. They were trying to love their neighbor as themselves, but to give up their dear pastor was to love their neighbor better than themselves, and that was more than was required, at least so thought some of the less spiritually-minded ones among them.

Finally, one of the church said, "Brethren, a case in some things like this was once that way determined: 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth'; wherefore, I propose that our teacher himself be inquired of whether he be inclined to go."

And so they agreed to leave it to Mr. Norton himself; but when the matter was laid before him, he refused to make a choice, and would only say, "Rather than wound my conscience with unlawful compliances, I came to this country; and should you now judge that as good reasons call for my removal to Boston, then will I resign myself."

I am afraid that these good people may seem to us a little "slow," for Mr. Norton does not seem to have at all considered the question of the rival advantages of Boston *versus* Ipswich, or whether the climate of the larger town might not better agree with his health, and so give him more years of usefulness; and neither church seems to have thought of helping the question on to a settlement by offering a larger salary. The matter was slow to arrange itself, for the Boston people had no newer argument than that old one of Bible times, "Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none"; and to that the church in Ipswich did reply, "But Boston hath one, it hath Mr. Wilson." Then said Mr. Wilson, "But I am old, my voice hath failed me. I can no longer minister publicly in the congregation. I am nothing."

At length the Ipswich people agreed to let Mr. Norton sojourn at Boston for a time until the will of God should be discovered, and to content themselves with the ministrations of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Norton's assistant; but they did not lose their old-fashioned love for their pastor, and when, not long after, Mr. Rogers died, they insisted that the church in Boston should give up Mr. Norton; and there was a council of all the churches called, and they did advise the Ipswich church to "grant Mr. Norton a fair dismission unto the service of Boston," for, after taking prayerful thought of the matter, it had been borne upon their minds that Boston had greater need of this earnest man than Ipswich.

But the spirit of rebellion had seized upon the church of Ipswich, and they said, "Nay, but we will not give Mr. Norton a dismission."

Then was the strong arm of the law stretched forth, for there was no other authority to which these stiff-necked men of Ipswich would bow, and again was a council called, composed of the magistrates and the Governor of the colony, and they did order the church in Ipswich to let Mr. Norton go to Boston. And now must the rebellious church needs yield; which they did with a better grace, since the council had suggested that Mr. Norton had long wished to return to England, and that if the two churches should longer contend, they might so weary him with their strife that perchance they would both lose the profit of his presence. Then gave the church of Ipswich to Mr. Norton a "fair dismission to Boston," and took for their minister Mr. Cobbet, who, as the chronicle tells us, "continued a rich blessing unto them."

Mr. Norton removed to Boston, where he remained many years, to the edification of his hearers. And thus it was that the little church of Boston called a minister three centuries ago.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

[1661]

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

UNDER the great hill sloping bare
  To cove and meadow and Common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
  Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out
  The flag, and cloven the Maypole down,
Harried the heathen round about,
  And whipped the Quakers from town to town.
Earnest and honest, a man at need
To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,
He kept with the flaming brand of his zeal
The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
  With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath;
"Woe's me!" he murmured: "at every turn
  The pestilent Quakers are in my path!
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!
I will do as the prophet to Agag did:
They come to poison the wells of the Word,
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk
Entered, and whispered under breath,
"There waits below for the hangman's work
A fellow banished on pain of death —
Shattuck of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the Devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
"The Lord do so to me and more,"
The governor cried, "if I hang not all!
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
Smote down the offense; but the wearer said,

With a quiet smile, "By the king's command
  I bear his message and stand in his stead."
In the governor's hand a missive he laid
With royal arms on its seal displayed,
And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low, —
"The king commandeth your friends' release;
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
  To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,
  And, like Daniel, out of the lion's den
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
  With age-bowed women and gray-locked men.
And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,
And the little maid from New Netherlands
Kissed in her joy, the doomed man's hands.

HOW CONNECTICUT SAVED HER CHARTER

[1687]

BY W. H. CARPENTER AND T. S. ARTHUR

CHARLES II dying in 1685, his brother, the Duke of York, ascended the English throne as James II. Avaricious and fond of power, the new king hastened to execute a scheme he seems to have long before concocted — the consolidation, and complete subjection to royal authority, of all the New England colonies. Massachusetts having been already deprived of her charter, and Plymouth never possessing one, it only remained to wrest away those of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Charged with certain misdemeanors, the former colony was presently served with three successive writs of *quo warranto*. Alarm and hesitation for a while pervaded the councils of the commonwealth, but it was determined not to surrender the charter. Knowing that the cause was already prejudged against them, the assembly did not deem it worth while to employ counsel. Endeavoring more to elude than to repel the blow aimed at them, they threw themselves upon the king's clemency, and desired that, if their independence was to be taken away, they might be united to Massachusetts rather than to New York. This move eventually saved the charter; inasmuch as James, hastily and erroneously construing it into a surrender of the coveted instrument, at once stayed proceedings on the *quo warranto*, and they were never afterward urged to a judicial decision.

Acting upon the king's construction of the desire Con-

necticut had expressed, Andros, lately appointed governor of New England, in the autumn of 1687, attended by seventy soldiers, set out from Boston, and traveled across the country to Hartford, to assume authority over the colony. Meeting the assembly which was then in session, he demanded the charter. After some parley, it was produced and laid on the clerk's table. A long and earnest debate ensued. The brave old Governor Treat plead feelingly for the liberties of his people, showing with what an outlay of labor, and treasure, and blood, they had been purchased; and how like parting with life it was to surrender the cherished instrument of their security.

Evening came on while the debate was purposely protracted, and an excited throng of resolute farmers and townsmen gathered around the house where the council was assembled. It grew dark, and lights were brought, the charter still lying upon the table. The front windows of the council-chamber were low, and the heat of the weather rendered it necessary to keep them open. Of a sudden, some of the throng outside threw their jackets into the open windows, and thus extinguished the lights. These were speedily rekindled; but the charter had disappeared. In the darkness, Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, stealing noiselessly from the room, bore the precious document to the concealment of a hollow oak, fronting the house, where it was deposited, not to be brought to light again until happier times. Spared from the axe, on account of its great size, when the forest was first cleared, the "charter oak" long stood as the memento of an anxious period in the history of Connecticut.

Thwarted in all his efforts to recover the abstracted charter, Andros nevertheless assumed the chief authority; and appointing Treat and Fitz-John Winthrop members of his council, with his own hand closed the records of the colonial assembly in these words: "At a general court at Hartford, October 31st, 1687, His Excellency Sir Edmund Andros, captain-general and governor of His Majesty's dominions in New England, by order from His Majesty, took into his hands the government of the colony of Connecticut, it being annexed to Massachusetts, and other colonies under His Excellency's government. FINIS."

But the existence of Connecticut as an independent commonwealth was not to be thus terminated. Yet, for nearly two years, the colonists mourned for their chartered liberties as if they were forever lost. Much, too, they suffered, meanwhile, from the arbitrary measures of the new governor; but still far less than the people of Massachusetts, who were under his immediate supervision. A great deal of the leniency thus shown toward Connecticut was undoubtedly due to the influence and affectionate interference of Treat and Winthrop, who, as members of Andros's council, had the principal management of the colony's affairs.

Yet, though borne with a kind of desponding acquiescence, the administration of Andros was irksome and odious, and ultimately might have aroused a violent outbreak of colonial indignation. But events presently transpired in England, which brought it to a conclusion as abruptly as it had been unexpected. In April, 1689, immediately on receiving rumors that a bloodless revolution had driven James II from his throne, the people

of Boston assembled in arms, and declared in favor of the new sovereign, William, Prince of Orange. The obnoxious Andros, deriving his authority from the deposed James, was seized and confined. A few weeks afterward, the rumors which had induced this action were fully confirmed.

Meanwhile, the charter of Connecticut had been brought from its hiding-place, and Treat again chosen governor. The assembly, convening, on the 13th of June, proclaimed the new sovereign "with great joy and ceremony." "Great was that day" — thus ran their address to the king — "Great was that day when the Lord, who sitteth upon the floods, did divide his and your adversaries like the waters of Jordan, and did begin to magnify you like Joshua, by those great actions that were so much for the honor of God, and the deliverance of the English dominions from popery and slavery." Declaring they had been "surprised by Andros into an involuntary submission to an arbitrary power," they announced that they had "presumed, by the consent of a major part of the freemen, to resume the government," according to the rules of their charter. For this they entreated "His Majesty's most gracious pardon"; and besides, expressed a hope that their former liberties would be confirmed.

This address the king received favorably. With regard to the validity of the Connecticut charter, the opinions of several English lawyers were asked. Replies came, "that the charter, not being surrendered under the common seal, nor that surrender duly recorded," had never been invalidated in any of its powers, and was still good in law. This being the case, William had no

opportunity to renew it; a circumstance for which the Connecticut people could not have been otherwise than thankful, when they saw the charter of Massachusetts restored with many of its important democratic features obliterated or modified.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS, TREASURE-SEEKER AND SOLDIER

[Latter part of the seventeenth century]

BY CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR

Phips was born on the 2d of February, 1651, at Woolwich, in Maine, a small settlement near the mouth of the river Kennebec. His father was a robust Englishman, a gunsmith by trade, and the parent of no fewer than twenty-six children, all by one mother. At an early age, William (who was one of the youngest) had to look out for himself. The death of his father placed him in the responsible position of head of the family. Until his eighteenth year he gained a scanty income by tending sheep, but his adventurous disposition was not content with the primeval simplicity of this occupation. He longed to become a sailor, and roam through the world. At first he was unable to change occupations with the facility he expected. He could not get a situation as a sailor, so he apprenticed himself to a shipbuilder. It is probable that he learned this lucrative trade in a very thorough manner, for we find him afterward in Boston pursuing it with success, and devoting his leisure hours to reading and writing. In addition to these accomplishments, he found time to make love to a rich widow, and with such success that he married her, in spite of some disparity in age. Immediately after this he went into business as a shipbuilder, and constructed a vessel on Sheepscot River. Having in due time launched the

craft, he engaged to procure a lading of lumber, and return to Boston. He consoled his wife with the assurance that he would some day get the command of a king's ship, and become the owner "of a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston." In those days, brick houses were as aristocratic as marble palaces in our time.

These magnificent visions were not to be immediately realized. Phips and his ship appear to have lived an industrious, plodding sort of life for at least ten years, and without any particularly golden results. He did little jobs at his shipyard, and performed short coasting voyages, all the while dreaming of better times, and sighing that they were still so distant. One day, as he strolled through the crooked streets of Boston, he heard the somber-looking merchants talking to each other about a shipwreck that had occurred near the Bahamas. It was a Spanish vessel, and was known to have money on board. Phips walked straight down to his vessel, shipped a few hands, and sailed for the Bahamas without further delay. It was exactly the sort of enterprise for his ardent nature. He succeeded in finding the wreck, and in recovering a great deal of its cargo, but the value of it scarcely defrayed the expenses of the voyage. He was told, however, of another and more richly laden vessel which had been wrecked near Port de la Plata more than half a century before, and which was known to contain treasure to an enormous amount. Phips immediately conceived the idea of fishing up this wealth; but, as he was too poor to undertake the operation without assistance, he proceeded to England, while the fame of his recent expedition was new in people's

mouths, and succeeded in persuading the government to go into the matter. He arrived in London in 1684, and before the expiration of the year, was appointed to the command of the Rose-Algier, a ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men. The first part of the destiny he had marked out for himself was now fulfilled — he was the commander of a king's ship.

When you want to find a thing that has been lost, some knowledge of the locality where the loss occurred is certainly useful; but Phips started with very vague ideas on the subject, extending merely to a general indication of the coast on which the ship had foundered. He was light of heart, however, and full of hope. Perhaps he thought it was all right so long as he had ship and crew. The latter, however, began to grow dissatisfied, and, when they had fished in the depths of old ocean for some time without bringing up anything but seaweed and gravel and bits of rock, they mutinied outright, and demanded that the immediate object of the voyage should be relinquished. They rushed upon the quarter-deck and bullied the commander, but they could not intimidate him. He got the better of them every time they attempted it. On one occasion the ship had been brought to anchor at a small and uninhabited island for the purpose of undergoing some repairs. It was found necessary to lighten the vessel by removing some of her stores to the shore. The ship was then brought down by the side of a rock stretching out from the land, and a bridgeway constructed, so that an easy communication from the shore was established. The crew had a good deal of time to spare while the carpenters were at work, and, like all idle boys, they got into mischief. They

plotted to overthrow Phips and the few men he had with him on board, seize the vessel, and start on a piratical cruise against Spanish vessels in the South Sea. Phips and his adherents, if they objected to this arrangement, were to be put to death. Only one man did they care about saving, and that was the principal ship-carpenter. They thought his services might be useful. To this worthy they imparted their design, informing him, moreover, that if he did not join in its execution, they would put him to instant death. The ship-carpenter was an honest fellow, and in his heart despised these mean traitors. It was necessary to be prudent, however, so he told them that he would give them an answer in half an hour, and, in the mean time, collect his tools. He returned to the ship, and, by pretending to be suddenly sick, found an opportunity of telling the captain what was brewing, in spite of the watchfulness of those around him. Phips was perfectly cool; bade him return with the others, and leave the rest to him. In a brief address he told the few men who were on board what was about to take place, and, finding them loyal, immediately commenced adopting measures of precaution and defense. A few of the ship's guns had been removed with the stores to the land, and planted in such a manner as to defend them. He caused the charges to be drawn from these, and their position reversed, and then he removed all the ammunition to the frigate. The bridge communicating with the land was taken up, and the ship's guns loaded and trained so as to command all approaches to the encampment. When the mutineers made their appearance, they were hailed by Phips, and warned that if they approached the stores they would be

fired upon. Knowing the men, they respected this intimation, and kept at a respectful distance, while Phips and the few faithful fellows he could spare for the purpose removed the stores from the island to the ship under cover of the guns. The prospect of being left on the island with nothing to eat and drink soon brought the mutineers to terms, and they threw down their arms, and begged for permission to return to their duty. This request was granted when suitable precautions had been taken to deprive them of any future ability to do mischief. When Phips touched port, he thought it best for his own safety and for the welfare of the expedition to get rid of his troublesome crew, and ship another less disposed to piracy.

Soon after this, Phips gained precise information of the spot where the Spanish treasure-ship had sunk. He proceeded to it, but, before his explorations were any way complete, he had to return to England for repairs. The English Admiralty pretended to be immensely pleased with his exertions, but would not again entrust him with the command of a national vessel. He had, therefore, to appeal to private individuals. In a short time he had secured the interest of the Duke of Albemarle, who, with a few other gentlemen, fitted out a vessel and gave him the command. A patent was obtained from the king giving to the company an exclusive right to all the wrecks that might be discovered for a number of years. A tender was also provided for navigating shallow water where the ship could not venture. Having manned and equipped his vessel, he started once more for Port de la Plata, and arrived in safety at the reef of rocks where the Spanish vessel was supposed to

lie. A number of Indian divers were employed to go down to the bottom, and the ship's crew dredged in every direction, but with no success. Just as they were leaving the reef one day in despair, a sailor observed a curious sea-plant growing in what appeared to be a crevice of the rock. He told a diver to fetch it for him, and, when the red gentleman came up again, he said that there were a number of ships' guns in the same place. The news was received with incredulity, but in a very little time it was ascertained to be substantially correct. Presently a diver returned with a bar of solid silver in his arms worth two or three hundred pounds sterling, and every one knew that the wreck had been discovered. "Thanks be to God, we are all made!" was all that Phips could say. In the course of a few days treasure was recovered to the amount of a million and a half of dollars.

In 1687 Phips reached England, surrendered his treasure to his employers, paid the seamen their promised gratuity, and took for his own share a nice little fortune of eighty thousand dollars. In consideration of his integrity, King James made the New England sea-captain a knight, and thenceforward he was known as Sir William Phips. He was desired, also, to remain in England, but his heart was on the other side of the Atlantic; so he shipped his fortune, and packed up a golden cup, worth five thousand dollars, which the Duke of Albemarle sent to his wife, and once more returned to his native land. Prior to his departure, he interested himself with the king to obtain a restitution of rights to his fellow countrymen, but without success. He succeeded, however, in gaining a commission as high sheriff

of New England, and returned with the patriotic object of exercising any power he might possess to the advantage of his fellow countrymen.

The first thing he did on his return was to gratify his wife's ambition, and fulfill the other condition of his youthful prediction, namely, to build "a fair brick house in Green Lane." After this he tried to exercise his powers as sheriff, but the governor of the colony opposed him, and in spite of all his efforts, he was unable to enter upon a discharge of the duties entrusted to him by King James. Naturally indignant at this slight of a royal patent, he determined on undertaking another voyage to England, and in 1687 arrived in that country. He found things much changed. His old patron, King James, had been driven from the throne by an indignant people, and William and Mary reigned in his place. From politic motives, the latter were friendly to Phips, sympathized with him, and offered him the governorship of New England; but this he declined. Seeing that there was no other immediate prospect for him, and unwilling to sacrifice his time in unavailing attendance at court, he returned to America in the summer of 1689. An Indian war, fomented by the French, was waging, and, although unfamiliar with military life, Phips volunteered his services. He was not immediately employed, but his patriotism was understood and appreciated. It became necessary to deal the French a severe blow, in order to put a stop to the encouragement they were constantly giving the Indians. For this purpose, the General Court, in January, 1690, issued the following order: "For the encouragement of such gentlemen and merchants of this colony as shall undertake to

reduce Penobscot, St. John's, and Port Royal, it is ordered that they shall have two sloops of war for three or four months at free cost, and all the profits which they can make from our French enemies, and the trade of the places which they may take, till there be other orders given from Their Majesties." This offer was too tempting for Sir William; once more he offered himself, and was invested with the command of all the forces raised for the expedition, and of the shipping and seamen employed therein. Sir William's instructions were too curious to be omitted in this place. He was ordered "to take care that the worship of God be maintained and duly observed on board all the vessels; to offer the enemy fair terms upon summons, which if they obey, the said terms are to be duly observed; if not, you are to gain the best advantage you may, to assault, kill, and utterly extirpate the common enemy, and to burn and demolish their fortifications and shipping; having reduced that place, to proceed along the coast, for the reducing of the other places and plantations in the possession of the French to the obedience of the crown of England." One would scarcely suppose that the worship of God was compatible with the killing and utterly extirpating his creatures.

Phips reached Port Royal on the 11th of May, and achieved an easy victory over the surprised and unprepared garrison. He took possession in the name of the English Government, demolished the fort, and administered the oath of allegiance to those who were prepared to take it. He then appointed a governor, left a small garrison, and set sail on his return, heavily laden with public and private spoils. On his way home he landed

at the various settlements, and took formal possession of the seacoast from Port Royal to Penobscot. The entire province of Acadia was thus subdued, and remained in possession of the English until its restitution in 1697. On his return Sir William was elected to the Board of Assistants.

The extremely successful issue of this first undertaking against the French encouraged the colonists to pitch into their neighbors on a still larger scale; and, accordingly, an expedition against Quebec was fitted out, the command of which was entrusted to Sir William Phips. The fleet sailed on the 9th of August, 1690. It was divided into three squadrons, one of thirteen vessels, and two of nine each. They proceeded to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and arrived there in safety, but, owing to ignorance of the stream, their progress was very slow, and calculated to afford the enemy every opportunity for preparing elaborate defenses. At length Phips arrived before Quebec, and a messenger was sent on shore with a summons to the governor to surrender. The messenger barely returned with his life. The governor, Frontenac, indignant at the request, flung the letter in his face, and shouted out fiercely that "Sir William Phips and those with him were heretics and traitors, and had taken up with that usurper, the Prince of Orange, and had made a revolution, which, if it had not been made, New England and the French had all been one; and that no other answer was to be expected from him but what should be from the mouth of his cannon."

To attack a fortified city requires something more than mere physical bravery; it demands a high amount of military knowledge, and a thorough perception of

accidental advantage. Phips was entirely ignorant of military tactics, and therefore gave the command of the land forces to an officer who boasted of greater knowledge, himself retaining command of the fleet. After innumerable delays a landing was effected, but the troops were badly supplied with ammunition and provisions, and were hemmed in and starved from the moment they first set foot on the soil. The French, assisted by their Indian allies, harassed them on every side, and decimated their numbers by drawing them into skirmishes which led to no result. Phips carried his ships up to the town, and blazed away at the stone walls; but the stone walls refused to tumble down, and all his powder was expended in vain. The enemy, on the contrary, poured in torrents of effective shot. For five days a state of confusion prevailed, every day making matters worse. The men were exhausted, and dispirited, for they saw that both their commanders were incapable. The cold weather began to freeze their limbs, and wound them more cruelly than the sword. Provisions and ammunitions were growing scarcer and scarcer, and everything save the enemy seemed to wear a look of despair. At length a violent storm arose; many of the vessels were driven from their anchorage, and the remainder availed themselves of the opportunity of getting out of the river as speedily as possible. Thus ended the expedition against Quebec. Misfortunes pursued the fleet even at sea. The weather was so stormy that the vessels could not be kept together. One ship was never heard of after the separation; another was wrecked; and another — a fire-ship — was burned at sea. Four other vessels were blown so far out of their

course that they did not reach Boston for five or six weeks after the arrival of Phips.

The failure of the expedition was a great blow to the Colonial Government. They had fitted it out on credit, depending on plunder for the payment of the soldiers and a nice little profit for themselves. To get out of the difficulty with the best grace possible, they issued paper notes on the faith of the colony. It was all they could do, for there was no money in the treasury. At first it was supposed this ingenious expedient would be successful; but every day the bills sank lower and lower in public credit, and the poor soldiers who had been paid with them could only get fourteen shillings for every pound on their face.

The defeat before Quebec rankled in Phips's mind, and, as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of employment in the colony, he determined on another voyage to England, with the view of inducing the king to fit out a fresh expedition against the French. In this he was disappointed, but his voyage was not without a result. Increase Mather was at that time eagerly agitating the matter of a new charter for the colony, the old one having been taken away in consequence of royal displeasure, and the colony being thus without any legal guaranty of its rights. After much vexatious delay, the king consented to the issuing of another charter on condition that the delegates should name a governor known to the Crown, and yet popular with the people of Massachusetts. If he had wished to nominate Phips, he could not have more accurately described the man. Notwithstanding his Canadian failure, he was still eminently popular at home, and his curious history was well

known abroad. Increase Mather, on behalf of the other agents, consequently nominated Phips, and a commission was accordingly prepared under the great seal, by which Sir William Phips was appointed captain-general and governor-in-chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England. With this document in his pocket, he returned to his native country in May, 1692. On the following Monday he was conducted from his own house to the town-house by a large escort of military and a number of the principal gentlemen of Boston and the vicinity.

Sir William Phips was a very unhappy governor. With every disposition in the world to be lenient, kind, and just, he found that he could not avoid making enemies. The new charter was not considered satisfactory, and Sir William Phips, the principal officer under it, had to bear all the odium it excited. His authority was disputed in the most vexatious way, and an opposition sprung up which daily gained strength. There were other men, too, who wanted to be governor, and their hostility, having a direct object, was of the most active kind. Sir William became cross with the world, and broke out into wild fits of passion, all of which increased his unpopularity. At length the discontents went so far as to petition the Crown that he might be removed, and another governor appointed in his stead. Beside this, two gentlemen, whom Phips had thrashed for disputing his authority, preferred their complaints to the king, and the Lords of the Treasury, together with the Board of Trade, united in the request that the governor might be displaced. The king refused to condemn the governor unheard, but invited him to visit England and defend

himself. Sir William accordingly left Boston on the 17th of November, 1694, and proceeded to London. It was the last time he ever crossed the Atlantic.

On his arrival he was subjected to fresh annoyances, such as being arrested by the assaulted gentlemen before mentioned, and held to heavy bail; but in spite of these, we are assured by Cotton Mather that he was triumphant in his vindication, and received assurances of being restored to office. While these things were going on, he amused himself with two new schemes: one for supplying the English navy with timber and naval stores from the eastern parts of New England, the other for going into the shipwreck-fishing business again. The prosecution of these designs was, however, brought to an unexpected termination. About the middle of February, 1695, he took cold, and was immediately confined to his chamber. Fever ensued, and on the 18th of the month he died. Few men in the world have had more experience than Sir William Phips; yet he was but forty-five years of age. In that brief period he had raised himself from the condition of a ploughboy to the highest office recognized in his country, from poverty to wealth, from insignificance to esteem.

WERE THERE WITCHES IN SALEM?

[1692]

BY JOHN FISKE

[In the seventeenth century belief in witchcraft was universal. Between 1645 and 1647, in two little counties of England, more than one hundred persons were declared guilty of the crime. Twenty years after the days of the Salem excitement, a woman in England was legally convicted of being a witch. It would have been strange, indeed, if the colonists had not believed in witchcraft. The only wonder is that the number of the accused at Salem was so small.

The Editor.]

In 1692, there were circumstances which favored the outbreak of an epidemic of witchcraft. In this ancient domain of Satan there were indications that Satan was beginning again to claim his own. War had broken out with that Papist champion, Louis XIV, and it had so far been going badly with God's people in America. The shrieks of the victims at Schenectady and Salmon Falls and Fort Loyal still made men's blood run cold in their veins; and the great expedition against Quebec had come home crestfallen with defeat. Evidently the Devil was bestirring himself; it was a witching time; the fuel for an explosion was laid, and it needed but a spark to fire it.

That spark was provided by servants and children in the household of Samuel Parris, minister of the church at Salem Village, a group of outlying farms from three to five miles out from the town of Salem. The place was sometimes called Salem Farms, and in later times was

set off as a separate township under the name of Danvers. Any one who has ever visited a small New England village can form some idea of the looks of the place, for the type is strongly characteristic, and from the days of Cotton Mather to the introduction of railroads the changes were not great. On almost any country roadside in Massachusetts you may see to-day just such wooden houses as that in which Samuel Parris dwelt. This clergyman seems to have lived for some years in the West Indies, engaged in commercial pursuits, before he turned his attention to theology. Some special mercantile connection between Salem and Barbadoes seems to have brought him to Salem Village, where he was installed as pastor in 1689. An entry in the church records, dated June 18 of that year, informs us that "it was agreed and voted by general concurrence, that for Mr. Parris his encouragement and settlement in the work of the ministry amongst us, we will give him sixty-six pounds for his yearly salary, — one third paid in money, the other two third parts for provisions, etc.; and Mr. Parris to find himself firewood, and Mr. Parris to keep the ministry-house in good repair; and that Mr. Parris shall also have the use of the ministry-pasture, and the inhabitants to keep the fence in repair; and that we will keep up our contributions . . . so long as Mr. Parris continues in the work of the ministry amongst us, and all productions to be good and merchantable. And if it please God to bless the inhabitants, we shall be willing to give more; and to expect that, if God shall diminish the estates of the people, that then Mr. Parris do abate of his salary according to proportion."

This arrangement was far from satisfying the new

minister, for it only gave him the use of the parsonage and its pasture lands, whereas he was determined to get a fee simple of both. Another entry in the parish book says that it was voted to make over to him that real estate, but this entry is not duly signed by the clerk, and at the time there were parishioners who declared that it must have been put into the book by fraudulent means. Out of these circumstances there grew a quarrel which for utterly ruthless and truculent bitterness has scarcely been equaled even in the envenomed annals of New England parishes. Many people refused to pay their church-rates till the meeting-house began to suffer for want of repairs, and complaints were made to the county court. Matters were made worse by Parris's coarse and arrogant manners, and his excessive severity in inflicting church discipline for trivial offenses. By 1691 the factions into which the village was divided were ready to fly at each other's throats. Christian charity and loving-kindness were well-nigh forgotten. It was a spectacle such as Old Nick must have contemplated with grim satisfaction.

In the household at the parsonage were two colored servants whom Parris had brought with him from the West Indies. The man was known as John Indian; the hag Tituba, who passed for his wife, was half-Indian and half-negro. Their intelligence was of a low grade, but it sufficed to make them experts in palmistry, fortune-telling, magic, second-sight, and incantations. Such lore is always attractive to children, and in the winter of 1691–92 quite a little circle of young girls got into the habit of meeting at the parsonage to try their hands at the Black Art. Under the tuition of the Indian

servants they soon learned how to go into trances, talk gibberish, and behave like pythonesses of the most approved sort. These girls were Parris's daughter Elizabeth, aged nine, and his niece Abigail Williams, aged eleven; Mary Walcott and Elizabeth Hubbard, each aged seventeen; Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon, each aged eighteen; Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill, each aged twenty. Conspicuous above all in the mischief that followed were two girls of wonderful adroitness and hardihood, Ann Putnam, aged twelve, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam, and Mercy Lewis, aged seventeen, a servant in his family. This Thomas Putnam, who had taken part in the great Narragansett fight, was parish clerk and belonged to an aristocratic family. One of his nephews was Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. Mistress Ann Putnam, the sergeant's wife, was a beautiful and well-educated woman of thirty, but so passionate and high-strung that in her best moments she was scarcely quite sane. She was deeply engaged in the village quarrels; she also played an important part in supporting her daughter Ann and her servant Mercy Lewis in some of the most shocking work of that year. Beside Mrs. Putnam, two other grown women, one Sarah Vibber and a certain Goody Pope, appeared among the sufferers, but were of no great account. The minister withdrew his own daughter early in the proceedings and sent her to stay with some friends in Salem town. The chief manager of the witchcraft business, then, were two barbarous Indians steeped to the marrow in demonolatry, the half-crazed and vindictive Mrs. Putnam, and nine girls between the ages of eleven and twenty.

These girls came to be known as the "Afflicted Children." Their proceedings began at the parsonage about Christmas time, 1691. They would get down on all fours, crawl under chairs and tables, go off into fits, and speak an unintelligible jargon. All this may have been begun in sport. It would doubtless tickle them to find how well they could imitate Indian medicine, and the temptation to show off their accomplishments would be too great to be resisted. Then if they found their elders taking the affair too seriously, if they suddenly saw themselves in danger of getting whipped for meddling with such uncanny matters, what could be more natural than for them to seek an avenue of escape by declaring that they were bewitched and could not help doing as they did? As to these first steps the records leave us in the dark, but somewhat such, I suspect, they must have been. The next thing would be to ask them who bewitched them; and here the road to mischief was thrown open by Mr. Parris taking the affair into his own hands with a great flourish of trumpets, and making it as public as possible. Such was this man's way, as different as possible from Cotton Mather's. Physicians and clergymen, who came from all quarters to see the girls, agreed that they must be suffering from witchcraft. When commanded to point out their tormentors, they first named the Indian hag Tituba, and then Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn, two forlorn old women of the village, who were not held in high esteem. On the last day of February, 1692, these three were arrested, and the examinations began next day. . . . The chief accusations against Sarah Good were that after she had spoken angrily to some neighbors their cattle sickened and died;

that she threw Mary Walcott and other children into convulsions; and that she tried to persuade Ann Putnam to sign her name in a book. It was supposed that such signatures were equivalent to a quitclaim deed surrendering the signer's soul to the Devil; and his agents, the witches, were supposed to go about with that infernal autograph book soliciting signatures. Similar charges were brought against the other prisoners. In their presence the afflicted children raved and screamed. At the indignant denials of the two old white women the violence of these paroxysms became frightful, but when Tituba confessed that she was an adept in witchcraft and had enchanted the girls, their symptoms vanished and perfect calm ensued. As the result of the examination the three prisoners were sent to jail in Boston to await their trial.

The country was now getting alarmed, and the girls began to feel their power. Their next blow was aimed at victims of far higher sort. The wretched Tituba knew human nature well enough to consult her own safety by acting as king's evidence, and in her examination she testified that four women of the village tormented the girls; two of them were Good and Osburn, but the faces of the other two she said she could not see. After Tituba had gone to prison, the girls were urged to give up the names of these other two tormentors. At first they refused, but shortly it began to be whispered in bated breath that some of the most respected and godly persons in the village were leagued with Satan in this horrible conspiracy. About the middle of March the whole community was thunderstruck by the arrest of Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse. Of these two ladies the for-

mer was about sixty years of age, the latter more than seventy. As they were addressed not as "Mrs.," but as "Goodwife," their position was not exactly aristocratic. It was nevertheless most respectable. They were thoroughly well-bred and well-educated ladies, full of sweet courtesy and simple-hearted kindliness, like the best of farmers' wives in New England villages of to-day. Martha Corey was third wife of Giles Corey, a farmer eighty years old, a man of herculean stature and strength, proud, self-willed, and contentious, but frank and noble, with a rash, unruly tongue. He had been in many a quarrel, and had made enemies. His wife, so far as we know, had not. She was a woman of deep and sincere piety, with as clear and sound a head as could be found anywhere between Cape Cod and Cape Ann. She disbelieved in witchcraft, was inclined to regard it as a mere delusion, and had no sympathy with the excitement which was beginning to turn the village topsy-turvy. She did not flock with the multitude to see the accusing girls, but she reproved her more credulous husband for giving heed to such tomfoolery, and he, with that uncurbed tongue of his, was heard to utter indiscreet jests about his good wife's skepticism. It was probably this that caused her to be selected as a victim. Skeptics must be made to feel the danger of impugning the authority of the accusers and the truth of their tales. Accordingly, Martha Corey, accused by little Ann Putnam, was soon in jail awaiting trial.

The next was Rebecca Nurse. She was one of three sisters, daughters of William Towne of Yarmouth, in England. Her two sisters, who were arrested soon after her, were Mary Easty and Sarah Cloyse. With their

husbands they were all persons held in highest esteem, but an ancient village feud had left a grudge against them in some revengeful bosoms. Half a century before there had been a fierce dispute between parties from Salem and from Topsfield who had settled in the border region between the two townships. The dispute related to the possession of certain lots of land; it had grown more and more complicated, and it had engendered hard feelings between the Putnams on one side and the Eastys and Townes on the other. Besides this, Rebecca Nurse and her husband had become obnoxious to the Putnams and to the Rev. Mr. Parris from reasons connected with the church dispute. There was evidently a method in the madness of the accusing girls. Rebecca Nurse was arrested two days after the committal of Martha Corey. The appearance of this venerable and venerated lady before the magistrates caused most profound sensation. Her numerous children and grandchildren stood high in public esteem, her husband was one of the most honored persons in the community, herself a model of every virtue. As she stood there, delicate and fragile in figure, with those honest eyes that looked one full in the face, that soft gray hair and dainty white muslin kerchief, one marvels what fiend can have possessed those young girls that they did not shamefastly hold their peace. In the intervals of question and answer they went into fits as usual. When the magistrate Hathorne became visibly affected by the lady's clear and straightforward answers, the relentless Mrs. Putnam broke out with a violence dreadful to behold: "Did you not bring the black man with you? Did you not bid me tempt God and die? How oft have you eaten and drunk your own damnation?"

At this outburst, like the horrible snarl of a lioness, the poor old lady raised her hands toward heaven and cried, "O Lord, help me!" Whereupon all the afflicted girls "were grievously vexed." Hathorne thought that their spasms were caused by a mysterious influence emanating from Goodwife Nurse's lifted hands, and so his heart was hardened toward her. Mary Walcott cried out that the prisoner was biting her, and then showed marks of teeth upon her wrist. Thus the abominable scene went on till Rebecca Nurse was remanded to jail to await her trial.

That was on a Thursday morning. The Reverend Deodat Lawson, a fine scholar and powerful preacher, had arrived in the village a few days before, and it was known that he was to preach the afternoon sermon familiar in those days as the Thursday lecture. He had scarcely arrived when two or three of the girls called upon him and drove him nearly out of his wits with their performances. Their victory over him was complete, and the result was seen in that Thursday lecture, which was afterwards printed, and is a literary production of great intensity and power. The arrests of Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse had destroyed all confidence, everybody distrusted his neighbor, and that impassioned sermon goaded the whole community to madness. If the Devil could use such "gospel women" for his instruments, what safety was there for anybody? Arrests went on with increasing rapidity during the spring and summer, until at least 126 persons, of whom we know the names and something of the family history, were lodged in jail; and these names do not exhaust the number. Among them — to mention only such as were

executed — we may note that John Procter and the venerable George Jacobs had each had one of the accusing girls in his family as a domestic servant, and in both cases personal malice was visibly at work. In the case of George Jacobs it may also be observed that his own granddaughter, to save her own life, confessed herself a witch, and testified against him; afterward she confessed this horrible wickedness. Some, such as Susannah Martin, seem to have owed their fate to mere superstition of the lowest sort. On a rainy day she walked over a good bit of country road without getting her hose or skirts muddy, and it was sagely concluded that such neatness could only have been attained through the aid of the Devil. She was mother of the Mabel Martin about whom Whittier wrote his beautiful poem, "The Witch's Daughter." John Willard incurred his doom for having said it was the accusing girls who were the real witches worthy of the gallows, and John Procter in a similar spirit had said that by the judicious application of a cudgel he could effect a prompt and thorough cure for all the little hussies. People who ventured such remarks took their lives in their hands.

[After nineteen persons had been hanged and one pressed to death under heavy weights, the frenzy abated. "Some high-spirited persons in Andover, on being accused of witchcraft, retorted by bringing an action for defamation of character, with heavy damages. This marked the end of the panic, and from that time people began to be quick in throwing off the whole witchcraft delusion."]

We may suppose that the minister's West Indian servants began by talking Indian medicine and teaching its tricks to his daughter and niece; then the girls of

their acquaintance would naturally become interested, and would seek to relieve the monotony of the winter evenings by taking part in the performances. Their first motives are most likely to have been playful, but there was probably a half-shuddering sense of wickedness, a slight aroma of brimstone, about the affair, which may have made it the more attractive. I feel sure that sooner or later some of those girls would find themselves losing control over their spasms, and thus, getting more than they had bargained for, would deem themselves bewitched by Tituba and John Indian. But, especially if they found themselves taken to task by their parents, the dread of punishment — perhaps of church discipline, wherein Parris was notably severe — would be sure to make them blame the Indians in order to screen themselves. If Cotton Mather's methods had now been followed, the affair would have been hushed, and the girls isolated from each other would have been subjected to quiet and soothing treatment; and thus, no doubt it would all have ended. But when Parris made the affair as public as possible, when learned doctors of divinity and medicine came and watched those girls, and declared them bewitched, what more was needed to convince their young minds that they were really in that dreadful plight? Such a belief must, of course, have added to their hysterical condition. Naturally they accused Tituba, and as for the two old women, Good and Osburn, very likely some of the girls may really have been afraid of them as evil-eyed or otherwise uncanny.

For the rest of the story a guiding influence is needed, and I think we may find it in Mrs. Putnam. She was

one of the Carrs of Salisbury, a family which for several generations had been known as extremely nervous and excitable. There had been cases of insanity among her near relatives. The deaths of some of her own children and of a beloved sister, with other distressing events, had clouded her mind. She had once been the most sparkling and brilliant of women, but was sinking into melancholia at the time when the first stories of witchcraft came from the parsonage and she learned that her little daughter Ann, a precocious and imaginative child, was one of the afflicted. Mrs. Putnam and her husband were both firm believers in witchcraft. I do not think it strange that her diseased mind should have conjured up horrible fancies about Goodwife Nurse, member of a family which she probably hated all the more bitterly for the high esteem in which it was generally held. Mrs. Putnam fell into violent hysterical fits like her daughter, and their bright and active servant Mercy Lewis was afflicted likewise. These three, with the minister's niece, Abigail Williams, and her friend Mary Walcott, were the most aggressive and driving agents in the whole tragedy. I presume Mrs. Putnam may have exercised something like what it is now fashionable to call hypnotic influence over the young girls. She honestly believed that witches were hurting them all, and she naturally suspected foes rather than friends. I see no good reason for doubting that she fully believed her own ghost stories, or that the children believed theirs. In their exalted state of mind they could not distinguish between what they really saw and what they vividly fancied. It was analogous to what often occurs in delirium.

Such an explanation of the witchcraft in Salem Village accounts for the facts much better than any such violent supposition as that of conscious conspiracy. Our fit attitude of mind toward it is pity for all concerned, yet the feelings of horror and disgust are quite legitimate, for the course of the affair was practically the same as if it had been shaped by deliberate and conscious malice. It is on the whole the most gruesome episode in American history, and it sheds back a lurid light upon the long tale of witchcraft in the past. Few instances of the delusion have attracted so much attention as this at Salem, and few have had the details so fully and minutely preserved. It was the last witch epidemic recorded in the history of fully civilized nations.

VIII

WARS WITH THE RED MEN

"As a rule, the settlers [of New England] treated the natives with justice and kindness. The learned John Eliot translated the Bible into their language, and converted many by his preaching. In 1674, there were four thousand Indians in New England who professed to be Christians. Schools were introduced among them, and many learned to read and write. The English always paid for the land which they occupied. But the Indians hated them none the less for that. They felt that the white men were there as masters; they dreaded them, and keenly watched for a chance to destroy them." . . .

[By 1670, the red men had acquired a good many firearms, and became expert in the use of them, so that they were not so unequal a match for the white men as formerly. About this time, there seems to have been some kind of an understanding on the part of three tribes that at the first opportunity the English should be attacked. The first attack was made by the Wampanoags under their sachem called Philip, a son of Massasoit; and the war has always been known as "King Philip's War." The struggle was not ended until] "there had been for three years a reign of terror in New England and terrible havoc had been wrought among the English, chiefly in Massachusetts and Plymouth. Of ninety towns, twelve had been utterly destroyed, while more than forty others had been the scene of fire and massacre. More than a thousand men had been killed, and a great many women and children.

"But while King Philip's War wrought such fearful damage to the English, it was for the Indians themselves utter destruction. Most of the warriors were slain, and to the survivors, as we have seen, the conquerors showed but scant mercy. The Puritan, who conned his Bible so earnestly, had taken his hint from the wars of the Jews, and swept his New English Canaan with a broom that was pitiless and searching. Henceforth the red man figures no more in the history of New England, except as an ally of the French in bloody raids upon the frontier.—" *John Fiske.*

THE MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION OF HADLEY

[1675]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[During King Philip's War the little town of Hadley was surprised and attacked. In the following extract from "Peveril of the Peak," Bridgenorth, one of the characters, tells the traditional story of the appearance of the mysterious leader.

The Editor.]

"There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great — his dissimulation profound; and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and desultory warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was, by chance, at a small village[1] in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time, for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops who had taken the field for protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe whom the Devil himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty. It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had

[1] Hadley.

assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of wooden logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to Heaven as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered locks and disheveled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly, 'The Indians! The Indians!'

"In that country no man dares separate himself from his means of defense, and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate devils, already in possession of a part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public worship; and it was remarked as a judgment that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed towards man, but whose mind was altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In fine, there was much damage done; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet being surprised and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the devilish enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage. It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children amid the report

of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war-whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion, while the smoke which the wind drove against us gave farther advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire.

"In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the center, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A tall man of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun; I never saw anything more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color. 'Men and brethren,' he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, 'why sink your hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Fear ye that the God we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel!' He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two bodies; one of which

maintained the defense of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the Unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his command they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town, at the head of the other division of the New England men, and, fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The surprise, as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in their turn, and placed betwixt two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathen fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors that the tribe hath never recovered its loss.

"Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel than to thank him as a fellow mortal. 'Not unto me be the glory,' he said: 'I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat, ere I essay the task of offering thanks where they are most due.' I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees and signing us to obey

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR AT HADLEY

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR AT HADLEY

BY F. A. CHAPMAN

The story of this illustration is told in the preceding extract. Hawthorne has taken the same subject, but has changed the place to Boston, and the time to the last days of James II on the throne of England. James had taken away the charters of the New England colonies and had sent for their governor the tyrannical Sir Edmund Andros. Rumors were abroad that the Roman Catholic Church was to be established in the colonies, and still wilder ones that all Protestant pastors were to be imprisoned, if not burned at the stake. Andros chose this moment to make a display of his power by a procession of his guard through the streets of Boston. Suddenly a mysterious "ancient man," wearing the garb of some fifty years before, raises his staff and bids the procession "Stand!" "There is no longer a Popish tyrant on the throne of England," he declares, "and by to-morrow noon, his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror."

Then says Hawthorne: "And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the very type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge, that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry."

him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war-trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all: it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our heads bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer amongst us; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued."

Here Bridgenorth, who had told this singular story with an eloquence and vivacity of detail very contrary to the usual dryness of his conversation, paused for an instant, and then resumed — "Thou seest, young man, that men of valor and discretion are called forth to command in circumstances of national exigence, though their very existence is unknown in the land which they are predestined to deliver."

"But what thought the people of the mysterious stranger?" said Julian, who had listened with eagerness, for the story was of a kind interesting to the youthful and the brave.

"Many things," answered Bridgenorth, "and, as usual, little to the purpose. The prevailing opinion was, notwithstanding his own disclamation, that the stranger was really a supernatural being; others believed him an inspired champion, transported in the body from some

distant climate, to show us the way to safety; others, again, concluded that he was a recluse, who, either from motives of piety or other cogent reasons, had become a dweller in the wilderness, and shunned the face of man."

"And, if I may presume to ask," said Julian, "to which of these opinions were you disposed to adhere?"

"The last suited best with the transient though close view with which I had perused the stranger's features," replied Bridgenorth; "for although I dispute not that it may please Heaven, on high occasions, even to raise one from the dead in defense of his country, yet I doubted not then, as I doubt not now, that I looked on the living form of one who had indeed powerful reasons to conceal him in the cleft of the rock."

"Are these reasons a secret?" asked Julian Peveril.

"Not properly a secret," replied Bridgenorth; "for I fear not thy betraying what I might tell thee in private discourse; and besides, wert thou so base, the prey lies too distant for any hunters to whom thou couldst point out its traces. But the name of this worthy will sound harsh in thy ear, on account of one action of his life — being his accession to a great measure which made the extreme isles of the earth to tremble. Have you never heard of Richard Whalley?"

"Of the regicide?" exclaimed Peveril, starting.

"Call his act what thou wilt," said Bridgenorth; "he was not less the rescuer of that devoted village, that, with other leading spirits of the age, he sat in the judgment-seat when Charles Stuart was arraigned at the bar, and subscribed the sentence that went forth upon him."

"I have ever heard," said Julian, in an altered voice, and coloring deeply, "that you, Master Bridgenorth,

with the other Presbyterians, were totally averse to that detestable crime, and were ready to have made joint cause with the Cavaliers in preventing so horrible a parricide."

"If it were so," replied Bridgenorth, "we have been richly rewarded by his successor!"

"Rewarded!" exclaimed Julian. "Does the distinction of good and evil, and our obligation to do the one and forbear the other, depend on the reward which may attach to our actions?"

"God forbid!" answered Bridgenorth; "yet those who view the havoc which this house of Stuart have made in the Church and State — the tyranny which they exercise over men's persons and consciences — may well doubt whether it be lawful to use weapons in their defense. Yet you hear me not praise, or even vindicate, the death of the king, though so far deserved, as he was false to his oath as a prince and magistrate. I only tell you what you desired to know, that Richard Whalley, one of the late king's judges, was he of whom I have just been speaking. I knew his lofty brow, though time had made it balder and higher; his gray eye retained all its luster; and though the grizzled beard covered the lower part of his face, it prevented me not from recognizing him. The scent was hot after him for his blood; but by the assistance of those friends whom Heaven had raised up for his preservation, he was concealed carefully, and emerged only to do the will of Providence in the matter of that battle. Perhaps his voice may be heard in the field once more, should England need one of her noblest hearts."

"Now, God forbid!" said Julian.

THE CAPTIVITY OF MRS. MARY ROWLANDSON

[1676]

BY HERSELF

[The home of Mrs. Rowlandson, in Lancaster, Massachusetts, was destroyed by Indians during King Philip's War, and a number of its inmates were slain. She herself was taken captive, but was finally given up for a ransom. The following is her own account of the first few days of her captivity.

The Editor.]

I had often said before this, that if the Indians should come, I should choose rather to be killed by them than taken alive, but when it came to the trial my mind changed; their glittering weapons so daunted my spirit that I chose rather to go along with those (as I may say) ravenous bears, than that moment to end my days. And that I may the better declare what happened to me during that grievous captivity, I shall particularly speak of the several removes we had up and down the wilderness.

The First Remove. — Now away we must go with those barbarous creatures, with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, up upon a hill within sight of the town where we intended to lodge. There was hard by a vacant house, deserted by the English before, for fear of the Indians; I asked them whether I might not lodge in the house that night; to which they answered,

"What, will you love the Englishmen still?" This was the dolefulest night that ever my eyes saw. Oh, the roaring and singing and dancing and yelling of those black creatures in the night, which made the place a lively resemblance of hell. And miserable was the waste that was there made of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, calves, lambs, roasting pigs, and fowls (which they had plundered in the town), some roasting, some lying and burning, and some boiling, to feed our merciless enemies; who were joyful enough, though we were disconsolate. To add to the dolefulness of the former day, and the dismalness of the present night, my thoughts ran upon my losses and sad, bereaved condition. All was gone, my husband gone (at least separated from me, he being in the Bay; and, to add to my grief, the Indians told me they would kill him as he came homeward), my children gone, my relations and friends gone, our house and home, and all our comforts within door and without, all was gone except my life, and I knew not but the next moment that might go too.

There remained nothing to me but one poor, wounded babe, and it seemed at present worse than death, that it was in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no refreshing for it, nor suitable things to revive it. Little do many think what is the savageness and brutishness of this barbarous enemy, those even that seem to profess more than others among them, when the English have fallen into their hands.

The Second Remove. — But now [the next morning] I must turn my back upon the town, and travel with them into the vast and desolate wilderness, I know not whither. It is not my tongue or pen can express the

sorrows of my heart, and bitterness of my spirit, that I had at this departure; but God was with me in a wonderful manner, carrying me along and bearing up my spirit, that it did not quite fail. One of the Indians carried my poor wounded babe upon a horse: it went moaning all along, "I shall die, I shall die!" I went on foot after it with sorrow that cannot be expressed. At length I took it off the horse, and carried it in my arms, till my strength failed, and I fell down with it. Then they set me upon a horse with my wounded child in my lap, and there being no furniture on the horse's back, as we were going down a steep hill we both fell over the horse's head, at which they, like inhuman creatures, laughed, and rejoiced to see it, though I thought we should there have ended our days, overcome with so many difficulties. But the Lord renewed my strength still, and carried me along, that I might see more of his power, yea, so much that I could never have thought of had I not experienced it.

After this it quickly began to snow, and when night came on they stopped. And now down I must sit in the snow, by a little fire, and a few boughs behind me, with my sick child in my lap, and calling much for water, being now, through the wound, fallen into a violent fever; my own wound also growing so stiff that I could scarce sit down or rise up.

THE THIRD REMOVE. — The morning being come, they prepared to go on their way; one of the Indians got upon a horse, and they sat me up behind him, with my poor sick babe in my lap. A very wearisome and tedious day I had of it; what with my own wound, and my child being so exceedingly sick, and in a lamentable condi-

tion with her wound, it may easily be judged what a poor, feeble condition we were in, there being not the least crumb of refreshing that came within either of our mouths from Wednesday night to Saturday night, except only a little cold water. This day in the afternoon, about an hour by sun, we came to the place where they intended, namely, an Indian town called Wenimesset [New Braintree], northward of Quabaug [Brookfield]. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper, a man belonging to Roxbury, who was taken at Captain Beers's fight, and had been now a considerable time with the Indians, and up with them almost as far as Albany, to see King Philip, as he told me, and was now very lately come into these parts. Hearing, I say, that I was in this Indian town, he obtained leave to come and see me. He told me he himself was wounded in the leg at Captain Beers's fight, and was not able some time to go but as they carried him, and that he took oak leaves and laid to his wound, and by the blessing of God he was able to travel again. Then took I oak leaves and laid to my side, and with the blessing of God it cured me also. I sat much alone with my poor wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day, having nothing to revive the body or cheer the spirits of her; but instead of that, one Indian would come and tell me one hour, "Your master will knock your child on the head," and then a second, and then a third, "Your master will quickly knock your child on the head."

This was the comfort I had from them; miserable comforters were they all. Thus nine days I sat upon my knees, my babe in my lap, till my flesh was raw again. My child being even ready to depart this sorrowful world,

they bade me carry it to another wigwam, I suppose because they would not be troubled with such spectacles; whither I went with a very heavy heart, and down I sat with the picture of death in my lap. About two hours in the night, my sweet babe, like a lamb, departed this life, on February 18, 1676, it being about six years and five months old. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent me home to my master's wigwam. By my master in this writing must be understood Quannopin, who was a sagamore, and married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by a Narragansett Indian, who took me when I first came out of the garrison. I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone. There was no resisting, but go I must, and leave it. When I had been a while at my master's wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get to look after my dead child. When I came I asked them what they had done with it. They told me it was on the hill. Then they went and showed me where it was, where I saw the ground was newly digged, and where they told me they had buried it. There I left that child in the wilderness, and must commit it and myself also in this wilderness condition to Him who is above all. God having taken away this dear child, I went to see my daughter Mary, who was at the same Indian town, at a wigwam not very far off, though we had little liberty or opportunity to see one another; she was about ten years of age, and taken from the door at first by a praying Indian, and afterwards sold for a gun. When I came in sight she would fall a-weeping, at which they were provoked, and would not let me come near her, but bid me

begone, which was a heart-cutting word to me. I could not sit still in this condition, but kept walking from one place to another; and as I was going along, my heart was even overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition, and that I should have children, and a nation that I knew not ruled over them. Whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and if it were his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And, indeed, quickly the Lord answered in some measure my poor prayer; for as I was going up and down mourning and lamenting my condition, my son (Joseph) came to me and asked how I did. I had not seen him before since the destruction of the town; and I knew not where he was, till I was informed by himself that he was among a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was about six miles off. With tears in his eyes he asked me whether his sister Sarah was dead, and told me he had seen his sister Mary, and prayed me that I would not be troubled in reference to himself. The occasion of his coming to see me at this time was this: there was, as I said, about six miles from us, a small plantation of Indians, where it seems he had been during his captivity; and at this time there were some forces of the Indians gathered out of our company, and some also from them, among whom was my son's master, to go to assault and burn Medfield. In this time of his master's absence his dame brought him to see me.

Now the Indians began to talk about removing from this place, some one way and some another. There were now besides myself nine English captives in this place, all of them children except one woman. I got an oppor-

tunity to go and take my leave of them, they being to go one way and I another. They told me they did as they were able, and it was some comfort to me that the Lord stirred up children to look to him. The woman, namely, Goodwife Joslin, told me she should never see me again, and that she could not find it in her heart to run away by any means, for we were near thirty miles from any English town, and she with a child two years old; and bad rivers there were to go over, and we were feeble with our poor and coarse entertainment. I had my Bible with me. I pulled it out, and asked her whether she would read. We opened the Bible, and lighted on Psalm XXVII, in which psalm we especially took notice of that verse, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait I say on the Lord."

The Fourth Remove.—And now I must part with the little company I had. Here I parted with my daughter Mary, whom I never saw again till I saw her in Dorchester, returned from captivity, and from four little cousins and neighbors, some of which I never saw afterwards; the Lord only knows the end of them. We traveled about half a day or a little more, and came to a desolate place in the wilderness, where there were no wigwams or inhabitants before. We came about the middle of the afternoon to this place, cold, wet, and snowy, and hungry and weary, and no refreshing for man, but the cold ground to sit on, and our poor Indian cheer.

The Fifth Remove.—The occasion, as I thought, of their removing at this time was the English army's being near and following them; for they went as if they had gone for their lives for some considerable way; and then they made a stop, and chose out some of their stoutest

men, and sent them back to hold the English army in play while the rest escaped; and then, like Jehu, they marched on furiously with their old and young; some carried their old, decrepit mothers; some carried one, and some another. Four of them carried a great Indian upon a bier; but, going through a thick wood with him, they were hindered, and could make no haste; whereupon they took him upon their backs, and carried him, one at a time, till we came to Bacquag River. Upon Friday, a little after noon, we came to this river. When all the company was come up and were gathered together I thought to count the number of them, but they were so many, and being somewhat in motion, it was beyond my skill. In this travel, because of my wound, I was somewhat favored in my load. I carried only my knitting-work and two quarts of parched meal. Being very faint, I asked my mistress to give me one spoonful of the meal, but she would not give me a taste. They quickly fell to cutting dry trees to make rafts to carry them over the river, and soon my turn came to go over. By the advantage of some brush which they had laid upon the raft to sit on, I did not wet my foot, while many of themselves, at the other end, were mid-leg deep, which cannot but be acknowledged as a favor of God to my weakened body, it being a very cold time. I was not before acquainted with such kind of doings or dangers. A certain number of us got over the river that night, but it was the night after the Sabbath before all the company was got over. On the Saturday they boiled an old horse's leg which they had got, and so we drank of the broth as soon as they thought it was ready, and when it was almost all gone they filled it up again.

The first week of my being among them I hardly eat anything; the second week I found my stomach grow very faint for want of something, and yet it was very hard to get down their filthy trash; but the third week, though I could think how formerly my stomach would turn against this or that, and I could starve and die before I could eat such things, yet they were pleasant and savory to my taste. I was at this time knitting a pair of cotton stockings for my mistress, and I had not yet wrought upon the Sabbath day. When the Sabbath came they bid me go to work. I told them it was Sabbath day, and desired them to let me rest, and told them I would do as much more work to-morrow; to which they answered me they would break my face. And here I cannot but take notice of the strange providence of God in preserving the heathen. They were many hundreds, old and young, some sick, and some lame; many had papooses at their backs; the greatest number at this time with us were squaws, and yet they traveled with all they had, bag and baggage, and they got over this river aforesaid; and on Monday they set their wigwams on fire, and away they went. On that very day came the English army after them to this river, and saw the smoke of their wigwams, and yet this river put a stop to them. God did not give them courage or activity to go over after us. We were not ready for so great a mercy as victory and deliverance; if we had been, God would have found out a way for the English to have passed this river as well as for the Indians, with their squaws and children, and all their luggage.

The Sixth Remove. — On Monday, as I said, they set their wigwams on fire and went away. It was a cold

morning, and before us there was a great brook with ice on it. Some waded through it up to the knees and higher, but others went till they came to a beaver-dam, and I among them, where, through the good providence of God, I did not wet my foot. I went along that day mourning and lamenting, leaving farther my own country, and traveling farther into the vast and howling wilderness, and I understood something of Lot's wife's temptation when she looked back. We came that day to a great swamp, by the side of which we took up our lodging that night. When we came to the brow of the hill that looked towards the swamp I thought we had been come to a great Indian town, though there were none but our own company; the Indians were as thick as the trees; it seemed as if there had been a thousand hatchets going at once.

THE SEVENTH REMOVE. — After a restless and hungry night there we had a wearisome time of it the next day. The swamp by which we lay was, as it were, a deep dungeon, and an exceeding high and steep hill before it. Before I got to the top of the hill I thought my heart and legs and all would have broken and failed me. What with faintness and soreness of body, it was a grievous day of travel to me. As we went along, I saw a place where English cattle had been. That was a comfort to me, such as it was. Quickly after that we came to an English path, which so took me that I thought I could there have freely lain down and died. That day, a little after noon, we came to Squaheag [Northfield], where the Indians quickly spread themselves over the deserted English fields, gleaning what they could find. Some picked up ears of wheat that were crickled down,

some found ears of Indian corn, some found groundnuts, and others sheaves of wheat that were frozen together in the shock, and went to threshing of them out. Myself got two ears of Indian corn, and, whilst I did but turn my back, one of them was stole from me, which much troubled me. There came an Indian to them at that time with a basket of horse-liver. I asked him to give me a piece. "What," says he, "can you eat horse-liver?" I told him I would try, if he would give me a piece, which he did; and I laid it on the coals to roast; but, before it was half ready, they got half of it away from me; so that I was forced to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth, and yet a savory bit it was to me; for to the hungry soul every bitter thing was sweet. A solemn sight methought it was to see whole fields of wheat and Indian corn forsaken and spoiled, and the remainder of them to be food for our merciless enemies. That night we had a mess of wheat for our supper.

The Eighth Remove. — On the morrow morning we must go over Connecticut River to meet with King Philip. Two canoes full they had carried over; the next turn myself was to go; but, as my foot was upon the canoe to step in, there was a sudden outcry among them, and I must step back; and, instead of going over the river, I must go four or five miles up the river farther northward. Some of the Indians ran one way, and some another. The cause of this rout was, as I thought, their espying some English scouts, who were thereabouts. In this travel up the river, about noon the company made a stop and sat down, some to eat, and others to rest them. As I sat amongst them, musing on

things past, my son Joseph unexpectedly came to me. We asked of each other's welfare, bemoaning our doleful condition, and the change that had come upon us. I gave him my Bible, and he lighted upon that comfortable Scripture, Psalm CXVIII, 17, 18, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death." "Look here, mother," says he, "did you read this?"

We traveled on till night, and in the morning we must go over the river to Philip's crew. When I was in the canoe I could not but be amazed at the numerous crew of pagans that were on the bank on the other side. When I came ashore they gathered all about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed that they asked one another questions, and laughed, and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a-weeping; which was the first time, to my remembrance, that I wept before them. Then one of them asked me why I wept. I could hardly tell what to say; yet I answered, they would kill me. "No," said he, "none will hurt you." Then came one of them and gave me two spoonfuls of meal to comfort me, and another gave me half a pint of peas, which was worth more than many bushels at another time. Then I went to see King Philip. He bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it — a usual compliment nowadays among the saints and sinners; but this no way suited me; for though I had formerly used tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait the Devil lays to make men lose their precious time. I remember with shame how, formerly, when I

had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is; but I thank God he has now given me power over it. Surely there are many who may be better employed than to sit sucking a stinking tobacco-pipe.

Now the Indians gathered their forces to go against Northampton. Overnight one went about yelling and hooting to give notice of the design. Whereupon they went to boiling of ground-nuts and parching corn — as many as had it — for their provision; and in the morning away they went. During my abode in this place Philip spoke to me to make a shirt for his boy, which I did; for which he gave me a shilling. I offered the money to my mistress, but she bid me keep it, and with it I bought a piece of horseflesh. Afterwards he asked me to make a cap for his boy, for which he invited me to dinner. I went, and he gave me a pancake about as big as two fingers; it was made of parched wheat, beaten and fried in bear's grease, but I thought I never tasted pleasanter meat in my life. There was a squaw who spake to me to make a shirt for her sannup; for which she gave me a piece of beef. Another asked me to knit a pair of stockings, for which she gave me a quart of peas. I boiled my peas and beef together, and invited my master and mistress to dinner; but the proud gossip, because I served them both in one dish, would eat nothing, except one bit that he gave her upon the point of his knife. Hearing that my son was come to this place, I went to see him, and found him lying flat on the ground. I asked him how he could sleep so. He answered me that he was not asleep, but at prayer, and that he lay so that they might not observe what he was

doing. I pray God he may remember these things now he is returned in safety. At this place, the sun now getting higher, what with the beams and heat of the sun and smoke of the wigwams, I thought I should have been blinded. I could scarce discern one wigwam from another. There was one Mary Thurston, of Medfield, who, seeing how it was with me, lent me a hat to wear; but as soon as I was gone the squaw that owned that Mary Thurston came running after me and got it away again. Here was a squaw who gave me a spoonful of meal; I put it in my pocket to keep it safe, yet, notwithstanding somebody stole it, but put five Indian corns in the room of it; which corns were the greatest provision I had in my travel for one day.

The Indians, returning from Northampton, brought with them some horses and sheep and other things which they had taken. I desired them that they would carry me to Albany upon one of those horses, and sell me for powder; for so they had sometimes discoursed. I was utterly helpless of getting home on foot, the way that I came. I could hardly bear to think of the many weary steps I had taken to this place.

But, instead of either going to Albany or homeward, we must go five miles up the river, and then go over it. Here we abode awhile.

THE DEATH OF KING PHILIP

[1676]

BY GIDEON H. HOLLISTER

[The wife and son of Philip were sold as slaves in the Bermudas. The story of their suicide as here told is apocryphal.

The Editor.]

Philip had returned early in the spring from his visit to the Mohawk and Canada Indians, having met with but faint success in soliciting aid from the tribes of the interior. Not discouraged at this disappointment, he had kept up the contest with astonishing vigor and activity, as the smoking villages of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the dead bodies of their inhabitants bore testimony appalling in the last degree to the English. No aboriginal chief had ever gained, during his whole life, so many and such signal victories over the superior discipline and numbers of the white population of the colonies, as he had done. But his forces had been gradually diminished by the exertions of Moseley and Church, who had scoured the whole Indian country; his chiefs in whom he reposed most confidence had been, many of them, cut off; and, to crown all, his beautiful queen and the young prince had both recently fallen into the hands of his enemies. Many of the tribes who had allied themselves to his enterprise had deserted his falling fortunes, and gone over to the English. Indeed, it

could no longer be doubted what must be, ere long, the result of the struggle. But in the midst of all these calamities, whatever ideas he may have entertained of the fate of his plans, his deep-seated resolution never for a moment forsook him: he remained the same indomitable son of the woods as when he had first dug up the hatchet from beneath the shade where his father had buried it. No overtures of peace made him by the colonists received any favor from him: he spurned alike their pardons and their threats. He rejected all proposals on their part to enter into any engagement by treaty; and when asked to make peace, and embrace the religion of his enemies, he instantly killed the Indian who had made the proposition.

The English, on all former occasions of war with any one of the tribes, had either crushed them at once, or been able to bring about a reconciliation by negotiating with their chief. But this *systematic* prosecution of a war that had now lasted fourteen months with unabated fury, bespoke the existence of an enemy who united all the vindictiveness of the savage with the fruitful intellectual resources and unwavering strength of purpose of the European — a mind which, under more favorable circumstances, might have ruled empires, or commanded the mightiest armies.

They saw that Philip was the soul and arm of the war, and that nothing short of his death could put an end to its wasting and widespread devastation. A result that many would at first gladly have avoided, had now become an imperious necessity, that absorbed all other considerations in the one first law of nature — self-preservation.

Never was a charge so important committed to more skillful hands than those of the brave Captain Church.

Abandoned by many of his subjects, and bereft of others by the fortune of the war, Philip had retired to his hereditary seat, Pokanoket, the place where the first flames of battle had been kindled, and where the chief seems to have been resolved that its last sparks should be quenched.

Early on the evening of the 11th of August he repaired alone to the spring that sparkled beneath the poplar tree, and drank for the last time of its waters. From that he visited the grave above it, listened to the murmurs of the waves as they broke upon the beach in mournful dirges that seemed prophetic of the doom that treachery was preparing for him. The Indians are, perhaps, more watchful over the ashes of their dead than more civilized nations; and guard them with a tender solicitude that seems so much at variance with the cold, passive exterior of the warrior, when called upon either to witness or suffer the extremest tortures that the human frame can endure, that we should scarcely credit the existence of such a sentiment in them, were not the fact so indisputably established by the testimony of the best writers. From the grave of his father he went to the summit of Mount Hope, and looked far over the wide expanse of woods and waters, searching out with his keen eye the far-off blaze of the distant watch-fire that looked, as it gleamed faintly from the foliage, dim and indistinct as the light of the firefly that hovered over the winding margin of the bay.

Having satisfied himself that there was nothing to fear from the appearance of the English, he retired to his

lodge that had been erected in the swamp near Mount Hope, and spent several hours in consultation with his faithful old counselor, Anawan, before betaking himself to his rest.

Meanwhile, an Indian, named Alderman by the English, a brother of the warrior who had just before been killed by Philip, for advising him to make what he termed an inglorious peace with the enemy, deserted, sought out the camp of Captain Church, and discovered to him the hiding-place of his sachem.

The encampment of Church was not more than five miles distant, so that he was aware of the near proximity of the enemy before midnight.

He immediately set his army in motion, and arrived at Pokanoket at daybreak. Before he was discovered, he had placed a guard around the swamp where Philip was encamped, so that it was entirely surrounded, with the exception of a single outlet.

He then directed Captain Golding, who served under him, to scour the swamp, and fall upon the encampment of Philip. Golding rushed into the swamp with a strong body of forces under his command; but the crackling of the bushes betrayed his approach, and Philip, who now saw that his only chance was in a precipitate flight, sprang from his wigwam, and ran, nearly naked, with the hope of escaping through the line of English soldiers that lay in ambush around the borders of the swamp. Golding and his men gave instant chase; but they might, with equal chance of success, have attempted to follow the track of a bird of passage through the air. The sachem, who knew every inch of ground over which he passed, fled over fallen trunks of trees, and through

dense alders, until he was out of sight of his pursuers. He had already run nearly a hundred rods, and could see the open plain just before him, when he perceived an Englishman and an Indian, each with a musket raised to his shoulder, and brought to bear upon him. He darted aside, just as the Englishman snapped his gun, which missed fire.

The Indian was more successful; for before Philip could escape beyond the reach of his shot, the deadly contents of the rifle were lodged in his breast, and he fell lifeless on his face — the momentum imparted to his body by the speed with which he ran almost burying it in the mud and water. The fatal shot was fired by the traitor Alderman, who had spent the night in consummating his vindictive purposes.

Alderman immediately ran and told Church that he had killed Philip; the captain commanded him to keep it a profound secret, until, to use his own expression, "They had driven the swamp clean."

The Indians, finding that they were waylaid, faced suddenly about, and stood on the defensive for a moment; but the news of the death of Philip was soon spread among their ranks, and then they broke and fled. It was all to no purpose that the old sagamore, Anawan, shouted his accustomed war-cry, "I-oo-tash! I-oo-tash!" The spirit of the warriors was broken by the dreadful intelligence, and the voice of his subaltern only seemed to augment their flight.

When the battle was over, the English hurried to the place where the chief had fallen. Church ordered that the body should be taken out of the mud, and placed upon the upland. When this was done, it was found,

upon examining the body, that one of the two balls with which the rifle was charged had passed directly through his heart, and the other a little above it, so that either must have proved fatal. . . .

The war ended with the death of Philip. In accordance with a custom that dates from the times of the Hebrews, but which has happily fallen into disuse, the victors had now to dispose of their captives. This was done in part by distributing them among the conquerors and in part by sending them by shiploads to Spain and the West Indies. Hundreds of these freeborn men were thus transported to a climate which, accustomed as they were to the winds and snows of the rough coast of New England, they could ill endure, and to a servitude which corroded the spirit, as it enervated the strong limbs that had chased the deer and the otter over ice-covered lakes and broad-sweeping rivers. Many died ere they reached the port of their destination, and none arrived at old age. There was no Indian summer, no sweet southwest with its "Spirit Lake" in the dead level of the ocean horizon which circumscribed the islands of the west.

One bright September evening, a ship with all her canvas spread to catch the freshly springing breeze, swept briskly through the waters that dash against the coast of Rhode Island. She was a Spanish slaver, freighted with Indian captives. As she approached the wood-skirted shore of Pokanoket, an Indian woman — beautiful, but wild and haggard in her look — led a little boy to the rail of the ship, and looked wistfully toward the shore. It was the queen of the Wampanoags. The blue and violet wampum, the otter's fur, no longer

adorned her slender neck, nor hung gracefully from her shoulders. The long black hair, no longer decorated with flowers, floated negligently in the chill breeze that swelled the sail, and hurried the little billows against the shore that she loved. Though not a tear glistened in her eye, yet she looked the very embodiment of unutterable sorrow, as she gazed now at the coast, and now in the face of the boy. He, too, was sadly changed: he looked thin and wasted almost to a shadow. He had been robbed of the solitary feather that had been, from his birth till now, the mark of the royalty he was one day expected to put on; but the proud soul of Pometacom still flashed from his eye.

As the ship rode gayly on, the white flint rock that crowned the summit of Mount Hope rose huge and ghastly against the black clouds that lay beyond it.

"Where is the king of the Wampanoags?" asked the boy, fixing his eye upon the promontory. "Let his queen and his son go to seek the chief. Look — the clouds do not settle on the southwest."

The mother turned her eye in the direction indicated by his little hand; then grasped him firmly in her arms, and, mounting the rail of the ship, just as a flash of lightning lit up the summit of the rock, plunged silently into the waters.

The ship glided on; and long before the foam had ceased to whiten her wake, the queen and the son of Philip, secure from the bondage to which their proud spirits could never submit, were sleeping side by side in the embraces of the ocean.

THE CAPTURE OF DEERFIELD [1]

[1704]

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

[The following event took place during what was known as Queen Anne's War. Deerfield was a little village of some three hundred inhabitants, situated on what was then the northwestern frontier of Massachusetts. The attack upon it by French and Indians was planned by the governor of Canada and served no military purpose.

The Editor.]

As the afternoon waned, the sights and sounds of the little border hamlet were, no doubt, like those of any other rustic New England village at the end of a winter day, — an ox-sledge creaking on the frosty snow as it brought in the last load of firewood, boys in homespun snowballing each other in the village street, farmers feeding their horses and cattle in the barns, a matron drawing a pail of water with the help of one of those long well-sweeps still used in some remote districts, or a girl bringing a pail of milk from the cow-shed. In the houses, where one room served as kitchen, dining-room, and parlor, the housewife cooked the evening meal, children sat at their bowls of mush and milk, and the men of the family, their day's work over, gathered about the fire, while perhaps some village coquette sat in the corner with fingers busy at the spinning-wheel, and ears

[1] From *A Half-Century of Conflict.* Copyright (U.S.A.), 1892, by Little, Brown & Company.

intent on the stammered wooings of her rustic lover. Deerfield kept early hours, and it is likely that by nine o'clock all were in their beds. There was a patrol inside the palisade, but there was little discipline among these extemporized soldiers; the watchers grew careless as the frosty night went on; and it is said that towards morning they, like the villagers, betook themselves to their beds.

Rouville and his men, savage with hunger, lay shivering under the pines till about two hours before dawn; then, leaving their packs and their snowshoes behind, they moved cautiously towards their prey. There was a crust on the snow strong enough to bear their weight, though not to prevent a rustling noise as it crunched under the feet of so many men. It is said that from time to time Rouville commanded a halt, in order that the sentinels, if such there were, might mistake the distant sound for rising and falling gusts of wind. In any case, no alarm was given till they had mounted the palisade and dropped silently into the unconscious village. Then with one accord they screeched the war-whoop, and assailed the doors of the houses with axes and hatchets. The hideous din startled the minister, Williams, from his sleep. Half-wakened, he sprang out of bed, and saw dimly a crowd of savages bursting through the shattered door. He shouted to two soldiers who were lodged in the house; and then, with more valor than discretion, snatched a pistol that hung at the head of the bed, cocked it, and snapped it at the breast of the foremost Indian, who proved to be a Caughnawaga chief. It missed fire, or Williams would, no doubt, have been killed on the spot. Amid the screams of his terrified children, three of the party seized him and bound him

fast; for they came well provided with cords, since prisoners had a market value. Nevertheless, in the first fury of their attack they dragged to the door and murdered two of the children and a negro woman called Parthena, who was probably their nurse. In an upper room lodged a young man named Stoddard, who had time to snatch a cloak, throw himself out of the window, climb the palisade, and escape in the darkness. Half-naked as he was, he made his way over the snow to Hatfield, binding his bare feet with strips torn from the cloak.

They kept Williams shivering in his shirt for an hour while a frightful uproar of yells, shrieks, and gunshots sounded from without. At length they permitted him, his wife, and five remaining children to dress themselves. Meanwhile the Indians and their allies burst into most of the houses, killed such of the men as resisted, butchered some of the women and children, and seized and bound the rest. Some of the villagers escaped in the confusion, like Stoddard, and either fled half-dead with cold towards Hatfield, or sought refuge in the fortified house of Jonathan Wells.

The house of Stebbins, the minister's next neighbor, had not been attacked so soon as the rest, and the inmates had a little time for preparation. They consisted of Stebbins himself, with his wife and five children, David Hoyt, Joseph Catlin, Benjamin Church, a namesake of the old Indian fighter of Philip's War, and three other men, — probably refugees who had brought their wives and families within the palisaded inclosure for safety. Thus the house contained seven men, four or five women, and a considerable number of children.

Though the walls were bullet-proof, it was not built for defense. The men, however, were well supplied with guns, powder, and lead, and they seem to have found some means of barricading the windows. When the enemy tried to break in, they drove them back with loss. On this, the French and Indians gathered in great numbers before the house, showered bullets upon it, and tried to set it on fire. They were again repulsed, with the loss of several killed and wounded; among the former a Caughnawaga chief, and among the latter a French officer. Still the firing continued. If the assailants had made a resolute assault, the defenders must have been overpowered; but to risk lives in open attack was contrary to every maxim of forest warfare. The women in the house behaved with great courage, and moulded bullets, which the men shot at the enemy. Stebbins was killed outright, and Church was wounded, as was also the wife of David Hoyt. At length most of the French and Indians, disgusted with the obstinacy of the defense, turned their attention to other quarters; though some kept up their fire under cover of the meeting-house and another building within easy range of gunshot.

This building was the house of one Ensign John Sheldon. The Indians had had some difficulty in mastering it; for the door being of thick oak plank, studded with nails of wrought iron and well barred, they could not break it open. After a time, however, they hacked a hole in it, through which they fired and killed Mrs. Sheldon as she sat on the edge of a bed in a lower room. Her husband, a man of great resolution, seems to have been absent. Their son John, with Hannah his wife, jumped from an upper chamber window. The

young woman sprained her ankle in the fall, and lay helpless, but begged her husband to run to Hatfield for aid, which he did, while she remained a prisoner. The Indians soon got in at a back door, seized Marcy Sheldon, a little girl of two years, and dashed out her brains on the door-stone. Her two brothers and her sister Mary, a girl of sixteen, were captured. The house was used for a short time as a depot for prisoners, and here also was brought the French officer wounded in the attack on the Stebbins house. A family tradition relates that as he lay in great torment he begged for water, and that it was brought him by one of the prisoners, Mrs. John Catlin, whose husband, son, and infant grandson had been killed, and who, nevertheless, did all in her power to relieve the sufferings of the wounded man. Probably it was in recognition of this charity that when the other prisoners were led away, Mrs. Catlin was left behind. She died of grief a few weeks later.

The sun was scarcely an hour high when the miserable drove of captives was conducted across the river to the foot of a mountain or high hill. Williams and his family were soon compelled to follow, and his house was set on fire. As they led him off, he saw that other houses inside the palisade were burning, and that all were in the power of the enemy except his neighbor Stebbins', where the gallant defenders still kept their assailants at bay. Having collected all their prisoners, the main body of the French and Indians began to withdraw towards the pine forest, where they had left their packs and snowshoes, and to prepare for a retreat before the country should be roused, first murdering in cold blood Marah Carter, a little girl of five years, whom they prob-

ably thought unequal to the march. Several parties, however, still lingered in the village, firing on the Stebbins house, killing cattle, hogs, and sheep, and gathering such plunder as the place afforded.

Early in the attack, and while it was yet dark, the light of burning houses, reflected from the fields of snow, had been seen at Hatfield, Hadley, and Northampton. The alarm was sounded through the slumbering hamlets, and parties of men mounted on farm-horses, with saddles or without, hastened to the rescue, not doubting that the fires were kindled by Indians. When the sun was about two hours high, between thirty and forty of them were gathered at the fortified house of Jonathan Wells, at the southern end of the village. The houses of this neighborhood were still standing, and seem not to have been attacked; the stubborn defense of the Stebbins house having apparently prevented the enemy from pushing much beyond the palisaded inclosure. The house of Wells was full of refugee families. A few Deerfield men here joined the horsemen from the lower towns, as also did four or five of the yeoman soldiers who had escaped the fate of most of their comrades. The horsemen left their horses within Wells's fence; he himself took the lead, and the whole party rushed in together at the southern gate of the palisaded inclosure, drove out the plunderers, and retook a part of their plunder. The assailants of the Stebbins house, after firing at it for three hours, were put to flight, and those of its male occupants who were still alive joined their countrymen, while the women and children ran back for harborage to the house of Wells.

Wells and his men, now upwards of fifty, drove the

flying enemy more than a mile across the river meadows, and ran in headlong pursuit over the crusted snow, killing a considerable number. In the eagerness of the chase many threw off their overcoats, and even their jackets. Wells saw the danger, and vainly called on them to stop. Their blood was up, and most of them were young and inexperienced.

Meanwhile the firing at the village had been heard by Rouville's main body, who had already begun their retreat northward. They turned back to support their comrades, and hid themselves under the bank of the river till the pursuers drew near, when they gave them a close volley and rushed upon them with the war-whoop. Some of the English were shot down, and the rest driven back. There was no panic. "We retreated," says Wells, "facing about and firing." When they reached the palisade they made a final stand, covering by their fire such of their comrades as had fallen within range of musket-shot, and saving them from the scalping-knife. The French did not try to dislodge them. Nine of them were killed, several wounded, and one captured.

The number of English carried off prisoners was one hundred and eleven, and the number killed was according to one list forty-seven, and according to another fifty-three, the latter including some who were smothered in the cellars of their burning houses. The names, and in most cases the ages, of both captives and slain are preserved. Those who escaped with life and freedom were, by the best account, one hundred and thirty-seven. An official tabular statement, drawn up on the spot, sets the number of houses burned at seventeen. The house of the town clerk, Thomas French, escaped,

and the town records, with other papers in his charge, were saved. The meeting-house also was left standing. The house of Sheldon was hastily set on fire by the French and Indians when their rear was driven out of the village by Wells and his men; but the fire was extinguished, and "the old Indian House," as it was called, stood till the year 1849. Its door, deeply scarred with hatchets, and with a hole cut near the middle, is still preserved in the Memorial Hall at Deerfield.

Vaudreuil wrote to the minister, Pontchartrain, that the French lost two or three killed, and twenty or twenty-one wounded, Rouville himself being among the latter. This cannot include the Indians, since there is proof that the enemy left behind a considerable number of their dead. Wherever resistance was possible, it had been of the most prompt and determined character.

Long before noon the French and Indians were on their northward march with their train of captives. More armed men came up from the settlements below, and by midnight about eighty were gathered at the ruined village. Couriers had been sent to rouse the country, and before evening of March 1, the force at Deerfield was increased to two hundred and fifty; but a thaw and a warm rain had set in, and as few of the men had snowshoes, pursuit was out of the question. Even could the agile savages and their allies have been overtaken, the probable consequence would have been the murdering of the captives to prevent their escape.

[About half of the captives were finally, after terrible sufferings, ransomed or exchanged and succeeded in returning to their homes. Seventeen of the weaker ones were killed by their captors on the journey.]

THE FIGHT AT LOVEWELL'S POND[1]

[1725]

BY SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE

In April, 1725, John Lovewell, a hardy and experienced ranger of Dunstable, whose exploits had already noised his fame abroad, marched with forty-six men for the Indian village at Pigwacket, now Fryeburg, Maine. At Ossipee he built a small fort, designed as a refuge in case of disaster. This precaution undoubtedly saved the lives of some of his men. He was now within two short marches of the enemy's village. The scouts having found Indian tracks in the neighborhood, Lovewell resumed his route, leaving one of his men who had fallen sick, his surgeon, and eight men, to guard the fort. His command was now reduced to thirty-four officers and men.

The rangers reached the shores of the beautiful lake which bears Lovewell's name, and bivouacked for the night.

The night passed without an alarm; but the sentinels, who watched the encampment reported hearing strange noises in the woods. Lovewell scented the presence of his enemy.

In fact, on the morning of the 8th of May, while his band were on their knees, seeking Divine favor in the approaching conflict, the report of a gun brought every

[1] From *The Heart of the White Mountains*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1881, by Harper and Brothers; copyright, 1909, by Alice Gardner Drake.

man to his feet. Upon reconnoitering, a solitary Indian was discovered on a point of land about a mile from the camp.

The leader immediately called his men about him, and told them that they must now quickly decide whether to fight or retreat. The men, with one accord, replied that they had not come so far in search of the enemy to beat a shameful retreat the moment he was found. Seeing his band possessed with this spirit, Lovewell then prepared for battle. The rangers threw off their knapsacks and blankets, looked to their primings, and loosened their knives and axes. The order was then given, and they moved cautiously out of their camp. Believing the enemy was in his front, Lovewell neglected to place a guard over his baggage.

Instead of plunging into the woods, the Indian who had alarmed the camp stood where he was first seen until the scouts fired upon him, when he returned the fire, wounding Lovewell and one other. Ensign Wyman then leveled his musket and shot him dead. The day began thus unfortunately for the English. Lovewell was mortally wounded in the abdomen, but continued to give his orders.

After clearing the woods in their front without finding any more Indians, the rangers fell back toward the spot where they had deposited their packs. This was a sandy plain, thinly covered with pines, at the northeast end of the lake.

During their absence, the Indians, led by the old chief, Paugus, whose name was a terror throughout the length and breadth of the English frontiers, stumbled upon the deserted encampment. Paugus counted the

packs, and finding his warriors outnumbered the rangers, the wily chief placed them in ambush; he divined that the English would return from their unsuccessful scout sooner or later, and he prepared to repeat the tactics used with such fatal effect at Bloody Brook, and at the defeat of Wadsworth. This consisted in arranging his savages in a semicircle, the two wings of which, enveloping the rangers, would expose them to a murderous cross-fire at short musket-range.

Without suspecting their danger, Lovewell's men fell into the fatal snare which the crafty Paugus had thus spread for them. Hardly had they entered it when the grove blazed with a deadly volley, and resounded with the yells of the Indians. As if confident of their prey, they even left their coverts, and flung themselves upon the English with a fury nothing could withstand.

In this onset Lovewell who, notwithstanding his wound, bravely encouraged his men with voice and example, received a second wound, and fell. Two of his lieutenants were killed at his side; but with desperate valor the rangers charged up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns, killing nine, and sweeping the others before them. This gallant charge cost them eight killed, besides their captain; two more were badly wounded.

Twenty-three men had now to maintain the conflict with the whole Sokosis tribe. Their situation was, indeed, desperate. Relief was impossible; for they were fifty miles from the nearest English settlements. Their packs and provisions were in the enemy's hands, and the woods swarmed with foes. To conquer or die was the only alternative. These devoted Englishmen despaired of conquering, but they prepared to die bravely.

Ensign Wyman, upon whom the command devolved after the death of Lovewell, was his worthy successor. Seeing the enemy stealing upon his flanks as if to surround him, he ordered his men to fall back to the shore of the lake, where their right was protected by a brook, and their left by a rocky point extending into the lake. A few large pines stood on the beach between.

This maneuver was executed under a hot fire, which still further thinned the ranks of the English. The Indians closed in upon them, filling the air with demoniac yells whenever a victim fell. Assailing the whites with taunts, and shaking ropes in their faces, they cried out to them to yield. But to the repeated demands to surrender, the rangers replied only with bullets. They thought of the fort and its ten defenders, and hoped, or rather prayed, for night. This hope, forlorn as it seemed, encouraged them to fight on, and they delivered their fire with fatal precision whenever an Indian showed himself. The English were in a trap, but the Indians dared not approach within reach of the lion's claws.

While this long combat was proceeding, one of the English went to the lake to wash his gun, and, on emerging at the shore, descried an Indian in the act of cleansing his own. This Indian was Paugus.

The ranger went to work like a man who comprehends that his life depends upon a second. The chief followed him in every movement. Both charged their guns at the same instant. The Englishman threw his ramrod on the sand; the Indian drcpped his.

"Me kill you," said Paugus, priming his weapon from his powder-horn.

"The chief lies," retorted the undaunted ranger,

striking the breech of his firelock upon the ground with such force that it primed itself. An instant later Paugus fell, shot through the heart.

"I said I should kill you," muttered the victor, spurning the dead body of his enemy, and plunging into the thickest of the fight.

Darkness closed the conflict, which had continued without cessation since ten in the morning. Little by little the shouts of the enemy grew feebler, and finally ceased. The English stood to their arms until midnight, when, convinced that the savages had abandoned the sanguinary field of battle, they began their retreat toward the fort. Only nine were unhurt. Eleven were badly wounded, but were resolved to march with their comrades, though they died by the way. Three more were alive, but had received their death-wounds. One of these was Lieutenant Robbins, of Chelmsford. Knowing that he must be left behind, he begged his comrades to load his gun, in order that he might sell his life as dearly as possible when the savages returned to wreak their vengeance upon the wounded.

I have said that twenty-three men continued the fight after the bloody repulse in which Lovewell was killed. There were only twenty-two. The other, whose name the reader will excuse me from mentioning, fled from the field and gained the fort, where he spread the report that Lovewell was cut to pieces, himself being the sole survivor. This intelligence, striking terror, decided the little garrison to abandon the fort, which was immediately done, and in haste.

This was the crowning misfortune of the expedition. The rangers now became a band of panic-stricken

fugitives. After incredible hardship, less than twenty starving, emaciated, and footsore men, half of them badly wounded, straggled into the nearest English settlement.

The loss of the Indians could only be guessed; but the battle led to the immediate abandonment of their village, from which so many war parties had formerly harassed the English. Paugus, the savage wolf, the implacable foe of the whites, was dead. His tribe forsook the graves of their fathers, nor rested till they had put many long leagues between them and their pursuers.

IX

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WEST

When the middle of the eighteenth century had come, the colonies of England were scattered along the Atlantic Coast; while those of France were in Canada and Nova Scotia. France also claimed all the region to the westward of the English colonies, and in order to hold on to it, built forts and established trading-posts. Young George Washington was sent by the Governor of Virginia to the French commander on the Ohio River to remonstrate; but the French continued to build forts. The English attempted to do the same thing, and soon there was war on the Ohio. English regulars, under General Braddock, were sent against the French and were driven back with great loss. The struggle continued until the capture of Quebec by the English under General Wolfe, in 1759, practically settled the question who should rule in America.

Of the struggle between the French and the English for supremacy on the North American continent, John Fiske says, "On the one hand, there was the steadily advancing front of the self-governing and greatly thriving agricultural community; on the other hand, there was the little group of French noblemen and priests governing a mere handful of settlers, and striving to keep back the advancing English by means of diplomatic control over barbarous Indians. It was a struggle which could really have but one issue. It was a struggle, moreover, that was conducted without pity or mercy, with scarcely a pretense of regard for the amenities of civilized warfare. From that day to this English writers have held up their hands in holy horror at the atrocious conduct of the French in sending savages to burn villages and massacre women and children on the English border. Yet was it not an English Governor of New York who in 1689 launched the Iroquois thunderbolt against Canada, one of the most frightful Indian incursions known to history? It does not appear that the conscience of either Puritan or Catholic was in the slightest degree disturbed by these horrors. Each felt sure that he was fighting the Devil, and thought it quite proper to fight him with his own weapons."

WHY FRANCE CLAIMED THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD

WHILE England was more leisurely exploring the bays and rivers of the Atlantic Coast, and searching for gold and peltry, the chevaliers and priests of France were chasing their dreams in the North, and telling the mystery of the Cross to the Indian tribes of the Far West. Coasting northward, her bold navigators discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and in 1525 Cartier sailed up its broad current to the rocky heights of Quebec, and to the rapids above Montreal, which were afterward named La Chine, in derision of the belief that the adventurers were about to find China.

In 1609 Champlain pushed above the rapids, and discovered the beautiful lake that bears his name. In 1615 Priest La Caron pushed northward and westward through the wilderness, and discovered Lake Huron.

In 1635 the Jesuit missionaries founded the Mission St. Mary. In 1654 another priest had entered the wilderness of northern New York, and found the salt springs of Onondaga. In 1659-60 French traders and priests passed the winter on Lake Superior, and established missions along its shores.

Among the earlier discoverers, no name shines out with more brilliancy than that of the Chevalier La Salle. The story of his explorations can scarcely be equaled in romantic interest by any of the stirring tales

of the crusaders. Born of a proud and wealthy family in the north of France, he was destined for the service of the Church and of the Jesuit Order. But his restless spirit, fired with the love of adventure, broke away from the ecclesiastical restraints to confront the dangers of the New World, and to extend the empire of Louis XIV. From the best evidence accessible, it appears that he was the first white man that saw the Ohio River. At twenty-six years of age, we find him with a small party, near the western extremity of Lake Ontario, boldly entering the domain of the dreaded Iroquois, traveling southward and westward through the wintry wilderness until he reached a branch of the Ohio, probably the Allegheny. He followed it to the main stream, and descended that, until in the winter of 1669 and 1670 he reached the Falls of the Ohio, near the present site of Louisville. His companions refusing to go farther, he returned to Quebec, and prepared for still greater undertakings.

In the mean time the Jesuit missionaries had been pushing their discoveries on the Northern Lakes. In 1673 Joliet and Marquette started from Green Bay, dragging their canoes up the rapids of Fox River; crossed Lake Winnebago; found Indian guides to conduct them to the waters of the Wisconsin; descended that stream to the westward, and on the 16th of June reached the Mississippi near the spot where now stands the city of Prairie du Chien. One hundred and thirty-two years before that time De Soto had seen the same river more than a thousand miles below; but during that interval it is not known that any white man had looked upon its waters.

Turning southward, these brave priests descended the great river, amid the awful solitudes. The stories of demons and monsters of the wilderness which abounded among the Indian tribes did not deter them from pushing their discoveries. They continued their journey southward to the mouth of the Arkansas River, telling as best they could the story of the Cross to the wild tribes along the shores. Returning from the Kaskaskias and traveling thence to Lake Michigan, they reached Green Bay at the end of September, 1673, having on their journey paddled their canoes more than twenty-five hundred miles. Marquette remained to establish missions among the Indians, and to die, three years later, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, while Joliet returned to Quebec to report his discoveries.

In the mean time Count Frontenac, a noble of France, had been made Governor of Canada, and found in La Salle a fit counselor and assistant in his vast schemes of discovery. La Salle was sent to France, to enlist the court and the ministers of Louis; and in 1677–78 returned to Canada, with full power under Frontenac to carry forward his grand enterprises. He had developed three great purposes: first, to realize the old plan of Champlain, the finding of a pathway to China across the American Continent; second, to occupy and develop the regions of the Northern Lakes; and, third, to descend the Mississippi and establish a fortified post at its mouth, thus securing an outlet for the trade of the interior and checking the progress of Spain on the Gulf of Mexico.

In pursuance of this plan, we find La Salle and his companions, in January, 1679, dragging their cannon and materials for shipbuilding around the Falls of

Niagara, and laying the keel of a vessel two leagues above the cataract, at the mouth of Cayuga Creek. She was a schooner of forty-five tons' burden, and was named the Griffin. On the 7th of August, 1679, with an armament of five cannon, and a crew and company of thirty-four men, she started on her voyage up Lake Erie, the first sail ever spread over the waters of our lake. On the fourth day she entered Detroit River; and, after encountering a terrible storm on Lake Huron, passed the straits and reached Green Bay early in September. A few weeks later she started back for Niagara, laden with furs, and was never heard from.

While awaiting the supplies which the Griffin was expected to bring, La Salle explored Lake Michigan to its southern extremity, ascended the St. Joseph, crossed the portage to the Kankakee, descended the Illinois, and, landing at an Indian village on the site of the present village of Utica, Illinois, celebrated mass on New Year's Day, 1680. Before the winter was ended he became certain that the Griffin was lost. But undaunted by his disasters, on the 3d of March, with five companions, he began the incredible feat of making the journey to Quebec on foot, in the dead of winter. This he accomplished. He reorganized his expedition, conquered every difficulty, and on the 21st of December, 1681, with a party of fifty-four Frenchmen and friendly Indians, set out for the present site of Chicago, and by way of the Illinois River reached the Mississippi February 6, 1682. He descended its stream, and on the 9th of April, 1682, standing on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, solemnly proclaimed to his companions and to the wilderness that, in the name of Louis the Great, he took possession of the

Great Valley watered by the Mississippi River. He set up a column, and inscribed upon it the arms of France, and named the country Louisiana. Upon this act rested the claim of France to the vast region stretching from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande and the Gulf to the farthest springs of the Missouri.

I will not follow further the career of the great explorers. Enough has been said to exhibit the spirit and character of their work. I would I were able to inspire the young men of this country with a desire to read the history of these stirring days of discovery that opened up to Europe the mysteries of this New World.

As Irving has well said of their work: "It was poetry put into action; it was the knight-errantry of the Old World carried into the depths of the American wilderness. The personal adventures; the feats of individual prowess; the picturesque descriptions of steel-clad cavaliers, with lance and helm and prancing steed, glittering through the wilderness of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and the prairies of the Far West, — would seem to us mere fictions of romance, did they not come to us in the matter-of-fact narratives of those who were eye-witnesses, and who recorded minute memoranda of every incident."

WASHINGTON'S FIRST COMMISSION

[1753-54]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

SANCTIONED by the orders from the king, Dinwiddie, of Virginia, resolved to send "a person of distinction to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio River, to know his reasons for invading the British dominions, while a solid peace subsisted." The envoy whom he selected was George Washington. The young man, then just twenty-one, a pupil of the wilderness, and as heroic as La Salle, entered with alacrity on the perilous winter's journey from Williamsburg to the streams of Lake Erie.

In the middle of November, with an interpreter and four attendants, and Christopher Gist as a guide, he left Will's Creek, and following the Indian trail through forest solitudes, gloomy with the fallen leaves and solemn sadness of late autumn, across mountains, rocky ravines, and streams, through sleet and snows, he rode in nine days to the fork of the Ohio. How lonely was the spot, where, so long unheeded of men, the rapid Allegheny met nearly at right angles "the deep and still" water of the Monongahela! At once Washington foresaw the destiny of the place. "I spent some time," said he, "in viewing the rivers"; "the land in the Fork has the absolute command of both." "The flat, well-timbered land all around the point lies very convenient for building." After creating in imagination a fortress and a

city, he and his party swam their horses across the Allegheny, and wrapped their blankets around them for the night, on its northwest bank.

From the Fork the chief of the Delawares conducted Washington through rich alluvial fields to the pleasing valley at Logstown. There deserters from Louisiana discoursed of the route from New Orleans to Quebec, by way of the Wabash and the Maumee, and of a detachment from the lower province on its way to meet the French troop from Lake Erie, while Washington held close colloquy with the Half-King; the one anxious to gain the West as a part of the territory of the Ancient Dominion, the other to preserve it for the red men. "We are brothers," said the Half-King in council; "we are one people; I will send back the French speech-belt, and will make the Shawnees and the Delawares do the same."

On the night of the 29th of November, the council-fire was kindled; an aged orator was selected to address the French; the speech which he was to deliver was debated and rehearsed; it was agreed that, unless the French would heed this third warning to quit the land, the Delawares also would be their enemies; and a very large string of black and white wampum was sent to the Six Nations as a prayer for aid.

After these preparations the party of Washington, attended by the Half-King, and envoys of the Delaware, moved onwards to the post of the French at Venango. The officers there avowed the purpose of taking possession of the Ohio; and they mingled the praises of La Salle with boasts of their forts at Le Bœuf and Erie, at Niagara, Toronto, and Frontenac. "The English," said they, "can raise two men to our one; but they are too

dilatory to prevent any enterprise of ours." The Delawares were intimidated or debauched; but the Half-King clung to Washington like a brother, and delivered up his belt as he had promised.

The rains of December had swollen the creeks. The messengers could pass them only by felling trees for bridges. Thus they proceeded, now killing a buck and now a bear, delayed by excessive rains and snows, by mire and swamps, while Washington's quick eye discerned all the richness of the meadows.

At Waterford, the limit of his journey, he found Fort Le Bœuf defended by cannon. Around it stood the barracks of the soldiers, rude log cabins, roofed with bark. Fifty birch-bark canoes, and one hundred and seventy boats of pine were already prepared for the descent of the river, and materials were collected for building more. The commander, Gardeur de Saint-Pierre, an officer of integrity and experience, and, for his dauntless courage, both feared and beloved by the red men, refused to discuss questions of right. "I am here," said he, "by the orders of my general, to which I shall conform with exactness and resolution." And he avowed his purpose of seizing every Englishman within the Ohio Valley. France was resolved on possessing the great territory which her missionaries and travelers had revealed to the world.

Breaking away from courtesies, Washington hastened homewards to Virginia. The rapid current of French Creek dashed his party against rocks; in shallow places they waded, the water congealing on their clothes; where the ice had lodged in the bend of the rivers, they carried their canoe across the neck. At Venango, they

found their horses, but so weak the travelers went still on foot, heedless of the storm. The cold increased very fast; the paths grew "worse by a deep snow continually freezing." Impatient to get back with his dispatches, the young envoy, wrapping himself in an Indian dress, with gun in hand and pack on his back, the day after Christmas quitted the usual path, and, with Gist for his sole companion, by aid of the compass, steered the nearest way across the country for the Fork. An Indian, who had lain in wait for him, fired at him from not fifteen steps' distance, but, missing him, became his prisoner. "I would have killed him," wrote Gist, "but Washington forbade." Dismissing their captive at night, they walked about half a mile, then kindled a fire, fixed their course by the compass, and continued traveling all night, and all the next day, till quite dark. Not till then did the weary wanderers "think themselves safe enough to sleep," and then encamped, with no shelter but the leafless forest tree.

On reaching the Allegheny, with one poor hatchet and a whole day's work, a raft was constructed and launched. But before they were half over the river, they were caught in the running ice, expecting every moment to be crushed, unable to reach either shore. Putting out the setting-pole to stop the raft, Washington was jerked into the deep water, and saved himself only by grasping at the raft-logs. They were obliged to make for an island. There lay Washington, imprisoned by the elements; but the late December night was intensely cold, and in the morning he found the river frozen. Not till he reached Gist's Settlement, in January, 1754, were his toils lightened.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

[1755]

BY JOHN FISKE

It was in February, 1755, that General Braddock arrived at Governor Dinwiddie's house at Williamsburg. The spring was spent in preparations for the campaign that was to wrest Fort Duquesne from the enemy and recover the Gateway of the West. The figure of Braddock has long been well known to all Americans, — a British bulldog, brave, obstinate, and honest, but more than ordinarily dull in appreciating an enemy's methods, or in freeing himself from the precise traditions in which he had been educated. His first and gravest mistake, however, — that of underrating his Indian foe, — is one that has been shared by many commanders, to their confusion, and by many writers. The fighting qualities of the red man have often been ill appreciated, and in particular he has been ignorantly accused of cowardice because of his stealthy methods and unwillingness to fight in the open. In point of fact, his method of fighting was closely adapted to the physical conditions of the American wilderness, and it was just what was produced by survival of the fittest during thousands of years of warfare under such conditions. When white men came to America, they were at first able to wreak wholesale destruction upon the natives without regard to numbers or conditions. Such was the case when the Pequots, the Stamford Indians, and the Narragansetts

were swept out of existence. This was largely because of the European superiority in arms, but in later days, when this disparity had been done away with, white men were apt to find Indians quite as formidable enemies as they cared to deal with; and in order to achieve success it was found necessary to adopt the Indian methods, abandoning solid columns and lines of battle, so as to fight in loose order and behind trees or earthworks. It is interesting to see that in these later days when the increase in the power and precision of death-dealing weapons has greatly increased the dangerousness of the battle-field, there has been a tendency to recur to Indian methods in so far as concerns looseness of order and the use of various kinds of cover. In the eighteenth century there was nobody so ill fitted to fight with Indians as a European regular, trained in European manuals of war and inured to European discipline. Braddock's fatuity was well illustrated in his reply to Dr. Franklin, when the latter informed him that the Indians, as antagonists, were by no means to be despised: "These savages may, indeed," said Braddock, "be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible that they should make any impression."

Many stories of Braddock's arrogance and ill-temper have come down to us, but if we consider the obstacles that were thrown in the way of military promptness, by which zealous men like Shirley and Dinwiddie were so often goaded to anger, we need not wonder that Braddock's temper was sometimes not altogether at its best. He scolded a good deal about the legislatures, and sometimes let fall exasperating remarks about the lack of zeal

and rectitude in public servants. For such insinuations there was sometimes apparent ground, especially when the member of a legislature showed himself more intent upon annoying the governor than upon attacking the enemy.

The energetic Shirley made a visit to Braddock's camp at Alexandria, in the course of which a comprehensive plan of procedure was agreed upon, which involved operations on the Niagara River and Lake Champlain and the northeastern frontier as well as in the Alleghany Mountains. For the present we will confine our story to the latter.

At the outset a mistake was made in the choice of a route. For a force like Braddock's, wagons were indispensable, and wagons were far more common in Pennsylvania than in Virginia. A route corresponding with the general direction of the Pennsylvania Railroad would not only have been much shorter than the route through Virginia, but it would have been, at least in its earlier stages, a route through a population which could furnish wagons. By adopting this route Braddock would have made the Pennsylvanians feel some personal interest in the acquisition of Fort Duquesne; whereas, when he decided to march through Virginia, it only tended to confirm Pennsylvanians in the impression that Fort Duquesne, if conquered, was to pass into Virginian hands. After a while Benjamin Franklin went about among the farmers, and by pledging his own personal credit obtained a fair supply of horses and wagons.

Braddock's force at length set out in detachments and marched along the banks of the Potomac River to the old trading station of the Ohio Company known as Will's

Creek. It had lately been fortified, and received the name of Fort Cumberland. This was the rendezvous of the army. The two regiments from England had been increased by further enlistments in Virginia of nine companies of militia of fifty men each to a total of fourteen hundred men. Braddock despised these militia, and had small respect either for partisan guerrilla forces or for Indian auxiliaries. The services of the chief Scarroyaddy, or of the noted frontiersman Black Jack, were at his disposal at the cost of a few civil words only, but he treated these worthies so superciliously that they went off on business of their own.

In spite of these instances of indiscretion, however, it is not correct to say, as has often been said, that Braddock neglected all precaution and was drawn into an ambuscade. Such statements are samples of the kind of exaggeration that is apt to grow up about events that create great public excitement. Braddock made mistakes enough, but he was not absolutely a fool. During the whole of the march flanking parties were kept out on each side of the creeping column, while scouts in all directions ranged through the depths of the woods. The column, which consisted of about twenty-two hundred men, sometimes extended for four miles along a road hardly fit to be called a bridle-path, on the average scarcely four yards in width. The march began on June 10, and eight days later the force had advanced only thirty miles from Fort Cumberland. By that time the rear of the column was so heavily encumbered with sick men that its power of marching had almost come to an end. It was therefore decided to leave with the rear column of about one thousand men, most of the heavier

wagons and other impedimenta, and to proceed somewhat more quickly toward Fort Duquesne with an advance guard of twelve hundred. But in spite of this diminution of labor, the difficulties of the road were such that the 7th of July had arrived when the advance column approached Turtle Creek, a stream that flows into the Monongahela about eight miles south of Fort Duquesne. Meanwhile, its progress had been detected and watched, as was to have been expected, by French and Indian scouts. At the fortress Contrecœur still governed, with Beaujeu second in command. The force consisted of five or six hundred Frenchmen, partly regulars and partly Canadian militia, with eight hundred Indians, some of them baptized converts from the northeast, some of them wild Ojibways led by Charles de Langlade, the conqueror of the Demoiselle, and the rest, Ottawas under their renowned chieftain, the long-headed and ferocious Pontiac. When the approach of Braddock's column to the mouth of Turtle Creek was announced at the French fortress, Captain Beaujeu volunteered to go out with a strong party and lay an ambuscade for the English. With this end in view he took some two hundred and fifty Frenchmen and over six hundred Indians and stole through the woods between the fortress and Turtle Creek, but he never succeeded in preparing the desired ambuscade, nor did Braddock's force march into an ambuscade, in any proper sense of the word. So sensible was Braddock of the great danger of the road between Turtle Creek and Fort Duquesne, on the right bank of the Monongahela, that he forded the latter stream and proceeded down the opposite bank for five or six miles, when he again crossed the river and brought his column

on to a rising ground along which the narrow road ran toward the fortress. His column was then in its usual condition: a few Virginian guides in front, then the advance under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Gage, among whose men were two lieutenants destined in later days to play inglorious parts, — Horatio Gates and Charles Lee. Behind Gage came Sir John St. Clair with the working party, followed by a couple of cannon, and these, in turn, by the wagons with powder and tools. Behind these came the principal part of the column, while both flanks and rear were very strongly guarded with flanking parties. The situation would not have been particularly dangerous if the British regulars had known how to separate and fight under cover. It was owing to this internal faultiness, and not to any ambush, that Braddock's column came to grief.

When the opposing forces met, it was simply the meeting of the two heads of columns in a narrow woodland road. Who can ever forget that moment when Gage's light horsemen quickly fled back and those behind could catch a glimpse through the trees of a young Frenchman wearing a brilliant red gorget and bounding lightly along the road, till, on seeing his enemy, he turned and waved his hand? That brief glimpse of Captain Beaujeu at the moment of his death will forever live in history. At the third volley he dropped dead. Gage's men delivered fire with admirable coolness, but its effect was slight, for the enemy, in two bifurcating columns, passed to right and to left of the English, all the time pouring in a galling fire from behind trees and bushes. Never were the conditions of a battle more simple. The English were torn to pieces because they stood in solid line

where they could be seen; and if anything were needed to make it impossible to miss them, it was their bright scarlet coats. On the other hand, no matter how diligently the British loaded and fired, they could see nothing to aim at. One officer who had been in the thickest of the fight, literally wedged in among falling bodies, said after the battle that he had not caught sight of an Indian during the whole of the battle. They were fighting simply against puffs of smoke which seemed to come from all points of the compass. For a time the cannon were diligently plied and split many tree-trunks. Many of the regulars fired wildly and hit their own comrades. The Virginians, who scattered and fought in Indian fashion, suffered but little and did more than their share of execution. Some of the regulars tried to imitate these tactics, but wherever Braddock saw anything of the sort going on he would strike them with the flat of his sword and force them back into the ranks. As for the general himself, he performed prodigies of valor, and was forever in the most exposed places, while he had four horses shot under him and at last fell from the fifth with one of his lungs badly torn by a bullet. Washington's fighting was equally desperate. Two horses were killed under him and his clothes were partly torn from his back by bullets. He seemed to bear a charmed life. It is needless to enlarge further upon such a scene. Let it suffice to say, that out of a total force of thirteen hundred and seventy-three all but four hundred and fifty-nine were killed or wounded; and in addition to these, out of eighty-six officers only twenty-three escaped unhurt. The whole affair was as thickly fraught with horror as anything that is likely to happen in modern

warfare. The utter fatuity of the affair, the hopeless feeling of brave men drawn up for slaughter without understanding the means of defense, has in it something peculiarly intolerable. The gallant Braddock, as he lay half-dazed upon his death-bed, was heard to murmur, "Who would ever have thought it?" and again, after an interval, "We shall know better how to do it next time."

The skillful retreat from this field of blood added much to the credit of the youthful Washington, and marked him out as an officer likely to have a brilliant future. As for the rear column, which had been left under command of Colonel Dunbar, it retreated to Fort Cumberland, and presently abandoned the campaign, a most ill-judged and reprehensible proceeding which threw open the frontier to all the horrors of Indian invasion. The events of the past twelve months had done all that twelve months could do in destroying the influence of the English among the Ohio tribes. Washington's disaster at Great Meadows had gone far toward undermining their allegiance, Braddock's insolence had seasoned their contempt with a spice of anger, and now at last this headlong overthrow of an English army had convinced the red men that good medicine was all on the side of the Great White Father on the St. Lawrence.

Thus inauspiciously for the English began the mighty war that was to put an end to the dominion of Frenchmen in America, yet it must be remembered that no declaration of war had as yet been made public. These deeds of blood were the deeds of a time of so-called peace.

WHEN ISRAEL PUTNAM WAS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

[1758]

BY OLIVER W. B. PEABODY

In the month of August, Major Putnam was deserted by the fortune which had hitherto attended him, and encountered some of the most remarkable of those perils, which give a character of romance to his personal history. A corps of five hundred men, under the command of Major Rogers and himself, was detached to watch the enemy in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga. When the party reached South Bay, it was separated into two divisions, which were stationed at a considerable distance from each other; but being discovered by the enemy, it was deemed expedient to reunite them, and to return without delay to headquarters at Fort Edward.

They were arranged for this purpose in three divisions. Rogers headed the right, Putnam the left, and the central one was led by Captain Dalzell. At the close of the first day's march, they halted on the borders of Clear River. Early the next morning, Major Rogers, with a strange disregard of those precautions to which the Rangers were so often indebted for security, amused himself by a trial of skill with a British officer in firing at a mark; and this signal act of imprudence was followed by the loss of many lives.

Molang, the French partisan, had been sent out with five hundred men to intercept the party, and was at this moment lying scarce a mile from their encampment. The sound of the firing guided him at once to their position; and he posted his men in ambush along the outskirts of the forest, near the paths through which they were to pass. Soon after sunrise the Americans resumed their march through a thicket of shrubs and brushwood, over land from which the timber had been partially cleared some years before; and, owing to the difficulty of forcing their way through these obstructions, they moved in close columns, Putnam leading the way, Dalzell being stationed in the center, and Rogers in the rear. Just as they had traversed the thicket and were about to penetrate the forest, they were furiously attacked by the French and savages.

The assault, however unexpected, was sustained with gallantry and coolness; Putnam ordered his men to halt, returned the fire, and called upon Dalzell and Rogers to support him. Dalzell came immediately up; but Rogers, instead of advancing to the aid of his associates, stationed his men between the combatants and Wood Creek, in order, as he affirmed, to guard against an attack in the rear; or, as was suspected by others, to relieve himself from the necessity of making one in an opposite direction. The action began to assume a desperate character. Putnam was determined to maintain his ground; his soldiers, as occasion required, fought in ranks in the open spaces of the forest, or fired from behind the shelter of the trees. But his own fusee chanced to miss fire, while he held its muzzle against the breast of an athletic savage; thus defenseless, he was

compelled to surrender; and his antagonist, having bound him securely to a tree, returned to the battle.

Captain Dalzell, who now commanded, maintained the fight with signal intrepidity; but the Provincials were compelled to retreat for a little distance, closely followed by the savages, exulting in their fancied triumph, and rushing forward with shouts of victory. The Provincials rallied and drove them back beyond their former position, and the battle here grew warmer than before. The tree to which Putnam was secured was thus brought midway between the combatants, in the center of the hottest fire of both; and he stood, wholly unable to move his body, or even to incline his head, in the midst of a shower of balls, of which many lodged in the tree above him, and several passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat.

In this position, than which it would be difficult for the imagination to conceive one more appalling, he remained for more than an hour; each of the parties meanwhile giving ground several times in succession, but not so far as to place him beyond the field of contest. Once, when the Provincials had retired a little and the savages were near him, a young Indian amused himself by throwing his tomahawk at the tree, apparently to ascertain how nearly he could cast it to the body of the prisoner without striking him; and the weapon more than once lodged in the tree, within a hair's breadth of the mark. When this barbarian grew weary of his sport, a French subaltern drew near, and leveled his musket at Putnam's breast. Fortunately it missed fire. It was in vain that the latter claimed the treatment due to him as a prisoner of war. The Frenchman,

instead of desisting, pushed him violently with his musket, and after dealing him a severe blow upon the cheek with the butt-end of his piece, left him to his fate.

After a long and gallant contest, the Provincials remained in possession of the field; the enemy were routed with the loss of ninety of their number, and retired, taking with them their prisoner, who was destined to undergo still greater suffering.

When the Indians had retreated to a considerable distance from the field of the battle, they deprived Major Putnam of his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes, bound his hands tightly together, and piled the packs of a number of the wounded on his back. In this wretched condition, exhausted by fatigue, and severely suffering from the injuries he had received, he was forced to march for many miles through a mountainous and rugged tract; until the party, overcome with weariness, at length halted to rest themselves. Meantime, the tightness of the cords around his wrists had caused his hands to swell, and made them exquisitely painful; the blood was flowing from his torn and naked feet; the weight of his burden became intolerable to his exhausted frame; and he entreated the savages to loose his hands or to release him from his sufferings by death.

A French officer interposed, removed the ligatures, and relieved him of a portion of his burden; the Indian who had made him captive and who had remained behind to attend to the wounded, also came up, provided him with moccasins, and expressed much indignation at the treatment which he had received; but soon went back, without taking measures to secure him against its repetition.

A spot for the evening's encampment was selected, and the Indians, taking with them Major Putnam, went thither in advance of the rest of the party. On the way he experienced fresh outrages, and was deeply wounded on the cheek by a blow from a tomahawk. He had been thus far spared for a darker purpose; it had been resolved that he should perish at the stake, with all those refinements of torture by which the savages know how to enhance the bitterness of death. The depths of the forest were chosen as the scene of sacrifice. The victim was bound entirely naked to a tree, large piles of fuel were laid in a circle around him; and, while these fearful preparations were in progress, they were rendered more appalling by the wild songs and exultations of the Indians.

When all was ready and their victim was awaiting the hour of death with the fortitude which never failed him, the fire was set to the fuel about him; but a sudden shower extinguished the flames. After repeated efforts, the blaze began to rise from every portion of the circle. Putnam's hands were closely bound, but he was still able to move his body; and his convulsive writhing to avoid the flame gave infinite diversion to his tormentors, who accompanied their orgies with songs and dances, and their usual terrific expressions of delight.

All hope of relief was now at an end, and nature was beginning to yield to the excess of suffering, when a French officer rushed through the throng, dashed aside the blazing brands, and cut the cords of the prisoner. A savage, touched by some sudden impulse of humanity, had hurried to inform Molang of the proceedings of his fellows, and it was this brave partisan himself, who had

thus, at the last extremity, redeemed from the most horrible of deaths a gallant foe. After sternly reprimanding the Indians for their cruelty, he took Putnam under his protection, until he could restore him to his savage master.

The kindness of this master (for so the Indian who captured Putnam was considered) bore some resemblance to the tender mercies of the wicked. He appeared to feel for the sufferings of his prisoner; and, finding that he was unable to eat the hard bread set before him, in consequence of the injury inflicted by the Frenchman, moistened it with water for his relief. Apprehensive, however, that Putnam might take advantage of the darkness to escape, he removed his moccasins, and tied them to his wrists; then placed him on the ground upon his back, and, extending his arms as far asunder as possible, secured them to two young trees. His legs were next secured in the same ingenious manner. Several long and slender poles were next cut, and laid, together with bushes, transversely across Putnam's body; on the extremities of these lay several Indians, in such a manner that the slightest effort to escape must awaken them.

Having completed this singular cage, the Indians were content with the provision they had made for his safe-keeping; and in this particularly inconvenient prison Putnam spent the dreary night that followed his release from death. He was accustomed to relate that, even while thus reposing, he could not refrain from smiling as he thought of the odd subject for the canvas which was presented by the group, of which he constituted the most prominent figure; but his merriment was probably of short duration.

Next morning he was released from durance and provided with a blanket; some bear's meat was given him to allay his hunger, and he was permitted to resume his march without a burden. Some vexation was occasionally shown by the savages, by menacing signs and gestures, on account of the loss of their expected entertainment; but they were no longer suffered to molest him, and he reached Ticonderoga the same night, without experiencing further violence. On his arrival there he was placed in the custody of a French guard.

After having been examined by Montcalm, Major Putnam was transferred to Montreal. He was conducted thither by a French officer, from whom he received a courtesy and kindness which were the more welcome from the indignities he had so lately suffered. Several American prisoners were in that city at the time; among the number was Colonel Peter Schuyler. When he heard of the arrival of Putnam, Colonel Schuyler hastened to ascertain the place of his abode. The Provincial major had been suffered to remain without a coat, vest, or stockings; the remnant of his clothing was miserably tattered, and his body exhibited serious marks of the violence he had endured. Colonel Schuyler, when he came into his presence, was so affected by the sight that he could hardly, in the language of Humphreys, "contain his speech within limit consistent with the prudence of a prisoner, and the meekness of a Christian."

He immediately supplied his countryman with all that his necessities required; and, after securing to him, by the most active intercession, the treatment to which his rank entitled him, found means to render him a more important service. The capture of Frontenac by the

British occasioned an exchange of prisoners, of which Putnam reaped the benefit by a stratagem of Colonel Schuyler. There were several officers among the prisoners, whose claim to be exchanged was superior to his; and Schuyler, fearing that the opportunity might be lost if the character of the prisoner should be known, prevailed upon the Governor to permit him to name an officer to be included in the cartel. He then assured His Excellency that he should name an old Provincial major, who was of no service there or elsewhere, but was very anxious to return to his wife and family, in preference to the young men, who had no families to care for.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

[1763–1765]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

THE sound of the Indian drum was heard on the Detroit River, and the humid May night air carried it a league or more to the fort. All the Pottawatomies and Wyandots were gathered from their own villages on opposite shores to the Ottawas on the south bank, facing Isle Cochon. Their women and children squatted about huge fires to see the war dance. The river strait, so limpidly and transparently blue in daytime, that dipping a pailful of it was like dipping a pailful of the sky, scarcely glinted betwixt darkened woods.

In the center of an open space, which the camp-fires were built to illuminate, a painted post was driven into the ground, and the warriors formed a large ring around it. Their moccasined feet kept time to the booming of the drums. With a flourish of his hatchet around his head, a chief leaped into the ring and began to chase an imaginary foe, chanting his own deeds and those of his forefathers. He was a muscular rather than a tall Indian, with high, striking features. His dark skin was colored by war paint, and he had stripped himself of everything but ornaments. Ottawa Indians usually wore brilliant blankets, while Wyandots of Sandusky and Detroit paraded in painted shirts, their heads crowned with little bells. The Ojibwas, or Chippewas, of the north carried quivers slung on their backs, holding their arrows.

The dancer in the ring was the Ottawa chief, Pontiac, a man at that time fifty years old, who had brought eighteen savage nations under his dominion, so that they obeyed his slightest word. With majestic sweep of the limbs he whirled through the pantomime of capturing and scalping an enemy, struck the painted post with his tomahawk, and raised the awful war whoop. His young braves stamped and yelled with him. Another leaped into the ring, sung his deeds, and struck the painted post, warrior after warrior following, until a wild maze of sinewy figures swam and shrieked around it. Blazing pine knots stuck in the ground helped to show this maddened whirl, the very opposite of the peaceful, floating calumet dance. Boy papooses, watching it, yelled also, their black eyes kindling with full desire to shed blood.

Perhaps no Indian there, except Pontiac, understood what was beginning with the war dance on that May night of the year 1763. He had been laying his plans all winter, and sending huge black and purple wampum belts of war, and hatchets dipped in red, to rouse every native tribe. All the Algonquin stock and the Senecas of the Iroquois were united with him. From the small oven-shaped hut on Isle Cochon, where he lived with his squaws and children, to Machilimackinac, from Machilimackinac to the lower Mississippi, and from the eastern end of Lake Erie down to the Ohio, the messengers of this self-made emperor had secretly carried and unfolded his plan, which was to rise and attack all the English forts on the same day, and then to destroy all the English settlers, sparing no white people but the French.

Two years before, an English army had come over to

Canada and conquered it. That was a deathblow to French settlements in the Middle West. They dared no longer resist English colonists pushing on them from the east. All that chain of forts stretching from Lake Erie down to the Ohio — Presqu' Isle, Le Bœuf, Venango, Ligonier, — had been given up to the English, as well as western posts — Detroit, Fort Miami, Ouatanon on the Wabash, and Machilimackinac. The settlements on the Mississippi, however, still displayed the white flag of France. So large was the dominion in the New World which England now had the right to claim, that she was unable to grasp it all at once.

The Indians did not like the English, who treated them with contempt, would not offer them presents, and put them in danger of starvation by holding back the guns and ammunition, on which they had learned to depend instead of their bows and arrows. For two years they had borne the rapid spread of English settlements on land which they still regarded as their own. These intruders were not like the French, who cared nothing about claiming land, and were always ready to hunt or dance with their red brethren.

All the tribes were, therefore, eager to rise against the English, whom they wanted to drive back into the sea. Pontiac himself knew this could not be done; but he thought it possible, by striking the English forts all at once, to restore the French power and so get the French to help him in fighting back their common foe from spreading into the west.

Pontiac was the only Indian who ever seemed to realize all the dangers which threatened his race, or to have the military skill for organizing against them. His

work had been secret, and he had taken pains to appear very friendly to the garrison of Detroit, who were used to the noise of Indian yelling and dancing. This fort was the central point of his operations, and he intended to take it next morning by surprise.

Though La Motte Cadillac was the founder of a permanent settlement on the west shore of Detroit River, it is said that Greysolon de Lhut set up the first palisades there. About a hundred houses stood crowded together within the wooden wall of these tall log pickets, which were twenty-five feet high. The houses were roofed with bark or thatched with straw. The streets were mere paths, but a wide road went all around the town next to the palisades. Detroit was almost square in shape, with a bastion, or fortified projection, at each corner, and a blockhouse built over each gate. The river almost washed the front palisades, and two schooners usually anchored near to protect the fort and give it communication with other points. Besides the homes of settlers, it contained barracks for soldiers, a council-house, and a little church.

About a hundred and twenty soldiers, besides fur traders and Canadian settlers, were in this inclosure, which was called the fort, to distinguish it from the village of French houses up and down the shore. Dwellers outside had their own gardens and orchards, also surrounded by pickets. These French people, who tried to live comfortably among the English, whom they liked no better than the Indians did, raised fine pears and apples and made wine of the wild grapes.

The river, emptying the water of the upper lakes into Lake Erie, was about half a mile wide. Sunlight next

morning showed this blue strait sparkling from the palisades to the other shore, and trees and gardens moist with that dewy breath which seems to exhale from fresh-water seas. Indians swarmed early around the fort, pretending that the young men were that day going to play a game of ball in the fields, while Pontiac and sixty old chiefs came to hold a council with the English. More than a thousand of them lounged about, ready for action. The braves were blanketed, each carrying a gun with its barrel filed off short enough to be concealed under his blanket.

About ten o'clock Pontiac and his chiefs crossed the river in birch canoes and stalked in Indian file, every man stepping in the tracks of the man before him, to the fort gates. The gates on the water side usually stood open until evening, for the English, contemptuously careless of savages, let squaws and warriors come and go at pleasure. They did not that morning open until Pontiac entered. He found himself and his chiefs walking betwixt files of armed soldiers. The gates were shut behind him.

Pontiac was startled as if by a sting. He saw that some one had betrayed his plan to the officers. Even fur traders were standing under arms. To this day it is not known who secretly warned the fort of Pontiac's conspiracy; but the most reliable tradition declares it to have been a young squaw named Catherine, who could not endure to see friends whom she loved put to death.

It flashed through Pontiac's mind that he and his followers were now really prisoners. The captain of Detroit was afterwards blamed for not holding the chief when he had him. The tribes could not rush through

the closed gates at Pontiac's signal, which was to be the lifting of a wampum belt upside down, with all its figures reversed. But the cunning savage put on a look of innocence and inquired: —

"My father," using the Indian term of respect, "why are so many of your young men standing in the street with their guns?"

"They have been ordered out for exercise and discipline," answered the officer.

A slight clash of arms and the rolling of drums were heard by the surprised tribes waiting in suspense around the palisades. They did not know whether they would ever see their leader appear again. But he came out, after going through the form of a council, mortified by his failure to seize the fort, and sulkily crossed the river to his lodge. All his plans to bring warriors inside the palisades were treated with contempt by the captain of Detroit. Pontiac wanted his braves to smoke the calumet with his English father.

"You may come in yourself," said the officer, "but the crowd you have with you must remain outside."

"I want all my young men," argued Pontiac, "to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet."

"I will have none of your rabble in the fort," said the officer.

Raging like a wild beast Pontiac then led his people in assault. He threw off every pretense of friendliness, and from all directions the tribes closed around Detroit in a general attack. Though it had wooden walls, it was well defended. The Indians, after their first fierce onset, fighting in their own way, behind trees and sheltered by buildings outside the fort, were able to besiege the place

indefinitely with comparatively small loss to themselves; while the garrison, shut in almost without warning, looked forward to scarcity of provisions.

All English people caught beyond the walls were instantly murdered. But the French settlers were allowed to go about their usual affairs unhurt. Queer traditions have come down from them of the pious burial they gave to English victims of the Indians. One old man stuck his hands out of his grave. The French covered them with earth. But next time they passed that way they saw the stiff, entreating hands, like pale fungi, again thrust into view. At this the horrified French settlers hurried to their priest, who said the neglected burial service over the grave, and so put the poor Englishman to rest, for his hands protruded no more.

One of the absent schooners kept for the use of the fort had gone down river with letters and dispatches. Her crew knew nothing of the siege, and she narrowly escaped capture. A convoy of boats, bringing the usual spring supplies, was taken, leaving Detroit to face famine. Yet it refused to surrender, and, in spite of Pontiac's rage and his continual investment of the place, the red flag of England floated over that fortress all summer.

Other posts were not so fortunate in resisting Pontiac's conspiracy. Fort Sandusky, at the west end of Lake Erie; Fort Ouatanon, on the Wabash, a little south of where Lafayette, in the state of Indiana, now stands; Fort Miami, Presqu' Isle, Le Bœuf, Venango, on the eastern border, and Machilimackinac, on the straits, were all taken by the Indians.

At Presqu' Isle the twenty-seven soldiers went into the blockhouse of the fort and prepared to hold it, lining and making it bullet-proof.

A blockhouse was built of logs, or very thick timber, and had no windows, and but one door in the lower story. The upper story projected several feet all around, and had loopholes in the overhanging floor, through which the men could shoot down. Loopholes were also fixed in the upper walls, wide within, but closing to narrow slits on the outside. A sentry box or lookout was sometimes put at the top of the roof. With the door barred by iron or great beams of wood, and food and ammunition stored in the lower room, men could ascend a ladder to the second story of a blockhouse and hold it against great odds, if the besiegers did not succeed in burning them out.

Presqu' Isle was at the edge of Lake Erie, and the soldiers brought in all the water they could store. But the attacking Indians made breastworks of logs, and shot burning arrows on the shingle roof. All the water barrels were emptied putting out fires. While some men defended the loopholes, others dug under the floor of the blockhouse and mined a way below ground to the well in the fort where Indians swarmed. Buildings in the inclosure were set on fire, but the defenders of the blockhouse kept it from catching the flames by tearing off shingles from the roof when they began to burn. The mining party reached the well, and buckets of water were drawn up and passed through the tunnel to the blockhouse. Greatly exhausted, the soldiers held out until next day, when, having surrendered honorably, they were all taken prisoners as they left the scorched

and battered log tower, for savages were such capricious and cruel victors that they could rarely be depended upon to keep faith. Pontiac himself was superior to his people in such matters. If he had been at Presqu' Isle, the garrison would not have been seized after surrendering on honorable terms. However, these soldiers were not instantly massacred, as other prisoners had been in war betwixt French and English, when savage allies could not be restrained.

Next to Detroit the most important post was Machilimackinac.

This was not the island in the straits bearing that name, but a stockaded fort on the south shore of Michigan, directly across the strait from St. Ignace. To this day, searching along a beach of deep, yielding sand, so different from the rocky strands of the islands, you may find at the forest edge a cellar where the powder house stood, and fruit trees and gooseberry bushes from gardens planted there more than two hundred years ago.

Machilimackinac, succeeding St. Ignace, had grown in importance, and was now a stockaded fort, having French houses both within and outside it, like Detroit. After Father Marquette's old mission had been abandoned and the buildings burned, another small mission was begun at L'Arbre Croche, not far west of Fort Machilimackinac, such of his Ottawas as were not scattered being gathered here. The region around also was full of Chippewas or Ojibwas.

All these Indians hated the English. Some came to the fort and said to a young English trader named Alexander Henry, who arrived after the white flag was

hauled down and the red one was hoisted: "Englishmen, although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and mountains were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none!"

Though these Ottawas and Chippewas were independent of those about Detroit, they had eagerly taken hold of Pontiac's war belt. The missionary priest was able for a while to restrain the Ottawas. The Chippewas, gathered in from their winter's hunting, determined to strike the first blow.

On the 4th day of June, which was the English king's birthday, they came and invited the garrison to look at a game of ball, or baggattaway, which they were going to play on the long sandy beach, against some Sac Indians. The fortress gates stood open. The day was very warm and discipline was relaxed. Nobody noticed that squaws, flocking inside the fort, had tomahawks and scalping-knives hidden under their blankets, though a few Englishmen afterwards remembered that the squaws were strangely huddled in wrappings on a day hot for that climate.

The young English trader, Alexander Henry, has left a careful account of the massacre at Fort Machilimackinac. He did not go out to see the ball game, because he had important letters to write and send by a canoe just starting to Canada. Officers and men, believing the red tribes friendly, lounged about unarmed. Whitewashed French houses shone in the sun, and the surge of the straits sounded peacefully on the beach. Nobody could dream that when the shouting Indians drove the ball

back from the farthest stake, their cries would suddenly change to war whoops. . . .

[The capture of Machilimackinac is described in the next selection.]

The Indians were not guilty of all the cruelties practiced in this war. Bounties were offered for savage scalps. One renegade Englishman, named David Owen, came back from adoption and marriage into a tribe, bringing the scalps of his squaw wife and her friends.

Through the entire summer Pontiac was successful in everything except the taking of Detroit. He besieged it from May until October. With autumn his hopes began to dwindle. He had asked the French to help him, and refused to believe that their king had made a treaty at Paris; giving up to the English all French claims in the New World east of the Mississippi. His cause was lost. He could band unstable warriors together for a common good, but he could not control politics in Europe, nor defend a people given up by their sovereign, against the solidly advancing English race.

But he was unwilling to own himself defeated while the French flag waved over a foot of American ground. This clever Indian, needing supplies to carry on his war, used civilized methods to get them on credit.

He gave promissory notes written on birch bark, signed with his own totem, or tribe-mark — a picture of the otter. These notes were faithfully paid.

When he saw his struggle becoming hopeless eastward, he drew off to the Illinois settlements to fight back the English from taking possession of Fort Chartres, the last French post. They might come up

the Mississippi from New Orleans, or they might come down the Ohio. The Iroquois had always called the Mississippi the Ohio, considering that river which rose near their own country the great river, and the northern branch merely a tributary.

Pontiac ordered the Illinois Indians to take up arms and stand by him.

"Hesitate not," he said, "or I will destroy you as fire does the prairie grass! These are the words of Pontiac."

They obeyed him. He sent more messengers down as far as New Orleans, keeping the tribes stirred against the English. He camped with his forces around Fort Chartres, cherishing it and urging the last French commandant, Saint-Ange de Bellerive, to take up arms with him, until that poor captain, tormented by the savage mob, and only holding the place until its English owners received it, was ready to march out with his few soldiers and abandon it.

It is told that while Pontiac was leading his forlorn hope, he made his conquerors ridiculous. Major Loftus with a detachment of troops came up the Mississippi to take possession according to treaty. Pontiac turned him back. Captain Pittman came up the river. Pontiac turned him back. Captain Morris started from Detroit, and Pontiac squatted defiantly in his way. Lieutenant Frazer descended the Ohio. Pontiac caught him and shipped him to New Orleans by canoe. Captain Croghan was also stopped near Detroit. Both French and Spanish people roared with laughter at the many failures of the coming race to seize what had so easily been obtained by treaty.

Two years and a half passed between Pontiac's

attack on Detroit and the formal surrender of Fort Chartres. The great war chief's heart, with a gradual breaking, finally yielded before the steadily advancing and all-conquering people that were to dominate this continent.

The second day of winter, late in the afternoon, Pontiac went into the fort unattended by any warrior, and without a word sat down near Saint-Ange de Bellerive in the officer's quarters. Both veteran soldier and old chief knew that Major Farmar, with a large body of troops, was almost in sight of Fort Chartres, coming from New Orleans. Perhaps before the low winter sun was out of sight, cannon mounted on one of the bastions would have to salute the new commandant. Sentinels on the mound of Fort Chartres could see a frosty valley, reaching to the Mississippi, glinting in the distance. That alluvial stretch was, in the course of years, to be eaten away by the river even to the bastions. The fort itself, built at such expense, would soon be abandoned by its conquerors, to sink, piecemeal, a noble and massive ruin. The dome-shaped powder house and stone quarters would be put to ignoble uses, and forest trees, spreading the spice of walnut fragrance, or the dense shadow of oaks, would grow through the very room where Saint-Ange and Pontiac sat. Indians, passing by, would camp in the old place, forgetting how the last hope of their race had clung to it.

The Frenchman partly foresaw these changes, and it was a bitter hour to him. He wanted to have it over and to cross the Mississippi, to a town recently founded northward on the west shore, where many French settlers had collected, called St. Louis. This was then con-

sidered Spanish ground. But if the French king deserted his American colonies, why should not his American colonies desert him?

"Father," spoke out Pontiac, with the usual Indian term of respect, "I have always loved the French. We have often smoked the calumet together, and we have fought battles together against misguided Indians and the English dogs."

Saint-Ange de Bellerive looked at the dejected chief and thought of Le Moyne de Bienville, now an old man living in France, who was said to have wept and implored King Louis on his knees not to give up to the English that rich western domain which Marquette and Joliet and La Salle and Tonty and many another Frenchman had suffered to gain, and to secure which he himself had given his best years.

"The chief must now bury the hatchet," he answered quietly.

"I have buried it," said Pontiac. "I shall lift it no more."

"The English are willing to make peace with him, if he recalls all his wampum belts of war."

Pontiac grinned. "The belts are more than one man can carry."

"Where does the chief intend to go when he leaves this post?"

Pontiac lifted his hand and pointed east, west, north, south. He would have no settled abode. It was a sign that he relinquished the inheritance of his fathers to an invader he hated. His race could not live under the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. He would have struck out to the remotest wilderness had he foreseen to what a

burial-place his continual clinging to the French would bring him. For Pontiac was assassinated by an Illinois Indian, whom an English trader had bribed, and his body lies somewhere to-day under the pavement of St. Louis, English-speaking men treading constantly over him. But if the dead chief's ears could hear, he would catch also the sound of the beloved French tongue lingering there.

A cannon thundered from one of the bastions. Saint-Ange stood up, and Pontiac stood up with him.

"The English are in sight," said Saint-Ange de Bellerive. "That salute is the signal for the flag of France to be lowered on Fort Chartres."

THE PRISONER OF MACHILIMACKINAC

[1763]

BY ALEXANDER HENRY

[A YOUNG English trader, Alexander Henry, escaped from the general massacre at Fort Machilimackinac. The following is his own account of his adventures until he was rescued because of his previous adoption by one of the Indians as a brother. He finally made his way to Montreal.

The Editor.]

I HEARD an Indian war cry and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. I had in the room in which I was a fowling-piece loaded with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him, while yet living.

At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort, calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury; and from this circumstance, I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses.

Between the yard door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbor, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance, I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but, while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for me; — "*Que voudriez-vous que j'en ferais?*"[1]

This was a moment for despair; but the next, a Pani[2] woman, a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed me up to the garret door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking, under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and from the bodies of some ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts

[1] What do you want me to do about it? [2] Pawnee.

of rage and victory. I was shaken, not only with horror but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of "All is finished!" At the same instant, I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could, therefore, hear everything that passed; and the Indians were no sooner in than they inquired whether or not any Englishman were in the house. M. Langlade replied that he could not say — he did not know of any; answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. M. Langlade was, therefore, as I presume, as far from a wish to destroy me as he was careless about saving me when he added to these answers that they might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question. Saying this, he brought them to the garret door.

The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch bark, used in maple-sugar making. The door was unlocked and opening and the Indians ascending the stairs before I had completely crept into a small opening, which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with toma-

hawks and all besmeared with blood, upon every part of their body.

The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment had he put out his hand he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes and the want of light, in a room which had no window, and in the corner in which I was, must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed and how many scalps they had taken, they returned downstairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time.

There was a feather bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person that now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover

a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Detroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Machilimackinac was four hundred miles; I was without provisions; and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries, countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquillity, suspended my cares and procured me further sleep.

The respite which sleep afforded me during the night was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise I heard the family stirring, and, presently after, Indian voices, informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and that they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared from what followed to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which no doubt he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house but deliver me up to my pursuers, giving as a reason for this measure that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they. M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife's; but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than be began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels. I now resigned myself

to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled either eye. This man walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, "I won't kill you!" To this he added that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him.

A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me downstairs, and there informing me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed everywhere else, the Indians were all mad with liquor, death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my master. M. Langlade, in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was until he found another opportunity to take me away.

Thus far secure, I re-ascended my garret stairs, in order to place myself the farthest possible out of the reach of insult from drunken Indians; but I had not remained there more than an hour when I was called to the room below, in which was an Indian who said that I must go with him out of the fort, Wenniway having sent him to fetch me. This man, as well as Wenniway himself, I had seen before. In the preceding year, I had allowed him to take goods on credit, for which he was still in my debt; and some short time previous to the surprise of the fort he had said, upon my upbraiding him with want of honesty, that he would pay me "before long." This speech now came fresh into my memory, and led me to suspect that the fellow had formed a design against my life. I communicated the suspicion to M. Langlade; but he gave for answer that I was not now my own master and must do as I was ordered.

The Indian, on his part, directed that before I left the house I should undress myself, declaring that my coat and shirt would become him better than they did me. His pleasure, in this respect, being complied with, no other alternative was left me than either to go out naked, or to put on the clothes of the Indian, which he freely gave me in exchange. His motive for thus stripping me of my own apparel was no other, as I afterward learned, than this, that it might not be stained with blood when he should kill me.

I was now told to proceed; and my driver followed me close until I had passed the gate of the fort, when I turned toward the spot where I knew the Indians to be encamped. This, however, did not suit the purpose of my enemy, who seized me by the arm, and drew me vio-

lently in the opposite direction to the distance of fifty yards above the fort. Here, finding that I was approaching the bushes and sand-hills, I determined to proceed no farther, but told the Indian that I believed he meant to murder me, and that if so he might as well strike where I was as at any greater distance. He replied with coolness that my suspicions were just, and that he meant to pay me in this manner for my goods. At the same time he produced a knife, and held me in a position to receive the intended blow. Both this and that which followed were necessarily the affair of a moment. By some effort, too sudden and too little dependent on thought to be explained or remembered, I was enabled to arrest his arm, and give him a sudden push, by which I turned him from me, and released myself from his grasp. This was no sooner done than I ran toward the fort with all the swiftness in my power, the Indian following me, and I expecting every moment to feel his knife.

I succeeded in my flight, and on entering the fort I saw Wenniway standing in the midst of the area, and to him I hastened for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist; but the latter pursued me round him, making several strokes at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length, Wenniway drew near to M. Langlade's house, and, the door being open, I ran into it. The Indian followed me, but on my entering the house, he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit.

[Henry and several other prisoners were put into canoes and taken to one of the Beaver Islands, in Lake Michigan. Here, after considerable discussion between the Chippewas and the Ottawas, they were given to the former.]

The Ottawas, who now gave us into the hands of the Chippewas, had themselves declared that the latter designed no other than to kill us and "make broth" of us. The Chippewas, as soon as we were restored to them, marched us to a village of their own, situate on the point which is below the fort, and put us into a lodge, already the prison of fourteen soldiers, tied two and two, with each a rope about his neck, and made fast to a pole which might be called the supporter of the building. I was left untied, but I passed a night sleepless and full of wretchedness. My bed was the bare ground, and I was again reduced to an old shirt as my entire apparel. I was, besides, in want of food, having for two days eaten nothing. I confess that in the canoe with the Chippewas I was offered bread — but bread with what accompaniment! They had a loaf which they cut with the same knives that they had employed in the massacre — knives still covered with blood. The blood they moistened with spittle, and rubbing it on the bread, offered this for food to their prisoners, telling them to eat the blood of their countrymen.

Such was my situation, on the morning of the seventh of June, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three; but a few hours produced an event which gave still a new color to my lot.

Toward noon, when the great war-chief, in company with Wenniway, was seated at the opposite end of the lodge, my friend and brother, Wawatam, suddenly came in. During the four days preceding, I had often wondered what had become of him. In passing by he gave me his hand, but went immediately toward the great chief, by the side of whom and Wenniway, he sat him-

self down. The most uninterrupted silence prevailed; each smoked his pipe, and this done, Wawatam arose and left the lodge, saying to me as he passed, "Take courage!"

An hour elapsed, during which several chiefs entered, and preparations appeared to be making for a council. At length, Wawatam reëntered the lodge, followed by his wife, and both loaded with merchandise, which they carried up to the chiefs and laid in a heap before them. Some moments of silence followed, at the end of which Wawatam pronounced a speech, every word of which, to me, was of extraordinary interest.

"Friends and relations," he began, "what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends and brothers and children, whom as yourselves you love; and you — what would you experience, did you, like me, behold your dearest friend — your brother — in the condition of a slave; a slave, exposed every moment to insult, and to menaces of death? This case, as you all know, is mine. See there (*pointing to myself*) my friend and brother among slaves — himself a slave!

"You all well know that long before the war began I adopted him as my brother. From that moment, he became one of my family, so that no change of circumstances could break the cord which fastened us together.

"He is my brother, and, because I am your relation, he is therefore your relation too: — and how, being your relation, can he be your slave?

"On the day on which the war began, you were fearful lest, on this very account, I should reveal your secret. You requested, therefore, that I would leave the fort, and even cross the lake. I did so; but I did it with reluc-

tance, notwithstanding that you, Menehwehna, who had the command in this enterprise, gave me your promise that you would protect my friend, delivering him from all danger and giving him safely to me.

"The performance of this promise I come now to claim. I come not with empty hands to ask it. You, Menehwehna, best know whether or not, as it respects yourself, you have kept your word, but I bring these goods, to buy off every claim which any man among you all may have on my brother as his prisoner."

Wawatam having ceased, the pipes were again filled; and after they were finished, a further period of silence followed. At the end of this, Menehwehna arose and gave his reply: —

"My relation and brother," said he, "what you have spoken is the truth. We were acquainted with the friendship which subsisted between yourself and the Englishman, in whose behalf you have now addressed us. We knew the danger of having our secret discovered, and the consequences which must follow; and you say truly that we requested you to leave the fort. This we did out of regard for you and your family; for, if a discovery of our design had been made, you would have been blamed, whether guilty or not; and you would thus have been involved in difficulties from which you could not have extricated yourself.

"It is also true that I promised you to take care of your friend; and this promise I performed, by desiring my son, at the moment of assault, to seek him out and bring him to my lodge. He went accordingly, but could not find him. The day after, I sent him to Langlade's, when he was informed that your friend was safe; and

had it not been that the Indians were then drinking the rum which had been found in the fort, he would have brought him home with him according to my orders.

"I am very glad to find that your friend has escaped. We accept your present; and you may take him home with you."

Wawatam thanked the assembled chiefs, and taking me by the hand, led me to his lodge, which was at the distance of a few yards only from the prison-lodge. My entrance appeared to give joy to the whole family; food was immediately prepared for me; and I now ate the first hearty meal which I had made since my capture. I found myself one of the family; and but that I had still my fears as to the other Indians, I felt as happy as the situation could allow.

X

"IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES"

HISTORICAL NOTE

"EACH of the thirteen [colonies] had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them, it is true, were founded by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony. Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinctions of rank existed; but two of them, Pennsylvania and Maryland, were founded by a single proprietor in each case, who owned the whole soil; while New York had its 'patroons,' or large landholders with tenants under them. Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecution in Europe; yet one of them, Rhode Island, was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony; and another, Maryland, was founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments; some had royal governments without charters; and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

"But, however differently the thirteen colonies may have been founded, or governed, they were all alike in some things. For instance, they all had something of local self-government; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen; and, finally they all grew gradually discontented with the British Government, because they thought themselves ill-treated."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE EARLY COLONIES

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

Up to the end of the seventeenth century life and manners in all the colonies were exceedingly simple. Even the families of those who were best-to-do lived in a fashion far ruder and simpler than that which prevails in our time in the remotest farming districts. They had horses and cattle now with many a flock of sheep, but as they had no roads much better than woodland trails, the settlements still clung closely to the coasts and the water-courses which furnished convenient highways.

Because of the lack of land highways, and especially of bridges across streams, there were scarcely any vehicles of any kind in use in the colonies until nearly the end of that century. When a few light carriages did at last come into use they had to be taken to pieces every time a stream was to be crossed. The separate parts were then packed into the rowboats that carried the passengers, while the horses swam at the side or behind the boats.

The problem of the colonists still was to produce grain enough and meat enough to live upon, and so farming was the chief industry of all the colonies, except that in New England fishing, shipbuilding, and commerce oversea supplemented it. The farming implements of that time were of the very rudest character, and most of them were imported at high cost from Europe.

The firearms of the colonists were rude and clumsy.

They were such as we should now deem unfit for use, either in attack or defense. Most of the guns in use were matchlocks. That is to say, they were guns which could be shot off only by touching a coal of fire to the powder in what was called the pan of the gun. Such a gun could be fired only once in a minute or two and seldom so often if the soldier's fuse happened to burn out. For in that case he must run to the nearest fire and relight it before he could again discharge his matchlock. Moreover, the gun itself, instead of being brought to the shoulder as guns are nowadays, was rested in some crotched sticks, and was fired with far greater slowness and difficulty than even large cannon are to-day.

After a while a new kind of gun came into use which was distinctly superior to the matchlock. This was a gun in which there was a spring lock armed with a flint so placed that when the trigger was pulled the flint scraped down over a piece of roughened steel, created a shower of sparks, and ignited the powder in the gun. These flintlock guns continued in use until well into the nineteenth century. The American Revolution and the War of 1812 were fought with flintlocks.

But even such weapons as these were costly and very scarce among the colonists. A good deal of their fighting was, therefore, done with pikes and half-pikes, two forms of spears that were effective only at close quarters. Such weapons were the less effective in fighting Indians for the reason that the Indians rarely allowed themselves to be brought into close quarters. Even in our own day it is the habit of the Indians to fight from a distance, to retreat firing when pressed, and never for one moment to come into hand-to-hand conflict if it is possible to avoid it.

Of course the advantage of the colonists in having firearms while the Indians had only bows, arrows, spears, tomahawks, and battle-axes, was soon lost to them. Laws were made forbidding the sale of firearms to the Indians, but everywhere in the world the greed of gain has always overridden the most wholesome and necessary laws, wherever profit might result from their violation. Even at a time when the very life of the colonists hung in the balance of Indian warfare, there were base traders who gladly made money by selling to the Indians the weapons they needed for the slaughter of the whites, — men, women, and children.

Among the Indians it was the custom to regard the tribe rather than the individual as the unit of society. If any man of one tribe injured any man of any other tribe, the injured man's tribe felt that it had a right to hold that other tribe responsible for the wrong. The Indians applied this rule in their dealings with white men. If a white man cheated an Indian, or killed an Indian, or wronged him in any way, the Indian idea was not to hunt out the offender and punish him, but to make the wrong a cause for war between the tribe to which the injured Indian belonged and all the white men in the region roundabout. It is this peculiarity of the Indian point of view which chiefly accounts for the frequency of Indian wars in those earlier times and for their merciless savagery.

Under such conditions it was necessary for the Englishmen in America to stand always upon their defense. They carried their guns with them always and they fortified their settlements with palisades and in other ways. Among these other methods of defense was the

building of what were called blockhouses. These were made of hewn logs laid closely together and built up in such fashion that the upper story projected beyond the plumb-line of the lower by a foot or two. This prevented scaling by those who might assault the blockhouse. In times of trouble all the settlers gathered in these blockhouses and used them as fortifications from which to fight off the Indian attacks by firing from slits in the walls. If the Indians had been determined war-makers, of course no blockhouse could long have stood their assault. They might have forced their way up to it, and built fires around its base, thus driving its occupants out of it into the open where they might be slaughtered without difficulty. But at no time in American history have the Indians shown themselves to be determined fighters. Their method of warfare has always been to make a dash. If the dash were successful, they slaughtered their victims; if it were unsuccessful, they retired and gave up the fight. The colonists early learned this by experience, and they arranged their defensive works in full recognition of the Indian habit of mind.

One other great difficulty that the early colonists encountered was their total lack of knowledge concerning the climate and soil of the regions in which they had settled. After they had quit hunting for gold and for a northwest passage through the continent, they at last set themselves to farming. They did so, however, with a degree of ignorance which in many cases proved disastrous. They did not know what crops could be successfully cultivated in this country, and so they tried practically everything of which they had ever heard — but chiefly such crops as grow only in warm climates.

In New England they could grow corn, potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, squashes, beans, peas, and the like; but instead of that they tried the cultivation of silk, wine, madder, olives, tea, coffee, cacao — the bean from which chocolate and cocoa are prepared — and many other things that can be grown only in tropical or low subtropical regions.

These attempts, of course, resulted in failures and sometimes even in the impoverishment of those who made them. It was only little by little that such mistakes were corrected and that the colonists learned what crops they could grow with profit upon such lands and in such climates as they had.

Little by little, at the same time, they learned how to live in their new surroundings. The New Englanders learned the use of sleds in winter and of snowshoes. Both they and the Virginians learned how to make the abundant fish and game a profitable food-supply.

In the mean while all the colonists learned much that aided them to live comfortably in the regions in which they had settled. One important thing that they had learned by the middle of the century was how to build houses somewhat, though not very well, suited to the conditions in which they were living. At first they had put up bush shelters or dug holes in the ground. A little later they had built bark wigwams, which did not and could not keep out the cold of winter. A little later still they learned how to build log cabins which they could chink and daub with mud so as to make them fairly comfortable habitations.

There were few sawmills in America in those days. Boards and planks were therefore exceedingly scarce

and costly. Yet with growing prosperity the colonists desired something better than logs with which to build their houses. They had acquired expertness in hewing out planks with a broadax and still more in riving out shingles and clapboards with a frow. Many of their houses, therefore, were built of these rough-hewn planks, and still more of them — some of which are standing even unto this day — were covered with shingles.

About the middle of the century they began to saw out boards and planks with what were known as whip-saws. In order to do this they placed a log upon two high trestles, and with one man standing on top and one below, they sawed out such lumber as they needed. It was a slow and costly method of manufacture, but it was the best and cheapest then known.

There was no such thing as a stove in existence at that time, and of course there was no such thing as a furnace or a steam radiator with which to warm houses. The use of coal as fuel had not yet begun. The only means of domestic heating, and even of cooking, was the great cavernous fireplace, into which large backlogs were rolled and fires built upon and in front of them. These fireplaces were often so large as to admit of settles being placed within them at the sides of the fire for the sake of greater warmth and comfort. In each of them there was hung a crane. This was a bar, sometimes of green wood and sometimes of iron, hung upon hinges, which could be swung outward and inward at pleasure. Pots and kettles were hung upon it over the fire by hooks of varying lengths, while skillets, ovens, and the like, were set upon the vast hearths where live coals were shoveled

under them and upon their lids for purposes of baking. Frying-pans were used simply by setting them upon hot coals in front of the fire. Coffee pots and the like were set upon little three-legged iron rings called trivets, under which coals were placed.

In some houses the fireplaces were built without jambs. There was simply a wall with a broad hearth in front, over which was a hood, leading to the chimney above. Fire was built upon the hearth, and settles surrounded it.

The fire was a fierce one, for wood was plentiful, but it did not warm the room except for a few feet in front of it. There were two reasons for this: First of all, the houses were so ill built as to let the wintry blasts into them freely; in the second place, the chimneys themselves had upward openings so vast that the cold air came down as fast as the hot air rose. As a consequence of these conditions water froze even near the fire, and we have records showing that distinguished New England divines sometimes had to suspend the writing of their sermons because the ink froze in their pens, even when they sat within the fireplace.

As another consequence, all the beds of that time were closely and unwholesomely curtained to keep out draughts, as was the case in England also, and every bed was warmed before it was used by passing a warming-pan filled with hot coals between the sheets. This necessity endured in England till the middle of the nineteenth century, as we learn from Dickens's account of the trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick.

Roasting was done in two ways. Sometimes the fowl or the pig or cut of meat to be roasted was thrust

through with an iron rod called a spit, so arranged that it could be turned by a crank. A reflector was placed behind it on the side opposite the fire so as to keep all of the heat within.

Another, a simpler and a more generally employed way of roasting, was by hanging the meats to strings which depended from the ceiling. Under each roast a dripping-pan was placed, and it was usually the task of the boys and girls of the household to twist the strings so that the roasts should continually revolve. The boys and girls were also required to baste the meats as they cooked, with the juices that fell from them into the dripping-pans.

Many houses of that time in New England consisted only of a kitchen, which served also as a living-room, with some sleeping-rooms above it, and in practically all the houses the large kitchen was the family room for all purposes. In Virginia the kitchen was always in a detached building and was occupied by negro servants.

Lack of spaciousness in the rude dwellings of that time led to the invention of devices for making the most of such room as was available. The beds for grown people were raised on long legs, high above the floor, and under each there was a little trundle-bed, on wheels, which could be drawn out at night for the use of the children. There were also beds that folded up against the wall when not in use.

For light, the best of all appliances in use at that time was the ordinary tallow candle of domestic manufacture. In Virginia and the region south of that, torches were often used, made of fat pine sticks which were set up in iron frames or sconces.

In New Amsterdam, later New York, many of the chimneys were built of sticks and mud, and the result was that many fires occurred, until at last this source of danger was removed by an ordinance forbidding the use of wood in the construction of chimneys.

Another precaution against fire in the towns was the employment of chimney sweeps; without their services, which were compelled by law in New York, there was always danger of a conflagration resulting from the ignition of the soot in chimneys. In New England and Virginia this danger was often averted by another and simpler device. When the roofs were deeply covered with snow, or when a drenching rain was falling, great sheaves of straw were thrust up the chimney and set on fire. Thus the accumulated soot in the flues was safely burned away. But in New York and in Charleston, South Carolina, chimneys were swept at regular intervals by those who made a business of the matter. In Charleston, even up to the time of the Civil War of 1861–65, the little negro chimney sweep, with his brooms and bags, was seen, and his musical cry was heard in all the streets.

As there were no such things as friction matches in those days, or for two centuries later, the keeping of "seed fire," by covering the coals with ashes, was an important concern, and when by any accident the seed fire was lost, colonial boys were sent to the nearest neighbor's house — often many miles distant — to borrow a brand with which to rekindle the hearth.

There were very few blankets, such as we now use, in those days. Quilts, stuffed with moss, tow, wool, or whatever else might be available, were generally used

instead. Everybody slept upon feather beds, and the Dutch in New Netherland also used lighter feather beds for a covering, precisely as many French and German people do to this day.

In all the colonies there was a certain kindly neighborliness which in many ways ameliorated and improved the conditions of life. If there was illness in any house, the neighbors volunteered to sit up with the ill person. If there was a death, the neighbors came in, not only to "sit up with the corpse," but to provide a coffin and to take off the shoulders of the stricken family the work of arranging for the funeral. Kindly women went into the house and took charge of all the housekeeping affairs. Kindly men looked after the cattle and horses and did the woodchopping and whatever else there was to be done.

In other and less distressing affairs of life, a like spirit of neighborly kindness lent cheer to existence. If a man was building a house or a barn, he got the timbers ready, and then his neighbors came to help him in the "raising" of the framework. If he had cut the timber from a piece of ground that he wished to cultivate, his neighbors all came to help him burn the brush and the logs.

If a woman had painfully sewed scraps of cloth together to make a quilt, all the women of the neighborhood came joyously to her to help in the "quilting." When the farmer had gathered in his corn, he gave a "husking bee," and all his neighbors worked by torchlight at the corn pile until the last ear was husked.

All these neighborly coöperations were made the occasions of social frolics. When night came after the women had finished the quilting, the beaux came also. There

was a supper and a dance. Kissing games were played and the jollity was unembarrassed by any foolish conventionality.

When the time of the corn-husking came, the women as well as the men took part, and whenever a red ear was found, the finder — woman or man — was entitled to a kiss from the nearest one of the opposite sex. The corn-pile was carefully divided into two equal parts. There was a "choosing-up" between two chiefs so that the number of huskers on the two sides should be equal. Then there was a race to see which side should first finish the husking of its share of the corn. The struggle was often exciting and always interesting. After it was over, there was a supper, and after that a dance. There were apt to be plentiful potations of hard cider or something stronger as an accompaniment to these frolics.

In these and a score of other ways, there was neighborly coöperation, which at once eased the work of the colonists and gave to them the advantage of an enjoyable social intercourse.

BLACKBEARD, THE LAST OF THE PIRATES

[1718]

BY JOHN FISKE

Among these corsairs one of the boldest was a fellow whose name appears in court records as Robert Thatch, though some historians write it Teach. He was a native of Bristol in England, and his real name seems to have been Drummond. But the sobriquet by which he was most widely known was "Blackbeard." It was a name with which mothers and nurses were wont to tame froward children. This man was a ruffian guilty of all crimes known to the law, a desperate character who would stick at nothing. For many years he had been a terror to the coast. In June, 1718, he appeared before Charleston harbor in command of a forty-gun frigate, with three attendant sloops, manned in all by more than four hundred men. Eight or ten vessels, rashly venturing out, were captured by him, one after another, and in one of them were several prominent citizens of Charleston, including a highly respected member of the council, all bound for London. When Blackbeard learned the quality of his prisoners, his fertile brain conceived a brilliant scheme. His ships were in need of sundry medicines and other provisions, whereof a list was duly made out and entrusted to a mate named Richards and a party of sailors, who went up to Charleston in a boat, taking along one of the prisoners with a message to Governor Johnson. The message was briefly this, that,

if the supplies mentioned were not delivered to Blackbeard within eight-and-forty hours, that eminent commander would forthwith send to Governor Johnson, with his compliments, the heads of all his prisoners.

It was a terrible humiliation, but the pirate had calculated correctly. Governor and council saw that he had them completely at his mercy. They knew better than he how defenseless the town was; they knew that his ships could batter it to pieces without effective resistance. Not a minute must be lost, for Richards and his ruffians were strutting airily about the streets amid fierce uproar, and, if the mob should venture to assault them, woe to Blackbeard's captives. The supplies were delivered with all possible haste, and Blackbeard released the prisoners, after robbing them of everything they had, even to their clothing, so that they went ashore nearly naked. From one of them he took six thousand dollars in coin. After this exploit Blackbeard retired to North Carolina, where it is said that he bought the connivance of Charles Eden, the governor, who is further said to have been present at the ceremony of the pirate's marriage to his fourteenth wife.

While the arch-villain, thus befriended, was roaming the coast as far as Philadelphia and bringing his prizes into Pamlico Sound, another rover was making trouble for Charleston. Major Stede Bonnet, of Barbadoes, had taken up the business of piracy scarcely two years before. He had served with credit in the army and was now past middle life, with a good reputation and plenty of money, when all at once he must needs take the short road to the gallows. Some say it was because his wife was a vixen, a droll reason for turning pirate.

But in truth there was a moral contagion in this business. The case of William Kidd, a few years before Bonnet, is an illustration. Kidd was an able merchant, with a reputation for integrity, when William III sent him with a swift and powerful ship to chase pirates; and, lo! when with this fine accouterment, he brings down less game than he had hoped, he thinks it will pay better to turn pirate himself. In this new walk of life he goes on achieving eminence, until on a summer day he rashly steps ashore in Boston, is arrested, sent to London, and hanged. Evidently there was a spirit of buccaneering in the air, as in the twelfth century there was a spirit of crusading. And even as children once went on a crusade, so we find women climbing the shrouds and tending the guns of pirate ships. Major Bonnet soon became distinguished in his profession, and committed depredations all the way from Barbadoes to the coast of Maine. Late in the summer of 1718 Governor Johnson learned that there was a pirate active in his neighborhood, and he sent Colonel William Rhett, with two armed ships, to chase him. The affair ended in an obstinate fight at the mouth of Cape Fear River, in the course of which all the ships got aground on sandbars. It was clear that whichever combatant should first be set free by the rising tide would have the other at his mercy, and we can fancy the dreadful eagerness with which every ripple was watched. One of Rhett's ships was first to float, and just as she was preparing to board the pirate, he surrendered. Then it was learned that he was none other than the famous Stede Bonnet. At the last his brute courage deserted him, and the ecstasy of terror with which he begged for life reminds one of the captive in "Rob Roy"

who was hurled into Loch Lomond. But entreaty fell upon deaf ears. It was a gala day at Execution Dock when Bonnet and all his crew were hung in chains.

A few weeks later, while Blackbeard was lurking in Ocracoke Inlet, with ship well armed and ready for some fresh errand, he was overhauled by two stout cruisers sent after him by Governor Spotswood, of Virginia. In a desperate and bloody fight the "Last of the Pirates" was killed. All the survivors of his crew were hanged, and his severed head decorated the bowsprit of the leading ship as she returned in triumph to James River.

Such forceful measures went on till the waters of Carolina were cleared of the enemy, and by 1730 the fear of pirates was extinguished. For year after year the deeds of Kidd and Blackbeard were rehearsed at village firesides, and tales of buried treasures caused many a greedy spade to delve in vain, until with the lapse of time the memory of all these things grew dim and faded away.

JUDGE SEWALL'S COURTSHIP

[1720]

BY JUDGE SAMUEL SEWALL

[JUDGE SEWALL lived in Boston during the last quarter of the seventeenth century and the first quarter of the eighteenth. It was much the fashion to keep diaries, and the judge kept one, from which the following extract is taken. His diary was written for himself alone, and it reveals with a fascinating frankness and a delightful egotism the details of Boston life in his day.

The Editor.]

8r. 21. Friday, My Son, the Minister, came to me p.m̄. by āpointment and we pray one for another in the Old Chamber; more especially respecting my Courtship. About 6. a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's *Bowels* with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in; at last about 9. a-clock Mr. Jn°. Eyre came in; I took the ōportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs Noyes before, that I hoped my Visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much Respect. When twas after 9. a-clock He of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring something about John. After a good while and Claṗing the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I men-

tion'd something of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me Courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my Coat, She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came hôm by Star-light as well as I could. At my first coming in, I gave Sarah five Shillings. I writ Mr. Eyre his Name in his book with the date Octob[r]. 21. 1720. It cost me 8[s]. Jehovah jireh! Madam told me she had visited M. Mico, Wendell, and Wm Clark of the South [Church].

Octob[r]. 22. Dâter Cooper visited me before my going out of Town, staid till about Sun set. I brought her going near as far as the Orange Tree. Coming back, near Leg's Corner, Little David Jeffries saw me, and looking upon me very lovingly, ask'd me if I was going to see his Grandmother? I said, Not to-night. Gave him a peny, and bid him present my Service to his Grandmother.

Octob[r]. 24. I went in the Hackny Coach through the Com̄on, stop'd at Madam Winthrop's (had told her I would take my departure from thence). Sarah came to the door with Katee in her Arms: but I did not think to take notice of the Child. Call'd her Mistress. I told her, being encourag'd by David Jeffries loving eyes, and sweet Words, I was come to enquire whether she could find in her heart to leave that House and Neighbourhood, and go and dwell with me at the South-end; I think she said softly, Not yet. I told her It did not ly in

my Lands to keep a Coach. If I should, I should be in danger to be brought to keep company with her Neighbour Brooker, (he was a little before sent to prison for Debt). Told her I had an Antipathy against those who would pretend to give themselves; but nothing of their Estate. I would a proportion of my Estate with my self. And I supōsed she would do so. As to a Perriwig, My best and greatest Friend, I could not possibly have a greater, began to find me with Hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since; and I could not find it in my heart to go to another. She comēnded the book I gave her, Dr. Preston, the Church Marriage; quoted him saying 'twas inconvenient keeping out of a Fashion comōnly used. I said the Time and Tide did circumscribe my Visit. She gave me a Dram of Black-Cherry Brandy, and gave me a lump of the Sugar that was in it. She wish'd me a good Journy. I pray'd God to keep her, and came away. Had a very pleasant Journy to Salem. . . .

31.2. At night I visited Madam Winthrop about 6. p.m̄. They told me she was gon to Madam Mico's. I went thither and found she was gon; so return'd to her house, read the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians in Mr. Eure's Latin Bible. After the clock struck 8. I began to read the 103. Psalm. Mr. Wendell came in from his Warehouse. Ask'd me if I were alone: Spake very kindly to me, offer'd me to call Madam Winthrop. I told him, She would be angry, had been at Mrs. Mico's; he help'd me on with my Coat and I came home; left the Gazett in the Bible, which told Sarah of, bid her present my Service to Mrs. Winthrop, and tell her I had been to wait on her if she had been at home.

Novr. 1. I was so taken up that I could not go if I would.

Novr. Midweek, went again, and found Mrs Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of Sugar Almonds, cost 3^s. per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a Hundred pounds per an̄um if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to Consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my Children by Deeds of Gift. told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine &c. That in England I own'd, my Father's desire was that it should go to my eldest Son; 'twas 20£ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think, when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seemed to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a Glass or two of Canary.

Novr. 4th. Friday, Went again, about 7. a-clock; found there Mr. John Walley and his wife: sat discoursing pleasantly. I shew'd them Isaac Moses's [an Indian] Writing. Madam W. served Comfeits to us. After a-while a Table was spread, and Supper was set. I urg'd Mr. Walley to Crave a Blessing; but he put it upon me. About 9. they went away. I ask'd Madam what fashioned Neck-lace I should present her with, She said, None at all. I ask'd her Whereabout we left off last time; mention'd what I had offer'd to give her; Ask'd her what she would give me; She said she could not Change her Condition: She had said so from the beginning; could not be so far from her Children, the Lecture. Quoted the Apostle Paul affirming that a single Life was

better than a Married. I answer'd That was for the present Distress. Said she had not pleasure in things of that nature as formerly: I said, you are the fitter to make me a Wife. If she held in that mind, I must go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. However, considering the Sup̄er, I desired her to be within next Monday night, if we liv'd so long. Assented. She charg'd me with saying, that she must put away Juno, if she came to me: I utterly deny'd it, it never came into my heart; yet she insisted upon it; saying it came in upon discourse about the Indian woman that obtained her Freedom this Court. About 10. I said I would not disturb the good orders of her House, and came away. She not seeming pleas'd with my Coming away. Spake to her about David Jeffries, had not seen him.

Monday, Novr. 7th. My Son pray'd in the Old Chamber. Our time had been taken up by Son and Daughter Cooper's Visit; so that I only read the 130th. and 143. Psalm. Twas on the Account of my Courtship. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the Cradle. I excus'd my Coming so late (near Eight). She set me an arm'd Chair and Cusheon; and so the Cradle was between her arm'd Chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my Almonds; She did not eat of them as before; but laid them away; I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, Thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me; she said she had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice; she had so many to advise with, that twas an hindrance.

The Fire was come to one short Brand besides the Block, which Brand was set up in end; at last it fell to pieces, and no Recruit was made: She gave me a Glass of Wine. I think I repeated again that I would go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to solicit her to do that which she could not Consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a Care. Treated me Courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her Widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before: I did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her Dress was not so clean as somtime it had been. Jehovah jireh!

Midweek, 9^r^. 9th. Dine at Bro^r^. Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M^m^. Winthrop; I answere'd No.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VOYAGE DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER

BY JAMES K. PAULDING

CATALINA, accompanied by her father, embarked on board of the good sloop Watervliet, whereof was commander Captain Baltus Van Slingerland, a most experienced, deliberative, and circumspect skipper. This vessel was noted for making quick passages, wherein she excelled the much-vaunted Liverpool packets; seldom being more than three weeks in going from Albany to New York, unless when she chanced to run on the flats, for which, like her worthy owners, she seemed to have an instinctive preference. Captain Baltus was a navigator of great sagacity and courage, having been the first man that ever undertook the dangerous voyage between the two cities without asking the prayers of the church and making his will. Moreover, he was so cautious in all his proceedings that he took nothing for granted, and would never be convinced that his vessel was near a shoal or a sand-bank until she was high and dry aground. When properly certified by ocular demonstration, he became perfectly satisfied, and set himself to smoking till it pleased the waters to rise and float him off again. His patience under an accident of this kind was exemplary; his pipe was his consolation — more effectual than all the precepts of philosophy.

It was a fine autumnal morning, calm, still, clear, and

beautiful. The forests, as they nodded or slept quietly on the borders of the pure river, reflected upon its bosom a varied carpet, adorned with every shade of every color. The bright yellow poplar, the still brighter scarlet maple, the dark-brown oak, and the yet more somber evergreen pine and hemlock, together with a thousand various trees and shrubs, of a thousand varied tints, all mingled in one rich, inexpressibly rich garment, with which nature seemed desirous of hiding her faded beauties and approaching decay. The vessel glided slowly with the current, now and then assisted by a little breeze, that for a moment rippled the surface and filled the sails, and then died away again. In this manner they approached the Overslaugh, a place infamous in all past time for its narrow, crooked channel, and the sand-banks with which it is infested. The vigilant Van Slingerland, in view of possible contingencies, replenished his pipe and inserted it in the buttonholes of his Dutch pea-jacket, to be ready on an emergency.

"Boss," said the ebony Palinurus, who presided over the destinies of the good sloop Watervliet — "boss, don't you tink I'd better put about? I tink we're close to the Overslaugh now."

Captain Baltus very leisurely walked to the bow of the vessel, and, after looking about a little, replied, "A leetle furder, a leetle furder, Brom; no occasion to pe in zuch a hurry pefore you are zure of a ting."

Brom kept on his course, grumbling a little in an undertone, until the sloop came to a sudden stop. The captain then bestirred himself to let go the anchor.

"No fear, boss, she won't run away."

"Very well," quoth Captain Baltus, "I'm zatisfied

now, berfectly zatisfied. We are certainly on de Overslaugh."

"As clear as mud," answered Brom.

The captain then proceeded to light his pipe, and Brom followed his example. Every quarter of an hour a sloop would glide past in perfect safety, warned of the precise situation of the bar by the position of the Watervliet, and adding to the vexation of our travelers at being thus left behind. But Captain Baltus smoked away, now and then ejaculating, "Aye, aye, de more hashte de lesch shpeed; we shall see py and py."

As the tide ebbed, the vessel, which had grounded on the extremity of the sand-bank, gradually heeled on one side, until it was difficult to keep the deck, and Colonel Vancour suggested the propriety of going on shore until she righted again.

"Why, where's de uze, den," replied Captain Baltus, "of daking all tis drouble, boss? We shall pe off in dwo or dree tays at most. It will pe vull-moon tay after do-morrow."

"Two or three days!" exclaimed the colonel. "If I thought so, I would go home and wait for you."

"Why, where's de uze den of daking zo much drouble, Golonel? You'd only have to gome pack again."

"But why don't you lighten your vessel, or carry out an anchor? She seems just on the edge of the bank, almost ready to slide into the deep water."

"Why, where's de uze of daking zo much drouble, den? She'll get off herzelf one of deze days, Golonel. You are well off here; notting to do, and de young woman dare can knid you a bair of stogings to bass de dime."

"But she can't knit stockings," said the colonel, smiling.

"Not knid stogings! Py main zoul den what is zhe goot vor? Den zhe must zmoke a bipe; dat is de next pest way of bassing de dime."

"But she don't smoke either, captain."

"Not zmoke, nor knid stogings? Christus! where was zhe prought ub den? I would n't have her vor my wife iv zhe had a whole zloop vor her vortune. I don't know what zhe gan do to bass de dime dill next vull-moon, put go to zleep; dat is de next pest ding to knidding and zmoking."

Catalina was highly amused at Captain Baltus's enumeration of the sum total of her resources for passing the time. Fortunately, however, the next rising of the tide floated them off, and the vessel proceeded gallantly on her way, with a fine northwest breeze, which carried her on with almost the speed of a steamboat. In the course of a few miles they overtook and passed several sloops that had left the Watervliet aground on the Overslaugh.

"You zee, Golonel," said Captain Baltus complacently — "you zee — where's de uze of peing in a hurry, den? Dey have peen at anghor, and we have peen on a zand-pank. What's de difference, den, Golonel?"

"But it is easier to get up an anchor, Captain, than to get off a sand-bank."

"Well, zubbose it is; if a man is not in a hurry, what den?" replied Captain Baltüs.

At the period of which we are writing, a large portion of the banks of the river, now gemmed with white villages and delightful retreats, was still in a state of na-

ture. The little settlements were "few and far between," and some scattered Indians yet lingered in those abodes which were soon to pass away from them and their posterity forever. The river alone was in the entire occupation of the white man; the shores were still, in many places, inhabited by remnants of the Indian tribes. But they were not the savages of the free wild woods; they had in some degree lost their habits of war and hunting, and seldom committed hostilities upon the whites, from an instinctive perception that they were now at their mercy.

Still, though the banks of the river were for the most part wild, they were not the less grand and beautiful; and Catalina, as she sat on the deck in the evening, when the landscape, bronzed with twilight, presented one unvaried appearance of lonely pomp and majestic repose, could not resist its holy influence. On the evening of the sixth day the vessel was becalmed in the heart of the Highlands, just opposite where West Point now rears its gray stone seminaries, consecrated to science, to patriotism, and glory. It was then a solitary rock, where the eagle made his abode, and from which a lonely Indian sometimes looked down on the vessels gliding past far below, and cursed them as the usurpers of his ancient domain.

The tide ran neither up nor down the river, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The dusky pilot proposed to Captain Baltus to let go the anchor, but the captain saw "no use in being in such a hurry." So the vessel lay still as a sleeping halcyon upon the unmoving mirror of the waters. Baltus drew forth his trusty pipe, and the negro pilot selected a soft plank on the forecas-

tle, on which he, in a few minutes, found that blessed repose which is the prize of labor, and which a thousand times outweighs the suicide luxuries of the lazy glutton, whose sleep is the struggle, not the relaxation, of nature.

[The captain now strove to entertain his passengers by a ghost-story; but was interrupted by the attempts of an owl to steal the chickens from a coop on the deck, and got no further than "Onze tere was an olt woman."]

A hollow murmur among the mountains suddenly interrupted him. "There is the old woman again," said the colonel. "'T is de olt Tuyvel!" said Baltus, starting up and calling all hands to let go the halyards. But, before this could be accomplished, one of those sudden squalls, so common in the highlands in autumn, struck the vessel and threw her almost on her beam ends. The violence of the motion carried Colonel Vancour and Catalina with it, and had they not been arrested by the railings of the quarter-deck, they must inevitably have gone overboard. The Watervliet was, however, an honest Dutch vessel, of a most convenient breadth of beam, and it was no easy matter to capsize her entirely. For a minute or two she lay quivering and struggling with the fury of the squall that roared among the mountains and whistled through the shrouds, until, acquiring a little headway, she slowly luffed up in the wind, righted, and flapped her sails in defiance. The next minute all was calm again. The cloud passed over, the moon shone bright, and the waters slept as if they had never been disturbed. Whereupon Captain Baltus, like a prudent skipper as he was, ordered all sail to be lowered, and the anchor to be let go, sagely observing that it was "high time to look out for squalls."

"Such an accident at sea would have been rather serious," observed the colonel.

"I ton't know what you dink, Golonel," said Baltus, "put, in my opinion, it ton't make much odts wedder a man is trownet in te zea or in a river."

The colonel could not well gainsay this, and soon after retired with his daughter to the cabin.

Bright and early the next morning, Captain Baltus, having looked round in every direction, east, west, north, and south, to see if there were any squalls brewing, and perceiving not a cloud in the sky, cautiously ordered half the jib and mainsail to be hoisted, to catch the little land-breeze that just rippled the surface of the river. In a few hours they emerged from the pass at the foot of the great Donderberg, and slowly opened upon that beautiful amphitheater into which Nature has thrown all her treasures and all her beauties. Nothing material occurred during the rest of the passage. True it is that Skipper Baltus ran the good sloop Watervliet two or three times upon the oyster-banks of the since renowned Tappan Bay; but this was so common a circumstance, that it scarcely deserved commemoration, nor would I have recorded it here but for the apprehension that its omission might at a future period, peradventure, seduce some industrious scribe to write an entirely new history of these adventures, solely to rescue such an important matter from oblivion. Suffice it to say, that at the expiration of ten days from the commencement of the voyage, the good sloop Watervliet arrived safe at Coenties Slip, where all the Albany sloops congregated at that time. This extraordinary passage was much talked of in both cities, and finally found its

way into the "Weekly News-Letter," then the only paper published in the whole New World, as may be seen by a copy now, or lately, in the possession of the worthy Mr. Dustan, of the Narrows. It is further recorded, that some of the vessels which passed the Watervliet as she lay aground on the Overslaugh, did not arrive till nearly a fortnight after her; owing, as Captain Baltus observed, "to der peing in zuch a hurry." After so famous an exploit the Watervliet had always a full freight, and as many passengers as she could accommodate; so that, in good time, this adventurous navigator gave up following the water, and built himself a fine brick house, with the gable end to the street, and the edges of the roof projecting like the teeth of a saw, where he sat on his *stoop* and smoked his pipe, time out of mind.

THE DRESS OF A LITTLE BOSTON GIRL IN 1772

BY ANNA GREEN WINSLOW

[ANNA GREEN WINSLOW, from whose journal the following extracts are taken, was a little girl of twelve years who had been sent from Nova Scotia to Boston to complete her education.

The Editor.]

I. THE "HEDDUS ROLL"

AFTER making a short visit with my Aunt at Mrs Green's, over the way, yesterday towards evening, I took a walk with cousin Sally to see the good folks in Sudbury Street, & found them all well. I had my HEDDUS roll on, aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch, & ach, & burn like anything Mamma. This famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that, & horsehair (very course) & a little human hair of yellow hue, that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D—— made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on, & my new cap on it, she then took up her apron & mesur'd me, & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I mesur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & modesty without the help of fals hair, red *Cow*

tail, or D—— (the barber). Now all this mamma, I have just been reading over to my aunt. She is pleas'd with my whimsical description & grave (half grave) improvement, & hopes a little fals English will not spoil the whole with Mamma. Rome was not built in a day.

II. A PARTY GOWN

I was dress'd in my yellow coat, black bib & apron, black feathers on my head, my past comb, & all my past garnet marquesett & jet pins, together with my silver plume — my loket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts & 2 or 3 yards of blue ribbin, (black and blue is high tast) striped tucker and ruffels (not my best) & my silk shoes compleated my dress.

III. THE BLACK HAT

The black Hatt I gratefully receive as your present, but if Captain Jarvise had arrived here with it about the time he sail'd from this place for Cumberland it would have been of more service to me, for I have been oblig'd to borrow. I wore Miss Griswold's Bonnet on my journey to Portsmouth, & my cousin Sallys Hatt ever since I came home, & now I am to leave off my black ribbins tomorrow, & am to put on my red cloak & black hatt — I hope aunt wont let me wear the black hatt with the red Dominie — for the people will ask me what I have got to sell as I go along street if I do, or, how the folk at New guinie do? Dear mamma, you dont know the fation here — I beg to look like other folk. You dont know what a stir would be made in sudbury street, were I to make my appearance there in my red Dominie & black Hatt. But the old cloak & bonnett together will make

me a decent bonnett for common ocation (I like that) aunt says, its a pitty some of the ribbins you sent wont do for the Bonnet. — I must now close up this Journal. With Duty, Love, & Compliments as due, perticularly to my Dear little brother (I long to see him) & Mrs. Law, I will write to her soon.

I am Hon^{d} Papa & mama,

Yr ever Dutiful Daughter

ANNA GREEN WINSLOW

N.B. My aunt Deming dont approve of my English & has not the fear that you will think her concerned in the Diction.

XI

ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the eighteenth century, the general feeling in European countries was that colonies were established for the benefit of the mother country. Few people had dreamed of the possibility of religious freedom, and just as few, perhaps, had thought of a colony being established and ruled for the benefit of the colonists. England, like other mother countries, governed her American colonies for the benefit of the Englishmen who remained at home. For instance, she forbade the colonists to settle too far from the coast; for if they were crowded together, it was thought that they would buy greater quantities of British manufactures.

To defend the colonies from the Indians, England planned to send over soldiers, who were to be paid in part by the colonists; and to raise this money, the colonists were to pay taxes. But the colonists declared that they were not represented in Parliament, and therefore should not be taxed, and they refused to buy British goods. A wail rose from the manufacturers and merchants, and the law was repealed. Next year, however, another law was passed, taxing a few things; and finally tea alone was taxed The result of this was the Boston Tea-Party and the destruction of tea by other colonies. In March, 1775, a convention was held at Richmond, where Patrick Henry made his famous speech ending with the words, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

[1766]

BY JAMES PARTON

[In 1766 Franklin was in England as the leading representative for the colonies. In this capacity he was called before the House of Commons for an examination on the condition of the colonies and colonists. Burke said that this scene always reminded him of "a master examined by a parcel of schoolboys."

The Editor.]

This celebrated examination was by no means the impromptu affair which it seemed to be. Among the Liberal members of Parliament Dr. Franklin had a large number of friends, with whom, as we know, he had many times conversed upon all the subjects in dispute between the colonies and the ministry. These gentlemen, knowing precisely what Franklin had to offer on every topic, kept proposing to him the very questions which they were aware would bring him out in his greatest force. All their leading questions, moreover, he expected, and was prepared for. The questions are, therefore, to be divided into two classes, those put by the opponents of the Stamp Act, and those proposed by its advocates. The object of one party was to give the American philosopher the best opportunity to serve his cause; the object of the other, to puzzle, entrap, and con-

found him. One set of questions enabled him to display his knowledge, and the other set, his acuteness.

The first thirteen questions, all proposed by two of Dr. Franklin's friends, were designed to elicit certain facts, generally unknown in England, which being known the whole argument for the Stamp Act was untenable. These facts were, first, that the colonies were then struggling under a load of debt and taxation caused by the very war which it was alleged Britain had waged solely for their defense and aggrandizement; and, secondly, that the enforcement of the Stamp Act, owing to the vast extent of the country, the thinness of the population, and the poverty of the frontier inhabitants, was impossible. "A man in the back country," said Franklin, "who happened to want a stamp for a deed or a receipt, would have to take a month's journey to get it, spending perhaps three or four pounds that the Crown might get sixpence."

When these points had been brought out with the utmost clearness (Franklin citing his knowledge of the country gained by his connection with the post-office), the concerted game between himself and his friends was stopped for a moment by three questions from an adversary. "Are not the colonies *able* to pay the stamp duty?" asked this gentleman. Their mere ability could not be denied, and the question was, therefore, answered thus: "In my opinion, there is not gold and silver enough in the colonies to pay the stamp duty for one year." This ingenious evasion did not throw the enemy off the scent. "Don't you know," continued the member, "that all the money arising from the stamps is to be laid out in America?" "True," replied the witness, "but it

is to be spent in the *conquered* colonies, in Canada, where the soldiers are, not in the colonies that pay it." The member then asked if there was not a balance of trade against Canada that would bring the money back to the old colonies. Franklin thought not. "The money," he said, "would go to England for goods, as colonial money was only too apt to do."

At this point the enemy desisted, and a friend of Dr. Franklin succeeded in getting in nine questions, which drew from the witness a statement of the population and resources of the colonies, designed to show the folly of estranging them. He told Parliament that North America contained three hundred thousand men capable of taking the field, and that the colonies imported every year from Great Britain five hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods. This information was brought out with great force.

The friendly questioner then tried to get Dr. Franklin to repeat before the High Court of Parliament a little joke with which he had amused a Tory member a few days before. They were talking over the various plans that had been suggested for making the Stamp Act palatable to the Americans. The Tory, who was a most strenuous advocate of the Stamp Act, told Dr. Franklin that if he would but assist the ministry a little, the Act could easily be amended so as to make it, at least, tolerable to the colonists. "I must confess," the doctor gravely replied, "I have thought of one amendment. If you will make it, the Act may remain, and yet the Americans will be quieted. It is a very small amendment, too; it is only the change of a single word." The Tory was all attention. "It is in that clause," continued Franklin,

"where it is said that 'from and after the first day of November, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five, there shall be paid, etc.' The amendment I would propose is for *one*, read *two*, and then all the rest of the Act may stand as it does." The examining member endeavored to bring out this piece of nonsense by asking the witness whether he could not propose "a small amendment" that would make the Act acceptable. The witness, however, evaded the question, and explained afterwards that he thought the answer expected of him "too light and ludicrous for the House."

Mr. George Grenville, the proposer of the Stamp Act, now recurred to his fixed idea. "Do you think it right," he asked, "that America should be protected by this country and pay no part of the expense?" To this Franklin replied that the colonies during the last war had raised, clothed, and sent to the field twenty-five thousand men, and spent millions of pounds. "Were you not reimbursed by Parliament?" asked Grenville. Franklin explained that the colonies were reimbursed only to the amount which Parliament thought they had exceeded their just proportion of the expense! Pennsylvania, for instance, had expended five hundred thousand pounds, and received back sixty thousand.

The advocates of the Act continued the examination. One asked if the Americans would pay the Stamp Act if the rate of duty was reduced. "No," replied the American, "*never*, unless compelled by force of arms." Another asked: "Does not the Assembly of Pennsylvania, the majority of whom are landowners, lay the taxes so as to impose the heaviest burdens upon trade, and spare the land?" Franklin's reply to this was very

ingenious and Adam-Smithian: "If unequal burdens are laid on trade, the tradesman puts an additional price on his goods; and the consumers, who are chiefly landowners, finally pay the greatest part, if not the whole." Besides this, he denied that the Assembly did impose unequal burdens. The enemy plied him with a dozen questions more, but extracted small comfort from him.

Then his friends had an inning, and gave him several opportunities, which he improved in the most telling manner. Nothing that he said produced such an impression, either in the House or out of doors, as his next few replies. "What," asked a friendly member, "was the temper of America towards Great Britain before the year 1763?" "The best in the world," said the witness. "They submitted willingly to the government of the Crown, and paid in their courts obedience to acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper: they were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain; for its laws, its customs, and manners; and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an Old England man was, of itself, a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us."

"What is their temper now?" asked the same friend. "Oh, very much altered," was the reply. "In what light," continued the friendly member, "did the people of America use to consider the Parliament of Great

Britain?" Franklin replied: "They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly, at times, attempt to oppress them; but they relied on it that the Parliament, on application, would always give redress." He added, in reply to another question, that this feeling was greatly lessened by the recent measures.

The Stamp Act men then asked several questions, which were intended to draw forth an admission that the colonies were abundantly able to pay an additional tax. One question was, why the people in America increased faster than the English at home. "Because they marry younger, and because more of them marry," replied this unrelenting political economist. "Why so?" "Because any young couple, if they are industrious, can get land and support a family." "Then are not the lower ranks of people more at their ease in America than in England?" "They may be so if they are sober and diligent, as they are better paid for their labor." "How would the Americans receive a future tax, imposed on the same principle as the Stamp Act?" "Just as they do the Stamp Act; *they would not pay it.*"

The friends of the Act then tried to corner the acute American, by asking him whether, in case an Assembly should refuse to vote the supplies necessary to the support of colonial government, Parliament would not be justified in taxing the people. He thought not; for, "if an Assembly could possibly be so absurd, the disorders that would arise in the province would soon bring them to reason." "But," persisted the questioner, "suppose

they should not, ought there not to be a remedy in the power of the Home Government?" Franklin said he would not object to the interference of Parliament in such a case, provided its interference was merely for the good of the people. "But who is the judge of that, Britain or the colony?" This was rather a home thrust. The witness parried it thus: "Those who feel can best judge."

The Tory members affected to be incapable of perceiving any difference in principle between the duties laid upon imports from foreign countries, which the colonists paid without a murmur, and the Stamp Act, which with one voice they resisted. "The difference is very great," said Dr. Franklin; "the duty is added to the first cost and other charges on the commodity, and when it is offered for sale, makes a part of the price. If the people do not like it at that price, they refuse it; they are not obliged to pay it. But an *internal* tax is forced from the people without their consent, if not laid by their own representatives." "But," asked a member, "supposing the external tax to be laid on the necessaries of life?" Franklin astonished Parliament by replying that the colonists imported no article which they could not dispense with or supply the place of. "Cloth?" asked one. "Yes, they could make all their cloth." "But would it not take long to establish the manufacture?" "Before their old clothes are worn out, they will have new ones of their own making." "But is there wool enough in America?" "The people have taken measures to increase their supply of wool. They combined to eat no lamb last year, and very few lambs were killed. In three years we shall have wool in abundance." "But is

not the American wool very inferior in quality, a kind of hair merely?" "No; it is very fine and good."

A Liberal member asked whether anything less than a military force could carry the Stamp Act into execution. Franklin said that a military force could not do it. "Suppose," said he, "a military force sent into America; they will find nobody in arms; what are they then to do? They cannot force a man to take stamps who chooses to do without them. They will not find a rebellion: they may, indeed, make one." "If the Act is not repealed," asked one of Dr. Franklin's particular friends, "what do you think will be the consequence?" He replied: "A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this country, and of all the commerce that depends on that respect and affection." "How can the commerce be affected?" "The goods," said Franklin, "which the Americans take from Britain are either necessaries, mere conveniences, or superfluities. The first, as cloth, with a little industry they can make at home; the second, they can do without till they are able to provide them among themselves; and the last, which are much the greatest part, they will strike off immediately. They are mere articles of fashion, purchased and consumed because the fashion in a respected country; but will now be detested and rejected. The people have already struck off, by general agreement, the use of all goods fashionable in mournings, and many thousand pounds' worth are sent back as unsalable."

Mr. Grenville returned to the charge. He asked whether postage, to which the Americans did not object, was not a tax. "No," replied the deputy postmaster-general; "it is payment for service rendered; nor is it

even compulsory, since no man is obliged by law to employ the post-office." Having thus displayed his incapacity, Mr. Grenville next proceeded to exhibit his ignorance. "Do not the Americans," he asked, "consider the regulations of the post-office, by the Act of last year, as a tax?" Franklin informed him that the Act of last year *reduced* the rate of postage thirty per cent throughout America; which abatement, he added, the Americans certainly did not regard in the light of a tax. Mr. Grenville was silent for a while.

In reply to other Tory questioners, Dr. Franklin gave another point of difference between an external and an internal tax. "The sea is yours," he said; "you maintain, by your fleets, the safety of navigation in it, and keep it clear of pirates: you may have, therefore, a natural and equitable right to some toll or duty on merchandise carried through that part of your dominions, towards defraying the expense you are at in ships to maintain the safety of that carriage." To the questions of friends he gave answer after answer, demonstrating the impossibility of enforcing the odious Act in America. When asked if the colonists would prefer to forego the collection of debts by legal process rather than use stamped paper, he replied: "I can only judge what other people will think and how they will act by what I feel within myself. I have a great many debts due to me in America, and I had rather they should remain unrecoverable by any law than submit to the Stamp Act. They will be debts of honor."

The leading advocates of the Stamp Act tried by a variety of questions to extort from Dr. Franklin an intimation that, in case the Act were repealed, the colo-

nists would not object to pay a small internal tax, imposed merely to assert the right to tax. The Tory members would not understand that the opposition to the Stamp Act was an opposition to the principle involved in it. They kept insinuating that it was merely a mean begrudging of the sixpence. They supposed that, if the amount of the tax were reduced, the warmth of the opposition would be abated. To one of the questions founded upon this opinion, Dr. Franklin made a reply that was long enough for a speech. Reviewing the history of the two French wars, he showed that the colonists, so far from being parsimonious, had lavished both men and treasure in aiding the Home Government to execute its projects. They had done far more than their part. They had involved themselves so deeply that twenty years of peace and prosperity would be necessary to set them free from debt. He quoted from a King's Speech in which the zeal and liberality of the colonists had been handsomely acknowledged. He reminded Parliament that the wars, of which the colonies had borne the burden and suffered the calamities, had not been waged chiefly for their own sake; it was for the honor and advancement of the British Empire that they had spent their substance and shed their blood. And all they had done for their country, they had done with eager willingness, and asked no reward but the approbation of their king and of that House.

When he had finished this long harangue, a friend asked him whether the colonies would help the mother country in a war purely European. This question gave him an opportunity to expatiate further on the same theme. He answered that they would do so beyond ques-

tion. They considered themselves part of the British Empire. Its honor was their honor; its welfare their welfare. He took occasion, also, to show that such expeditions as that of General Braddock were not a benefit to the colonies; for it was not until Braddock had been defeated that the Indians had been troublesome. To show the willingness of the colonies to grant money to the Crown, he said he had been specially instructed to assure the ministry that they were ready to vote all the aid they could afford whenever their aid was solicited in a constitutional manner.

The Stamp Act members appeared still to find great difficulty in discerning the difference between an external and an internal tax, and seemed to think that, to be consistent, the Americans ought to object equally to both. Dr. Franklin gave an exquisite reply to one who insinuated such an opinion. "Many arguments," said he, "have been used to show the Americans that there is no difference between an internal and an external tax. At present, they do not reason so; but in time, they may possibly be convinced by these arguments."

A rattling fire of short questions and answers brought to a conclusion this long examination. A friend asked at length, "What used to be the pride of the Americans?" "To indulge," said the witness, "in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain." "What is now their pride?" "To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones."

Dr. Franklin withdrew, and the committee rose.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

[1770]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

It was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guard-room. Meanwhile Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee-House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"O, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would

reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle; which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides, and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others who were younger and less prudent remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guardhouse, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down towards the Custom House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post, and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd round about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd, and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed."

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers confronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar, the soldiers stood gazing at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment, the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won, in the old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were not forgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayo-

nets. Captain Preston waved his sword, and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the Custom House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

[To this account Hawthorne adds the following: "The town drums beat to arms, the alarm bells rang, and an immense multitude rushed into King Street. Many of them had weapons in their hands. The British prepared to defend themselves. A whole regiment was drawn up in the street, expecting an attack; for the townsmen appeared ready to throw themselves upon the bayonets. Governor Hutchinson hurried to the spot, and besought the people to have patience, promising that strict justice should be done. A day or two afterward the British troops were withdrawn from town and stationed at Castle William. Captain Preston and the eight soldiers were tried for murder. But none of them were found guilty. The judges told the jury that the insults and violence which had been offered to the soldiers justified them in firing at the mob."]

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

[1773]

BY JOHN FISKE

The duty on tea had been retained simply as a matter of principle. It did not bring three hundred pounds a year into the British exchequer. But the king thought this a favorable time for asserting the obnoxious principle which the tax involved.

Thus, as in Mrs. Gamp's case, a teapot became the cause or occasion of a division between friends. The measures now taken by the Government brought matters at once to a crisis. None of the colonies would take tea on its terms. Lord Hillsborough had lately been superseded as Colonial Secretary by Lord Dartmouth, an amiable man like the Prime Minister, but like him wholly under the influence of the king. Lord Dartmouth's appointment was made the occasion of introducing a series of new measures. The affairs of the East India Company were in a bad condition, and it was thought that the trouble was partly due to the loss of the American trade in tea. The Americans would not buy tea shipped from England, but they smuggled it freely from Holland, and the smuggling could not be stopped by mere force. The best way to obviate the difficulty, it was thought, would be to make English tea cheaper in America than foreign tea, while still retaining the duty of threepence on a pound. If this could be achieved, it was supposed that the Americans would be

sure to buy English tea by reason of its cheapness, and would thus be ensnared into admitting the principle involved in the duty. This ingenious scheme shows how unable the king and his ministers were to imagine that the Americans could take a higher view of the matter than that of pounds, shillings, and pence. In order to enable the East India Company to sell its tea cheap in America, a drawback was allowed of all the duties which such tea had been wont to pay on entering England on its way from China. In this way, the Americans would now find it actually cheaper to buy the English tea with the duty on it than to smuggle their tea from Holland. To this scheme, Lord North said, it was of no use for any one to offer objections, for the king would have it so. "The king meant to try the question with America." In accordance with this policy, several ships loaded with tea set sail in the autumn of 1773 for the four principal ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Agents or consignees of the East India Company were appointed by letter to receive the tea in these four towns.

As soon as the details of this scheme were known in America, the whole country was in a blaze, from Maine to Georgia. Nevertheless, only legal measures of resistance were contemplated. In Philadelphia, a great meeting was held in October at the State House, and it was voted that whosoever should lend countenance to the receiving or unloading of the tea would be regarded as an enemy to his country. The consignees were then requested to resign their commissions, and did so. In New York and Charleston, also, the consignees threw up their commissions. In Boston, a similar demand was

made, but the consignees doggedly refused to resign; and thus the eyes of the whole country were directed toward Boston as the battle-field on which the great issue was to be tried.

During the month of November many town meetings were held in Faneuil Hall. On the 17th, authentic intelligence was brought that the tea-ships would soon arrive. The next day, a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the consignees, and again asked them to resign. Upon their refusal, the town meeting instantly dissolved itself, without a word of comment or debate; and at this ominous silence the consignees and the governor were filled with a vague sense of alarm, as if some storm were brewing whereof none could foresee the results. All felt that the decision now rested with the Committees of Correspondence. Four days afterward, the Committees of Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester met the Boston Committee at Faneuil Hall, and it was unanimously resolved that on no account should the tea be landed. The five towns also sent a letter to all the other towns in the colony, saying, "Brethren, we are reduced to this dilemma: either to sit down quiet under this and every other burden that our enemies shall see fit to lay upon us, or to rise up and resist this and every plan laid for our destruction, as becomes wise freemen. In this extremity we earnestly request your advice." There was nothing weak or doubtful in the response. From Petersham and Lenox, perched on their lofty hilltops, from the valleys of the Connecticut and the Merrimack, from Chatham on the bleak peninsula of Cape Cod, there came but one message, — to give up life and all that makes life dear,

rather than submit like slaves to this great wrong. Similar words of encouragement came from other colonies. In Philadelphia, at the news of the bold stand Massachusetts was about to take, the church bells were rung, and there was general rejoicing about the streets. A letter from the men of Philadelphia to the men of Boston said, "Our only fear is lest you may shrink. May God give you virtue enough to save the liberties of your country."

On Sunday, the 28th, the Dartmouth, first of the tea-ships, arrived in the harbor. The urgency of the business in hand overcame the sabbatarian scruples of the people. The Committee of Correspondence met at once, and obtained from Francis Rotch, the owner of the vessel, a promise that the ship should not be entered before Tuesday. Samuel Adams then invited the committees of the five towns, to which Charlestown was now added, to hold a mass meeting the next morning at Faneuil Hall. More than five thousand people assembled, but as the Cradle of Liberty could not hold so many, the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House. It was voted, without a single dissenting voice, that the tea should be sent back to England in the ship which had brought it. Rotch was forbidden to enter the ship at the custom house, and Captain Hall, the ship's master, was notified that "it was at his peril if he suffered any of the tea brought by him to be landed." A night-watch of twenty-five citizens was set to guard the vessel, and so the meeting adjourned till next day, when it was understood that the consignees would be ready to make some proposals in the matter. Next day, the message was brought from the consignees

that it was out of their power to send back the tea; but if it should be landed, they declared themselves willing to store it, and not expose any of it for sale until word could be had from England. Before action could be taken upon this message, the sheriff of Suffolk County entered the church and read a proclamation from the governor, warning the people to disperse and "surcease all further unlawful proceedings at their utmost peril." A storm of hisses was the only reply, and the business of the meeting went on. The proposal of the consignees was rejected, and Rotch and Hall, being present, were made to promise that the tea should go back to England in the Dartmouth, without being landed or paying duty. Resolutions were then passed, forbidding all owners or masters of ships to bring any tea from Great Britain to any part of Massachusetts, so long as the act imposing a duty on it remained unrepealed. Whoever should disregard this injunction would be treated as an enemy to his country, his ships would be prevented from landing, — by force if necessary, — and his tea would be sent back to the place whence it came. It was further voted that the citizens of Boston and the other towns here assembled would see that these resolutions were carried into effect, "at the risk of their lives and property." Notice of these resolutions was sent to the owners of the other ships, now daily expected. And, to crown all, a committee, of which Adams was chairman, was appointed to send a printed copy of these proceedings to New York and Philadelphia, to every seaport in Massachusetts, and to the British Government.

Two or three days after this meeting, the other two ships arrived, and, under orders from the Committee of

Correspondence, were anchored by the side of the Dartmouth, at Griffin's Wharf, near the foot of Pearl Street. A military watch was kept at the wharf day and night, sentinels were placed in the church belfries, chosen post-riders, with horses saddled and bridled, were ready to alarm the neighboring towns, beacon-fires were piled all ready for lighting upon every hilltop, and any attempt to land the tea forcibly would have been the signal for an instant uprising throughout at least four counties. Now, in accordance with the laws providing for the entry and clearance of shipping at custom houses, it was necessary that every ship should land its cargo within twenty days from its arrival. In case this was not done, the revenue officers were authorized to seize the ship and land its cargo themselves. In the case of the Dartmouth, the captain had promised to take her back to England without unloading; but still, before she could legally start, she must obtain a clearance from the collector of customs, or, in default of this, a pass from the governor. At sunrise of Friday, the 17th of December, the twenty days would have expired.

On Saturday, the 11th, Rotch was summoned before the Committee of Correspondence, and Samuel Adams asked him why he had not kept his promise, and started his ship off for England. He sought to excuse himself on the ground that he had not the power to do so, whereupon he was told that he must apply to the collector for a clearance. Hearing of these things, the governor gave strict orders at the Castle to fire upon any vessel trying to get out to sea without a proper permit; and two ships from Montagu's fleet, which had been laid up for the winter, were stationed at the entrance of the harbor,

to make sure against the Dartmouth's going out. Tuesday came, and Rotch, having done nothing, was summoned before the town meeting, and peremptorily ordered to apply for a clearance. Samuel Adams and nine other gentlemen accompanied him to the custom house to witness the proceedings, but the collector refused to give an answer until the next day. The meeting then adjourned till Thursday, the last of the twenty days. On Wednesday morning, Rotch was again escorted to the custom house, and the collector refused to give a clearance unless the tea should first be landed.

On the morning of Thursday, December 16, the assembly which was gathered in the Old South Meeting-House, and in the streets about it, numbered more than seven thousand people. It was to be one of the most momentous days in the history of the world. The clearance having been refused, nothing now remained but to order Rotch to request a pass for his ship from the governor. But the wary Hutchinson, well knowing what was about to be required of him, had gone out to his country house at Milton, so as to foil the proceedings by his absence. But the meeting was not so to be trifled with. Rotch was enjoined, on his peril, to repair to the governor at Milton, and ask for his pass; and while he was gone, the meeting considered what was to be done in case of a refusal. Without a pass it would be impossible for the ship to clear the harbor under the guns of the Castle; and by sunrise, next morning, the revenue officers would be empowered to seize the ship, and save by a violent assault upon them it would be impossible to prevent the landing of the tea. "Who knows," said John Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?"

And great applause followed the suggestion. Yet the plan which was to serve as a last resort had unquestionably been adopted in secret committee long before this. It appears to have been worked out in detail in a little back room at the office of the "Boston Gazette," and there is no doubt that Samuel Adams, with some others of the popular leaders, had a share in devising it. But among the thousands present at the town meeting, it is probable that very few knew just what it was designed to do. At five in the afternoon, it was unanimously voted that, come what would, the tea should not be landed. It had now grown dark, and the church was dimly lighted with candles. Determined not to act until the last legal method of relief should have been tried and found wanting, the great assembly was still waiting quietly in and about the church when, an hour after nightfall, Rotch returned from Milton with the governor's refusal. Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said, quietly but distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was the declaration of war; the law had shown itself unequal to the occasion, and nothing now remained but a direct appeal to force. Scarcely had the watchword left his mouth when a war whoop answered from outside the door, and fifty men in the guise of Mohawk Indians passed quickly by the entrance, and hastened to Griffin's Wharf. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea laden upon the three ships had been cut open, and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed; no other property was injured; and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear frosty moon-

light, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. Next morning, the salted tea, as driven by wind and wave, lay in long rows on Dorchester beach, while Paul Revere, booted and spurred, was riding post-haste to Philadelphia, with the glorious news that Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the King of England to pick up.

This heroic action of Boston was greeted with public rejoicing throughout all the thirteen colonies, and the other principal seaports were not slow to follow the example. A ship laden with two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea had arrived at Charleston on the 2d of December; but the consignees had resigned, and after twenty days the ship's cargo was seized and landed; and so, as there was no one to receive it, or pay the duty, it was thrown into a damp cellar, where it spoiled. In Philadelphia, on the 25th, a ship arrived with tea; but a meeting of five thousand men forced the consignees to resign, and the captain straightway set sail for England, the ship having been stopped before it had come within the jurisdiction of the custom house.

In Massachusetts, the exultation knew no bounds. "This," said John Adams, "is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire." Indeed, often as it has been cited and described, the Boston Tea-Party was an event so great that even American historians have generally failed to do it justice. This supreme assertion by a New England town meeting of the most fundamental principle of political freedom has been curiously misunderstood by British writers, of whatever party. The most recent

Tory historian, Mr. Lecky, speaks of "the Tea-Riot at Boston," and characterizes it as an "outrage." The most recent Liberal historian, Mr. Green, alludes to it as "a trivial riot." Such expressions betray most profound misapprehension alike of the significance of this noble scene and of the political conditions in which it originated. There is no difficulty in defining a riot. The pages of history teem with accounts of popular tumults, wherein passion breaks loose and wreaks its fell purpose, unguided and unrestrained by reason. No definition could be further from describing the colossal event which occurred in Boston on the 16th of December, 1773. Here passion was guided and curbed by sound reason at every step, down to the last moment, in the dim candle-light of the old church, when the noble Puritan statesman quietly told his hearers that the moment for using force had at last, and through no fault of theirs, arrived. They had reached a point where the written law had failed them; and in their effort to defend the eternal principles of natural justice, they were now most reluctantly compelled to fall back upon the paramount law of self-preservation. It was the one supreme moment in a controversy supremely important to mankind, and in which the common sense of the world has since acknowledged that they were wholly in the right. It was the one moment of all that troubled time in which no compromise was possible. "Had the tea been landed," says the contemporary historian, William Gordon, "the union of the colonies in opposing the ministerial scheme would have been dissolved; and it would have been extremely difficult ever after to have restored it." In view of the stupendous issues at stake, the patience of the men of

Boston was far more remarkable than their boldness. For the quiet sublimity of reasonable but dauntless moral purpose, the heroic annals of Greece and Rome can show us no greater scene than that which the Old South Meeting-House witnessed on the day when the tea was destroyed.

"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

[1775]

BY PATRICK HENRY

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men, engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir! it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling

PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS CELEBRATED ORATION

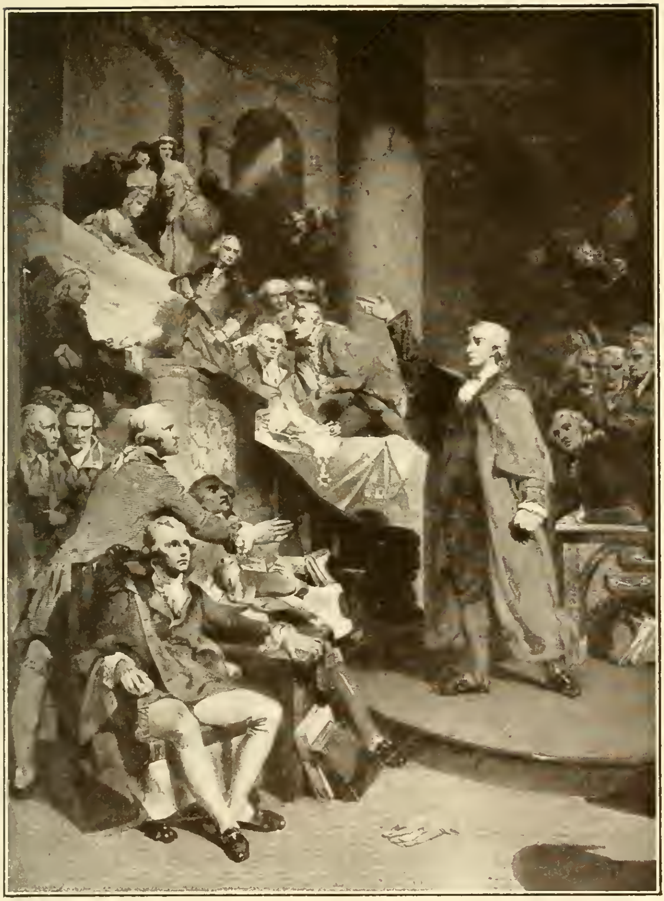
PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS CELEBRATED ORATION

BY PETER FREDERICK ROTHERMEL

(*American artist*, 1817–1895)

"The place of meeting was the old church in Richmond. The proceedings of the Continental Congress were approved, and the delegates of the colony in Congress were applauded with perfect unanimity . . . and the convention of the Old Dominion renewed their assurances, 'that it was the most ardent wish of their colony and of the whole continent of North America to see a speedy return of those halcyon days when they lived a free and happy people.'

"To Patrick Henry this language seemed likely to lull the public mind into confidence, at a time when the interruption of the sessions of the General Assembly left them 'no opportunity, in their legislative capacity, of making any provision to secure their rights from the further violations with which they were threatened.' He therefore proposed 'that this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense, and that a committee prepare a plan for the embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men, as may be sufficient for that purpose.' The resolution was opposed by Bland, Harrison, and Pendleton, three of the delegates of Virginia in Congress, and by Nicholas, who had been among the most resolute in the preceding May. The thought of an actual conflict in arms with England was new; they counted on the influence of the friends of liberty in the parent country, the interposition of the manufacturing interests, or the relenting of the sovereign himself. 'Are we ready for war?' they asked; 'are we a military people? Where are our stores, our soldiers, our generals, our money? We are defenseless; yet we talk of war against one of the most formidable nations in the world. It will be time enough to resort to measures of despair when every well-founded hope has vanished.'" Then it was that Patrick Henry made the speech which follows.



to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope

with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat — but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; — and let it come! I repeat it, sir; let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace! peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What

would they have? Is life so dead, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

XII

FROM LEXINGTON TO SARATOGA

HISTORICAL NOTE

The people of Massachusetts had begun to prepare for armed resistance, and had stored powder in Concord. British soldiers were sent to seize this; but were opposed by little bands of the colonists at Lexington and Concord, and were forced to retreat. This was the beginning of the war. It was followed in June by the battle of Bunker Hill, a defeat, but yet a victory; for the colonists found that they, untrained as they were, were only kept from repulsing the famous British regulars by the lack of powder. Washington had been appointed commander-in-chief, and was already on his way to take command of the army in Boston.

The British sent a fleet to attack Charleston, South Carolina; but their balls were met by two rows of palmetto logs with sand between, and did little damage. On July 2, 1776, Congress passed a resolution "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." To adopt the famous Declaration of Independence two days later was easy, but to force Great Britain to admit their independence was another matter.

In August, New York was occupied by the British, and Washington retreated into Pennsylvania. The British thought that resistance was at an end, but on December 26, Washington crossed the Delaware, captured a large force of Hessians at Trenton, and defeated the British in the battle of Princeton. But in spite of these successes and of the arrival of the Marquis de Lafayette and other noble volunteers, affairs at the close of 1776 looked black for the colonists.

The following year saw a change of fortune. The British planned to cut off New England by sending an expedition under Burgoyne from Canada down to Albany, where it would be met by an army from New York. The Americans had no available force strong enough to oppose Burgoyne, but by delaying his advance and cutting off his detachments, they wore down his force until at Saratoga he was obliged on October 17, to surrender his entire army.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE REVOLUTION

[1775]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"On the nineteenth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, a day to be remembered by all Americans of the present generation, and which ought and doubtless will be, handed down to ages yet unborn, the troops of Britain, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry of the loyal American subjects of the British king in the field of Lexington."

These words are the prophetic introduction of the "Narrative of the Excursion of the King's Troops under the Command of General Gage," which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts sent to England. With infinite care the Congress drew up depositions, which were sworn to before "His Majesty's justices of the peace," that, with all legal form, they might show to all the world who were the aggressors, now that the crisis had come. Then they entrusted the precious volume of these depositions to Richard Derby of Salem, who sent John Derby with them to England. The vessel made a good run, arriving on the 29th of May with these official papers, and the "Essex Gazette," which had the published accounts. The Sukey, Captain Brown, with the government accounts forwarded by General Gage, did not arrive till eleven days after. Meanwhile Arthur Lee and all the friends of America in London were steadily publishing the news of the "ministerial" attack on the people, and the people's repulse of the army. The public

charged the Government with concealing the news. Thus was it that, when

> "the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world,"

they told their own story.

All parties had fair notice that the crisis was coming, and they had a good chance to guess how it was coming. On the 30th of March, by way of seeing how people would bear the presence of an army, and how the army would march after a winter's rest and rust, Earl Percy with five regiments marched out over Boston Neck, into the country. Boston people can trace him by walking out on Washington Street, where the sea-water then flowed on both sides, up the hill at Roxbury, on the right of the church, and heeding Governor Dudley's parting-stone which still stands, let them take Center Street, "to Dedham and Rhode Island." Along that road to Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy marched, his drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." The spring was very early. Some soldiers straggled, and trampled down gardens and fields that had been planted, perhaps the fall before. From Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy led them across to Dorchester; and by the Dorchester Road they came home. Very indignant was the Provincial Congress and the Committee of Safety at this first "invasion" of the country; and all people guessed that Concord would be the point of the next "excursion," because at Concord was one of the largest deposits of stores which the Province of Massachusetts had collected in its preparation against the British Empire.

As early as February 9, the Provincial Congress had intimated their intention of stopping such "excursions."

They had appointed the celebrated "Committee of Safety," with the express purpose of checking them. Of this committee: —

"The business and duty it shall be, most carefully and diligently to inspect and observe all and every such person or persons as shall at any time attempt to carry into execution, by force, an act of the British parliament, entitled 'An Act for the better Regulating the Government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England' . . . which said committee, or any five of them, provided always that not more than one of the said five shall be an inhabitant of the town of Boston, shall have power, and they are hereby empowered and directed, when they shall judge that such attempt or attempts are made, to alarm, muster, and cause to be assembled with the utmost expedition, and completely armed, accoutered, and supplied with provisions sufficient for their support in their march to the place of rendezvous, such and so many of the militia of this Province as they shall judge necessary for the end and purpose of opposing such attempt or attempts, and at such place or places as they shall judge proper, and them to discharge as the safety of the Province shall permit."

This, it will be observed, was full preparation for war, only the Provincial Congress meant that General Gage should strike the first blow.

Meanwhile, Ensign Berniere of the 10th Royal Infantry, with a companion, Captain Brown, was sent to see what there was at Concord. They left their journal behind them, when, the next year, the English army evacuated Boston; and so we are able to trace their march to-day.

And so it happened that late in the evening of the 18th of April, when it was supposed most of the Boston people were in bed, about eight hundred soldiers — grenadiers, light-infantry and marines — were embarked in the boats of the navy, very near the place where the old Providence Station stood, where then the tide rose and fell. Remember that there was no bridge at that time from Boston to any side. The little army was ferried across to Lechmere's Point, not far from the Court House to-day; it lost two hours in going so far, and then took up its silent line of march through Cambridge, by what is still remembered as Milk Row. At the tavern in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, the rebel Committee of Safety had been in session the day before. Dear Old General Heath, till then only "our colonel," whose memoirs come in the most entertaining reading of the time, had been there. But he had gone home to Roxbury.

Here, in the garrulous old eighteenth-century style, is his account of what happened to those who stayed: —

"On the nineteenth, at daybreak, our general was awoke, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out, that they had crossed from Boston to Phipp's Farm in boats, and had gone towards Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met the preceding day at Wetherby's Tavern, at Menotomy; for, when they came opposite the house, they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Colonel Orne, Colonel Lee, and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke and informed the others that a body of the British were

before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way, in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields."

Heath had met on his way home officers who tried to keep the news of the "excursion" from reaching Concord; but the country was alarmed, and Colonel Smith sent back to Boston for a reinforcement. General Gage had expected the request, and had ordered the first brigade under arms at four that morning. These orders were carried to the first brigade-major's. He was not at home; and when he came home, his servant forgot to tell of the letter. At four o'clock no brigade appeared. At five o'clock Colonel Smith's express came, asking the reinforcement. On inquiry, it proved that no orders were given; and it was not till six that a part of the brigade paraded. They waited till seven for the marines. Is not all this like a village muster to-day? At seven, there being still no marines, it proved that the order for them had been addressed to Major Pitcairn, who was by this time far away, and had indeed begun the war already, without knowing it, by firing his pistol on Lexington Common. So the half of the brigade waited, and waited, till the marines could be got ready, and when they were ready at nine o'clock, started over Boston Neck; for now they had no boats: so that they must e'en go six miles round by land, as every Bostonian will see, for there were then no bridges. So they came to Dudley's parting-stone playing "Yankee Doodle" again; but when they reached the stone this time, they took the right-hand road "to Cambridge and Watertown." A Roxbury boy who sat on a stone wall to see them pass

prophesied thus to Percy, referring to the history of his noble house: "You go out by 'Yankee Doodle'; but you will come back by 'Chevy Chase.'"

While the half-brigade was waiting for the marines on what is now Tremont Street, its line crossing the head of Beacon Street, a little boy nine years old, named Harrison Gray Otis, was on his way to the old school in School Street, where Parker's Hotel stands to-day. Here is his account of it. It is, so far as I know, the only glimpse we have of Boston life on that memorable morning: —

"On the nineteenth of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay's buildings, through Tremont Street, and nearly to the bottom of the mall, preparing to take up their march for Lexington. A corporal came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off to pass down Court Street; which I did, and came up School Street to the schoolhouse. It may well be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards only from the schoolhouse-door. As I entered school, I heard the announcement of '*deponite libros*,' and ran home for fear of the regulars. Here ended my connection with Mr. Lovell's administration of the school. Soon afterwards I left town, and did not return until after the evacuation by the British, in March, 1776."

Colonel Smith and his eight hundred had pressed on meanwhile. The alarm had been so thoroughly given in Lexington that at two o'clock the militia had assembled (one hundred and thirty in number); and John Parker their captain had ordered them to load with powder and ball. This John is the grandfather of one Theodore, who

will appear two generations afterwards. No sign of any troops; and the men were dismissed with orders to assemble again at the beat of drum. Most of them thought that the whole was a false alarm. But Gage's officers in the advance of the English column, came back to it on its march, and reported that five hundred men were in arms. Major Pitcairn of the marines had command of six companies of light infantry in advance. He caught all of Parker's scouts except Thaddeus Bowman, who galloped back to Lexington Common and gave to Parker tidings of the approach of the column.

Parker ordered the drum to beat; and his men began to collect. He ordered Sergeant William Munroe to form them in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house. The English officers hearing the drum, halted their troops, bade them prime and load, and then marched forward at double-quick. Sixty or seventy of the militia had assembled. The tradition is, that Parker had bidden the men not to fire till they were fired upon, but added, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." Double-quick on one side; on the other, Sergeant Munroe forming his men as well as he can. Major Pitcairn is in the advance. "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't ye lay down your arms?" He saw a gun flash in the pan. The men did not disperse. Pitcairn declared, till the day he died at Bunker Hill, that he gave no order to fire, that he commanded not to fire; and it seems to be admitted that he struck his staff or sword downward, as a signal to forbear firing. But some men in his party fired irregularly, and hurt no one. Then came a general discharge from the English line, and many men were killed or

wounded. The militia returned the fire — some before leaving their line, some after — and the war was begun. Here is Captain John Parker's account of the fight, one of the papers which Captain Derby carried to London: —

"I, John Parker, of lawful age, and commander of the militia at Lexington, do testify and declare, that on the nineteenth instant, in the morning, about one of the clock, being informed that there were a number of the regular officers riding up and down the road, stopping and insulting people as they passed the road, and also informed that a number of the regular troops were on their march from Boston, in order to take the Province stores at Concord, I ordered our militia to meet on the common in said Lexington, to consult what to do; and concluded not to be discovered, nor meddle, nor make with said regular troops, if they should approach, unless they should insult or molest us; and, upon their sudden approach, I immediately ordered our militia to disperse, and not to fire. Immediately said troops made their appearance, and rushing furiously on, fired upon and killed eight of our party, without receiving any provocation therefor from us."

MIDDLESEX, ss., April 25, 1775.

"The above-named John Parker personally appeared, and, after being duly cautioned to tell the whole truth, made solemn oath to the truth of the above deposition by him subscribed before us.

"WILLIAM REED,
"JOSHUA JOHNSON,
"WILLIAM STICKNEY,
"Justices of the Peace."

That is the way those people went to war. They fought one day; and then they made depositions to secure the truth of history. Henry Clay was greatly amused when Dr. Palfrey, our New England historian, told him of these depositions. He heard the story in some detail, and then said, "Tell me that again."

But they did not stop for depositions then. The militia retired: some here, some there. The English troops fired a volley on the Common, and gave three cheers. Colonel Smith came up with the main party; and they all pressed on to Concord. Two of their party had been wounded. Major Pitcairn's horse was struck by a ball; and, after the column left Lexington, six of the regulars were taken prisoners. The musket of one of them is in the State House to-day.

Meanwhile the Concord militia had the alarm, and had formed. The minute-men and some of the militia from Lincoln, the next town, had joined them. Some of the companies marched down the Lexington road till they saw the approaching column. They saw they were outnumbered; and they fell back to a hill about eighty rods' distance back of the town, where they formed. Colonel Barrett, their commander, joined them here. He had been at work that day executing such commands as these, given by the Committee of Safety the day before. They are worth looking back upon as illustrations of the preparations of these days: —

"April 18, 1775.

"*Voted,* That part of the provisions be removed from Concord; viz., fifty barrels of beef from thence to Sudbury, with Deacon Plympton, a hundred barrels of

flour (of which what is in the malt-house in Concord be part) twenty casks of rice, fifteen hogsheads of molasses, ten hogsheads of rum, five hundred candles.

. . . .

"*Voted*, That the musket-balls under the care of Colonel Barrett be buried under ground in some safe place; that he be desired to do it, and to let the commissary only be informed thereof."

Still finding himself outnumbered, Colonel Barrett then withdrew his force over the North Bridge to the other side of Concord River; and the little English army marched into the town.

Three of their companies were stationed at the bridge: three companies were sent to Colonel Barrett's house, two miles distant, to destroy the magazine. Did they find the musket bullets? No. Another party was sent to the South Bridge. In the center of the town they broke off the trunnions of three new cannon, destroyed what stores they could find, among others some wooden spoons and trenchers, which appear quite conspicuously in all the accounts. But from all such work all parties were called by firing at the North Bridge.

All this time, minute-men from all parts of Middlesex County had been pouring in on the high grounds where Colonel Barrett had formed his men. They saw at last that the troops had fired the town, in one place and another. The court-house was on fire. Captain William Smith, of Lincoln, volunteered to take his company and dislodge the guard at the bridge. Isaac Davis, of the Acton company, made the remark, which has become a proverb, "There is not a man of my company that is

afraid to go." Colonel Barrett ordered the attack, bade the column pass the bridge, but not to fire unless they were fired upon. Again the passion for law appeared: "It is the king's highway, and we have a right to march upon it, if we march to Boston. Forward, march!" They marched to the air of the "White Cockade," the quickest step their fifes could play.

Laurie, in command of the English party, crossed back on the bridge, and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick, who commanded the attacking party, hurried his men. When they were within a few rods, the English fired, in three several discharges. Mr. Emerson, the minister of Concord (the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson), watched the scene, and made his record on that day. Three several discharges were made by the English; and Mr. Emerson "was very uneasy till the fire was returned." Isaac Davis, the Acton captain, and Abner Hosmer were killed; and then Major Buttrick gave the order to fire. The English retired. The Provincials crossed the bridge and part of them ascended the bold hill, which visitors to Concord remember behind the meeting-house on the right of the town. The English party under Parsons returned from Barrett's, and crossed the bridge again; but they were left to join the main body without offense.

One English soldier had been killed and several wounded. Colonel Smith delayed his return till he could find carriages for his wounded; and it was noon before he began his return. Meanwhile, north, south, east, and west, couriers had been speeding, announcing that the Lexington militia had been fired on. The minute-men, the county through, had started on their march. They

did not know what point to strike. They did not know what they were to do when they came there. But they marched: they were determined to be in time; and in time they were. The populous country between Boston and Concord was in arms. The men knew every inch of ground, and, after they had had their shot at the regulars in one place, ran across country and tried them in another. "They are trained to protect themselves behind stone walls," wrote General Gage to the ministry. "They seemed to drop from the clouds," says an English soldier. Poor Smith and his party, after thirty miles of tramping, came back to Lexington Common, in no mood for giving three huzzas there. They made quick marching of it, and were there by two in the afternoon. They left Concord at noon.

"A number of our officers were wounded," says Berniere; "so that we began to run rather than retreat in order. The whole behaved with amazing bravery, but little order."

Here Percy met them with his late reinforcement; here they rested, and then resumed the retreat, to receive just the same treatment in every defile. At West Cambridge, the Danvers company, the flank company of the Essex regiment, had come up. Fifteen miles they had marched in four hours, across Essex County. It was sunset before the head of such of the column as was left crossed Charlestown Neck. All Boston was on Beacon Hill, watching for their return. Through the gathering twilight, men could see from the hill the flashes of the muskets on Milk Row; and Percy had to unlimber his field-pieces, and bring them into use again. It was at West Cambridge that Dr. Warren so exposed himself

that a pin was struck out of the hair of his earlock. General Heath was by this time exercising some sort of command. Late in the afternoon, when the head of the English column had arrived at Bunker Hill, an aide of Pickering's rode up to Heath, to announce that the Essex regiment was close behind him. Danvers had gone across country: the rest of the regiment had marched direct to Boston. Heath judged that it was too late for any further attack. The English, on their side, planted sentries at the Neck. Heath planted them on the other side, and ordered the militia to lie on their arms at Cambridge.

But, long before this, the news of the march had traveled north and west and south. The memory of the rider "on the white horse" is still told in tradition, reminding one, as Governor Washburn has said, of the white horse in the Revelation. The march and retreat were on Wednesday. On Sunday morning they had a rumor of it in New York; and on Tuesday they had a second express from New England with quite a connected story. This story was so definite that they ventured to send it south by express as they received it from New Haven. To Elizabethtown, to Woodbridge, to New Brunswick, to Princeton, it flew as fast as horses could carry it. The indorsements by the different committees show their eager haste. It was in Baltimore on the 27th. It was in Georgetown, South Carolina, on the 10th of May.

It told how the king's troops were besieged on Winter Hill; how Lord Percy was killed, and another general officer of the English, on the first fire. "To counterbalance this good news, the story is, that our first man in

command (who he is, I know not) is also killed." No man has since known who "our first man in command" was. There was no commander all day long.

The dispatch was all untrue. But it told of war, and it fired the whole country. On the 20th of April an army was around Boston, and the siege had begun.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE

[1775]

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

'T IS like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls;"
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what 's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute" —
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and
his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking
stair,
Just across the narrow river — O, so close it made me
shiver! —
Stood a fortress on the hilltop that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood
behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stub-
born walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE
HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode
sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on
the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked
around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting, —
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tipple), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war)
before, —
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor: —

"O! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's
shillin's,
But ye 'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they 're as safe as
Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you 've splintered
with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh
breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry
railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against
a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, —
nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke wreath — then a
crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is
rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it
breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat —
it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old
soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak, we shook so), —
"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? ARE they
beaten?" — "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our
error;
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo, the roofs of Charlestown
blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be
down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn! we can see each
massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or
asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the
foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork
they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the omi-
nous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of
the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to
the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of
Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their
barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over
now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would
ask:

"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more, I guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" — then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is done;"
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their bagonets fixed for storming:
It's the death-grip that's a coming, — they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks
over a deck;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I
fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair:
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps
were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was
bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN!
hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and
dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place
from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle and had left him
at our door,

He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our brave
fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying
soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered
round him crying, —
And they said, "O how they'll miss him!" and, "What
will his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has
been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — and — I saw his
eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you're winking!" — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a
— mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked,
and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant
summer weather;
— "Please to tell us what his name was?" — Just your
own, my little dear, —
There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well
acquainted,
That — in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you
children all are here!

WHEN WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND

[1775]

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

["Without any serious opposition, in the name of the 'United Colonies,' the Congress adopted the army of New England men besieging Boston as the 'Continental Army,' and proceeded to appoint a commander-in-chief to direct its operations. Practically, this was the most important step taken in the whole course of the War of Independence. Nothing less than the whole issue of the struggle, for ultimate defeat or for ultimate victory, turned upon the selection to be made at this crisis. . . . The choice of Washington for commander-in-chief was suggested and strongly urged by John Adams, and when, on the 15th of June, the nomination was formally made by Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, it was unanimously confirmed. Then Washington, rising, said with great earnestness: 'Since the Congress desire, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.' He refused to take any pay for his services, but said he would keep an accurate account of his personal expenses, which Congress might reimburse, should it see fit, after the close of the war."

John Fiske.]

On June 21, he set forth accompanied by Lee and Schuyler, and with a brilliant escort. He had ridden but twenty miles when he was met by the news of Bunker Hill. "Did the militia fight?" was the immediate and

characteristic question; and being told that they did fight, he exclaimed, "Then the liberties of the country are safe." Given the fighting spirit, Washington felt he could do anything. Full of this important intelligence, he pressed forward to Newark, where he was received by a committee of the Provincial Congress, sent to conduct the commander-in-chief to New York. There he tarried long enough to appoint Schuyler to the charge of the military affairs in that colony, having mastered on the the journey its complicated social and political conditions. Pushing on through Connecticut he reached Watertown, where he was received by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, on July 2, with every expression of attachment and confidence. Lingering less than an hour for this ceremony, he rode on to the headquarters at Cambridge, and when he came within the lines the shouts of the soldiers and the booming of cannon announced his arrival to the English in Boston.

The next day he rode forth in the presence of a great multitude, and the troops having been drawn up before him, he drew his sword beneath the historical elm tree, and took command of the first American army. "His Excellency," wrote Dr. Thatcher in his journal, "was on horseback in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well-proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic." "He is tall and of easy and agreeable address," the Loyalist Curwen had remarked a few weeks before; while Mrs. John Adams, warm-hearted and clever, wrote to her husband after the general's arrival: "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably

blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me, —

> 'Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
> His soul's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.'"

Lady, lawyer, and surgeon, patriot, and Tory, all speak alike, and as they wrote so New England felt. A slave-owner, an aristocrat, and a Churchman, Washington came to Cambridge to pass over the heads of native generals to the command of a New England army, among a democratic people, hard-working and simple in their lives, and dissenters to the backbone, who regarded Episcopacy as something little short of Papistry and quite equivalent to Toryism. Yet the shout that went up from soldiers and people in Cambridge Common on that pleasant July morning came from the heart and had no jarring note. A few of the political chiefs growled a little in later days at Washington, but the soldiers and the people, high and low, rich and poor, gave him an unstinted loyalty. On the fields of battle and throughout eight years of political strife the men of New England stood by the great Virginian with a devotion and truth in which was no shadow of turning. Here again we see exhibited most conspicuously the powerful personality of the man who was able thus to command immediately the allegiance of this naturally cold and reserved people. What was it that they saw that inspired them at once with so much confidence? They looked upon a tall, handsome man, dressed in plain uniform, wearing across his breast a broad blue

band of silk, which some may have noticed as the badge and symbol of a certain solemn league and covenant once very momentous in the English-speaking world. They saw his calm, high bearing, and in every line of face and figure they beheld the signs of force and courage. Yet there must have been something more to call forth the confidence then so quickly given, and which no one ever long withheld. All felt dimly, but none the less surely, that here was a strong, able man, capable of rising to the emergency, whatever it might be, capable of continued growth and development, clear of head and warm of heart; and so the New England people gave to him instinctively their sympathy and their faith, and never took them back.

The shouts and cheers died away, and then Washington returned to his temporary quarters in the Wadsworth House, to master the task before him. The first great test of his courage and ability had come, and he faced it quietly as the excitement caused by his arrival passed by. He saw before him, to use his own words, "a mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline, order, or government." In the language of one of his aides: "The entire army, if it deserved the name, was but an assemblage of brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined, country lads; the officers in general quite as ignorant of military life as the troops, excepting a few elderly men, who had seen some irregular service among the Provincials under Lord Amherst." With this force, ill-posted and very insecurely fortified, Washington was to drive the British from Boston. His first step was to count his men, and it took eight days to get the necessary returns, which in an ordinary army would have been

furnished in an hour. When he had them, he found that instead of twenty thousand, as had been represented, but fourteen thousand soldiers were actually present for duty. In a short time, however, Mr. Emerson, the chaplain, noted in his diary that it was surprising how much had been done, and that the lines had been so extended, and the works so shrewdly built, that it was morally impossible for the enemy to get out except in one place purposely left open. A little later the same observer remarked: "There is a great overturning in the camp as to order and regularity; new lords, new laws. The Generals Washington and Lee are upon the lines every day. The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers." Bodies of troops scattered here and there by chance were replaced by well-distributed forces, posted wisely and effectively in strong intrenchments. It is little wonder that the worthy chaplain was impressed, and now, seeing it all from every side, we too can watch order come out of chaos and mark the growth of an army under the guidance of a master-mind and the steady pressure of an unbending will.

Then too there was no discipline, for the army was composed of raw militia, who elected their officers and carried on war as they pleased. In a passage suppressed by Mr. Sparks, Washington said: "There is no such thing as getting officers of this stamp to carry orders into execution — to curry favor with the men (by whom they were chosen, and on whose smile they may possibly think that they may again rely) seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention. I have made a pretty good slam amongst such kind of officers as the

Massachusetts Government abounds in, since I came into this camp, having broke one colonel and two captains for cowardly behavior in the action on Bunker Hill, two captains for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their company, and one for being absent from his post when the enemy appeared there and burnt a house just by it. Besides these I have at this time one colonel, one major, one captain, and two subalterns under arrest for trial. In short, I spare none, and yet fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too attentive to everything but their own interests." This may be plain and homely in phrase, but it is not stilted, and the quick energy of the words shows how the New England farmers and fishermen were being rapidly brought to discipline. Bringing the army into order, however, was but a small part of his duties. It is necessary to run over all his difficulties, great and small, at this time, and count them up, in order to gain a just idea of the force and capacity of the man who overcame them.

Washington, moreover, was obliged to deal not only with his army, but with the General Congress and the Congress of the Province. He had to teach them, utterly ignorant as they were of the needs and details of war, how to organize and supply their armies. There was no commissary department, there were no uniforms, no arrangements for ammunition, no small arms, no cannon, no resources to draw upon for all these necessaries of war. Little by little he taught Congress to provide after a fashion for these things, little by little he developed what he needed, and by his own ingenuity, and by seizing alertly every suggestion from others, he

supplied for better or worse one deficiency after another. He had to deal with various governors and various colonies, each with its prejudices, jealousies, and shortcomings. He had to arrange for new levies from a people unused to war, and to settle with infinite anxiety and much wear and tear of mind and body, the conflict as to rank among officers to whom he could apply no test but his own insight. He had to organize and stimulate the arming of privateers, which, by preying on British commerce, were destined to exercise such a powerful influence on the fate of the war. It was neither showy nor attractive, such work as this, but it was very vital, and it was done.

HOW FORT MOULTRIE WAS HELD FOR THE COLONIES

[1776]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

On the morning of the 28th [of June, 1776] a gentle sea-breeze prognosticated the attack. Lee, from Charleston, for the tenth or eleventh time, charged Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, promised him reinforcements, which were never sent, and still meditated removing him from his command; while Moultrie, whose faculties, under the outward show of imperturbable and even indolent calm, were strained to their utmost tension, rode to visit his advanced guard on the east. Here the commander, William Thomson, of Orangeburg, of Irish descent, a native of Pennsylvania, but from childhood a citizen of South Carolina, a man of rare worth in private life, brave and intelligent as an officer, had, at the extreme point, posted fifty of the militia behind sand-hills and myrtle bushes. A few hundred yards in the rear breastworks had been thrown up, which he guarded with three hundred riflemen of his own regiment from Orangeburg and its neighborhood, with two hundred of Clark's North Carolina [regiment] under Horry; and the raccoon company of riflemen. On his left he was protected by a morass; on his right by one eighteen-pounder and one brass six-pounder, which overlooked the spot where Clinton would wish to land.

Seeing the enemy's boats already in motion on the

THE DEFENSE OF FORT MOULTRIE

THE DEFENSE OF FORT MOULTRIE

BY E. PERCY MORAN

(*American artist*, 1862)

In the autumn of 1775, King George himself set to work to plan a campaign, which Sir Henry Clinton was to carry out. It seemed very easy — on paper. General Clinton was to issue a proclamation pardoning all but the leaders of the rebels, provided they did not "refuse to give satisfactory tests of their obedience." He was to go from North Carolina to either South Carolina or Virginia, conquering as he went. He heard that the colonists were putting up some fortifications on Sullivan's Island, and he decided to attack these. It was written in the king's plan that the British land forces were to aid him; but they failed utterly, and the fleet was shattered. The defense of the fort was steady and brilliant, and the fort stood.

The story of the illustration, the exploit of Sergeant William Jasper, is told in the following selection.

The value to the colonists of this repulse of the British was very great. As Bancroft says: "It kept seven regiments away from New York for two months; it gave security to Georgia, and three years' peace to Carolina; it dispelled throughout the South the dread of British superiority; it drove the loyalists into shameful obscurity. It was an announcement to the other colonies of the existence of South Carolina as a self-directing republic; a message of brotherhood and union."

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beach of Long Island, and the men-of-war loosing their topsails, Moultrie hurried back to his fort at full speed. He ordered the long roll to beat, and officers and men to their posts. His whole number, including himself and officers, was four hundred and thirty-five; of whom twenty-two were of the artillery, the rest of his own regiment; men who were bound to each other, to their officers, and to him, by personal affection and confidence. Next to him in command was Isaac Motte; his major was the fearless and faultless Francis Marion. The fort was a square, with a bastion at each angle; built of palmetto logs, dove-tailed and bolted together, and laid in parallel rows sixteen feet asunder, with sand filled in between the rows. On the eastern and northern sides the palmetto wall was only seven feet high, but it was surmounted by thick plank, so as to be tenable against a scaling party; a traverse of sand extended from east to west. The southern and western curtains were finished with their platforms, on which cannon were mounted. The standard which was advanced to the southeast bastion, displayed a flag of blue with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned LIBERTY. The whole number of cannon in the fort, the bastions, and the two cavaliers, was but thirty-one, of which no more than twenty-one could at the same time be brought into use; of ammunition there were but twenty-eight rounds for twenty-six cannon. At Haddrell's Point across the bay Armstrong had about fifteen hundred men. The first regular South Carolina regiment, under Christopher Gadsden, occupied Fort Johnson, which stood on the most northerly part of James Island, about three miles from Charleston, and within point-blank shot of the

channel. Charleston was protected by more than two thousand men.

Half an hour after nine in the morning, the commodore gave signal to Clinton that he should go on the attack. An hour later the ships-of-war were under way. Gadsden, Cotesworth Pinckney, and the rest at Fort Johnson watched all their movements; in Charleston the wharfs and waterside along the bay were crowded with troops under arms and lookers-on. Their adversary must be foiled, or their city may perish; their houses be sacked and burned; and the savages on the frontier start from their lurking-places. No grievous oppressions weighed down the industry of South Carolina; she came forth to the struggle from generous sympathy; and now the battle is to be fought for her chief city and the province.

The Thunderbomb, covered by the Friendship, began the action by throwing shells, which it continued, till more than sixty were discharged; of these some burst in the air; one lighted on the magazine without doing injury; the rest sank in the morass, or were buried in the sand within the fort. At about a quarter to eleven, the Active, of twenty-eight guns, disregarding four or five shots fired at her while under sail; the Bristol, with fifty guns, having on board Sir Peter Parker and Lord William Campbell, the governor; the Experiment, also of fifty guns; and the Solebay, of twenty-eight, brought up within about three hundred and fifty yards of the fort, let go their anchors with springs upon their cables, and began a most furious cannonade. Every sailor expected that two broadsides would end the strife; but the soft, fibrous, spongy wood of the palmetto withstood

the rapid fire, and neither split, nor splintered, nor started; and the parapet was high enough to protect the men on the platforms. When broadsides from three or four of the men-of-war struck the logs at the same instant, the shock gave the merlons a tremor, but the pile remained uninjured. Moultrie had but one tenth as many guns as were brought to bear on him, and was moreover obliged to stint the use of powder. His guns accordingly were fired very slowly, the officers taking aim, and waiting always for the smoke to clear away, that they might point with more precision. "Mind the commodore, mind the fifty-gun ships," were the words that passed along the platform from officers and men.

"Shall I send for more powder?" asked Moultrie of Motte.

"To be sure," said Motte.

And Moultrie wrote to Lee: "I believe we shall want more powder. At the rate we go on, I think we shall; but you can see that. Pray send us more, if you think proper."

More vessels were seen coming up, and cannon were heard from the northeast. Clinton had promised support; not knowing what else to do, he directed the batteries on Long Island to open a cannonade; and several shells were thrown into Thomson's intrenchments, doing no damage beyond wounding one soldier. The firing was returned by Thomson with his one eighteen-pounder; but, from the distance, with little effect.

At twelve o'clock the light infantry, grenadiers, and the Fifteenth Regiment embarked in boats, while floating batteries and armed craft got under way to cover the landing; but the troops never so much as once

attempted to land. The detachments had hardly left Long Island before it was ordered to disembark, for it was seen that "the landing was impracticable, and would have been the destruction of many brave men without the least probability of success." The American defenses were so well constructed, the approach so difficult, Thomson so vigilant, his men such skillful sharpshooters, that had the British landed, they would have been cut to pieces. "It was impossible," says Clinton, "to decide positively upon any plan"; and he did nothing.

An attack on Haddrell's Point would have been still more desperate; though the commodore, at Clinton's request, sent three frigates to coöperate with him in that design. The people of Charleston, as they looked from the battery with senses quickened by the nearness of danger, beheld the Sphinx, the Acteon, and the Syren, each of twenty-eight guns, sailing as if to get between Haddrell's Point and the fort, so as to enfilade the works, and when the rebels should be driven from them, to cut off their retreat. It was a moment of danger, for the fort on that side was unfinished; but the pilots kept too far to the south, so that they ran all the three upon a bank of sand, known as the Lower Middle Ground. Gladdened by seeing the frigates thus entangled, the beholders in the town were swayed alternately by fears and hopes; the armed inhabitants stood every one at his post, uncertain but that they might be called to immediate action, hardly daring to believe that Moultrie's small and ill-furnished garrison could beat off the squadron, when behold! his flag disappears from their eyes. Fearing that his colors had been struck, they prepared to

meet the invaders at the water's edge, trusting in Providence and preferring death to slavery.

In the fort, William Jasper, a sergeant, perceived that the flag had been cut down by a ball from the enemy, and had fallen over the ramparts.

"Colonel," said he to Moultrie, "don't let us fight without a flag."

"What can you do?" asked Moultrie; "the staff is broken off."

"Then," said Jasper, "I'll fix it on a halberd, and place it on the merlon of the bastion next the enemy." And leaping through an embrasure, and braving the thickest fire from the ship, he took up the flag, returned with it safely and planted it, as he had promised, on the summit of the merlon.

The calm sea gleamed with light; the almost vertical sun of midsummer glared from a cloudless sky; and the intense heat was increased by the blaze from the cannon on the platform. All of the garrison threw off their coats during the action, and some were nearly naked. Moultrie and several of the officers smoked their pipes as they gave their orders. The defense was conducted within sight of those whose watchfulness was to them the most animating: they knew that their movements were observed from the house-tops of Charleston; by the veteran Armstrong, and the little army at Haddrell's Point; by Gadsden at Fort Johnson, who was almost near enough to take part in the engagement, and was chafing with discontent at not being himself in the center of danger. Exposed to an incessant cannonade, which seemed sufficient to daunt the bravest veterans, they stuck to their guns with the greatest constancy.

Hit by a ball which entered through an embrasure, Macdaniel cried out to his brother soldiers: "I am dying, but don't let the cause of liberty expire with me this day."

The slow, intermittent fire which was skillfully directed against the commodore and the brave seamen on board the Bristol, shattered that ship and carried wounds and death. Never had a British squadron "experienced so rude an encounter." Neither the tide nor the wind suffered them to retire. Once the springs on the cables of the Bristol were swept away; as she swung round with her stern toward the fort, she drew upon herself the fire of all the guns that could be brought to bear upon her. The slaughter was dreadful; of all who in the beginning of the action were stationed on her quarter-deck, not one escaped being killed or wounded. At one moment, it is said, the commodore stood there alone, an example of unsurpassed intrepidity and firmness. Morris, his captain, having his forearm shattered by a chainshot, and also receiving a wound in his neck, was taken into the cockpit; but after submitting to amputation, he insisted on being carried on the quarter-deck once more, where he resumed the command, and continued it, till he was shot through the body, when, feeling dissolution near, he commended his family to the providence of God, and the generosity of his country. Meanwhile the eyes of the commodore and of all on board his fleet were "frequently and impatiently" and vainly turned toward the army. If the troops would but coöperate, he was sure of gaining the island; for at about one o'clock he believed that he had silenced the guns of the rebels, and that the fort was on the point of being evacuated. "If this were so," Clinton afterward asked

him, "why did you not take possession of the fort, with the seamen and marines whom you practiced for the purpose?" And Parker's rejoinder was, that he had no prospect of speedy support from Clinton. But the pause was owing to the scarcity of powder, of which the little that remained to Moultrie was reserved for the musketry as a defense against an expected attack from the land forces. Lee should have replenished his stock; but in the heat of the action Moultrie received from him this letter: "If you should unfortunately expend your ammunition without beating off the enemy or driving them on ground, spike your guns and retreat."

A little later, a better gift and a better message came from Rutledge, now at Charleston: "I send you five hundred pounds of powder. You know our collection is not very great. Honor and victory to you and our worthy countrymen with you. Do not make too free with your cannon. Be cool and do mischief." These five hundred pounds of powder, with two hundred pounds from a schooner lying at the back of the fort, were all the supplies that Moultrie received. At three in the afternoon, Lee, on a report from his aide-de-camp Byrd, sent Muhlenberg's Virginia riflemen to reinforce Thomson. A little before five, Moultrie was able to renew his fire. At about five, the marines in the ships' tops, seeing a lieutenant with eight or ten men remove the heavy barricade from the gateway to the fort, thought that Moultrie and his party were about to retreat; but the gateway was unbarred to receive a visit from Lee. The officers half-naked, and begrimed with the day's work, respectfully laid down their pipes as he drew near. The general himself pointed two or three

guns, after which he said to Moultrie, "Colonel, I see you are doing very well here, you have no occasion for me, I will go up to town again." And thus he left the fort.

When at a few minutes past seven the sun went down in a blaze of light, the battle was still raging, though the British showed signs of weariness. The inhabitants of Charleston, whom the evening sea-breeze collected on the battery, could behold the flag of crescent liberty still proudly waving; and they continued gazing anxiously, till the short twilight was suddenly merged in the deep darkness of a Southern night, when nothing was seen but continued flashes, followed by peals as it were of thunder coming out from a heavy cloud. Many thousand shot were fired from the shipping, and hardly a hut or a tree on the island remained unhurt; but the works were very little damaged, and only one gun was silenced. The firing from the fort continued slowly; and the few shot they were able to send were heard to strike against the ships' timbers. Just after nine o'clock, a great part of his ammunition being expended in a cannonade of about ten hours, his people fatigued, the Bristol and the Experiment nearly wrecks, the tide of ebb almost done, with no prospect of help from the army at the eastward, and no possibility of being of any further service, Sir Peter Parker resolved to withdraw. At half-past nine his ships slipped their cables, and dropped down with the tide to their previous moorings.

Of the four hundred and thirty-five Americans in the fort, who took part in this action, all but eleven remained alive, and of these but twenty-six were wounded. At so small a cost of life had Charleston been defended and a province saved.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

[1776]

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

When the patriots in Congress looked back upon the few battles that had yet taken place, they could feel that the Americans had begun well. Dr. Franklin, who was always cheerful and hopeful, described their situation in this way, in a letter to a friend in England: "Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed a hundred and fifty Yankees in this campaign, which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and at Bunker Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time, sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these *data*, Dr. Price's mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory." This remark was printed in all the American papers, and was very encouraging. But Dr. Franklin and all the wise men knew in their hearts that the Americans were unaccustomed to military discipline, that there was great jealousy between the different colonies, and that many of the richest and most influential men were entirely opposed to separating from the mother-country. Washington himself said, "When I first took command of the army, I abhorred the idea of independence; but I am fully convinced that nothing else will save us." That was the feeling with which the Continental

Congress came together to consider whether independence should be declared. And the people at large were becoming gradually prepared to support such a declaration, especially those who had read a book called "Common Sense," by Thomas Paine, which had been circulated very widely through the country, and undoubtedly did more than any other book toward convincing the Americans that the time for separation had come.

The leading colony at that time was Virginia; while Massachusetts and Pennsylvania came next in order. So it was thought best that the first proposal of independence should come from Virginia, and that it should be seconded from Massachusetts. On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved these resolutions: —

"That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be prepared, and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation."

They were seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts. The first discussion of them showed that though the members generally were in favor of independence, yet there were some who thought the nation not ready for it. So it was decided to postpone further discussion to the 1st of July. In the mean while, it was thought, the

people of the colonies would show whether they were ready for independence or not. And show it very clearly they did. Before the end of that month, the people of every colony but one had either held meetings, and voted that they wished for independence, or else had instructed their delegates to vote for it; and, when the subject came up on the appointed day, New York was the only colony that did not vote to declare independence; and even New York did not vote against it.

During this time of delay, a committee had been appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence, to be used, if necessary. This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. The Declaration was written by Thomas Jefferson; though a very few verbal changes were made by Adams and Franklin, which may still be seen, in their handwriting, on the original document. There was a long discussion in the Congress; and the Declaration was debated and criticized, word by word, and sometimes very severely attacked. During this attack, John Adams was its chief defender; while Jefferson, who had written it, did not say a word. He says in his journal, "During the debate I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who observed that I was writhing a little under the acrimonious criticism of some of its parts; and it was on that occasion, that, by way of comfort, he told me the story of John Thompson the hatter, and his new sign." This was a story — told, also, by Dr. Franklin in his "Autobiography" — in regard to a man who was about opening a shop for hats, and who proposed to have a

sign-board with a hat painted on it, and the inscription, "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats." But almost every word of this inscription met with objection from somebody, as being unnecessary; and at last it was reduced to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat. It was thus that Franklin amused Jefferson during the anxious hours when this most important measure was under discussion.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776, though it was not signed until some weeks later. When the members of Congress came up to sign, Dr. Franklin was still ready with his cheerful wit. John Hancock, who headed it, said to the others, "We must be unanimous: there must be no pulling different ways: we must all hang together." — "Yes," said Franklin, "we must all hang together, or else we shall all hang separately." We can imagine how they all may have laughed at this. But it was really a dangerous responsibility that they were taking; and no doubt there were some anxious hearts even among those who laughed.

But at last the great Declaration was adopted, without being much altered. The principal change was in striking out a passage which condemned the King of England for his support of the slave trade more severely than some of the Southern members approved. In its final form it was adopted by twelve colonies; New York still declining to vote. It had been privately resolved, that, when it was passed, the bell of the old State House should be rung. This was a bell which had been put up some twenty years before, and which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." So the old bell-ringer placed his

little boy at the hall door to await the signal of the doorkeeper; and, when independence was declared at last, the doorkeeper gave the signal, and the boy ran out, exclaiming, "Ring, ring, ring!" Then the bell rang out joyfully, proclaiming liberty to all the land. There were rejoicings everywhere; and the Declaration was read to each brigade in the army. This is the way the "Pennsylvania Journal" described the excitement: —

"This afternoon [July 10] the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental Army posted at and in the vicinity of New York. It was received everywhere with loud huzzas, and the utmost demonstrations of joy; and to-night the equestrian statue of George III, which Tory pride and folly raised in the year 1770, has, by the Sons of Freedom, been laid prostrate in the dirt, — the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant."

This was the courageous feeling with which the Declaration of Independence was received. Yet at this very time the enterprise seemed so daring and the condition of the American army was so poor, that Adjutant-General Reed, who, from his position, knew the state of military affairs better than any one else, had written this a few days before, "Every man, from the general to the private, acquainted with our true situation, is exceedingly discouraged. Had I known the true position of affairs, no consideration would have tempted me to take an active part in this scene."

NATHAN HALE

[1776]

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH

[In September, 1776, the British forces were encamped near Brooklyn, and it was of the utmost importance to Washington to get information about their numbers and the arrangement of their camp. Captain Nathan Hale, a young man of twenty-one, volunteered to enter their lines. He disguised himself as a Loyalist schoolmaster and got the information; but when about to return, he was captured and hanged under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. His last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The Editor.]

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
  A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
  In a moment he must die.

By the starlight and moonlight,
  He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
  And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
  His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
  He scans the tented line;

And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
But on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

HOW LAFAYETTE CAME TO AMERICA

[1777]

BY EDWARD EVERETT

In the summer of 1776, and just after the American Declaration of Independence, Lafayette was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town on the road from Paris to the German frontier, with the regiment to which he was attached, as a captain of dragoons, not then nineteen years of age. The Duke of Gloucester, the brother of the King of England, happened to be on a visit to Metz, and a dinner was given to him by the commandant of the garrison. Lafayette was invited, with other officers, to the entertainment. Dispatches had just been received by the Duke from England, relating to American affairs, — the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the ministers to crush the rebellion. Among the details stated by the Duke of Gloucester was the extraordinary fact, that these remote, scattered, and unprotected settlers of the wilderness *had solemnly declared themselves an Independent People.* That word decided the fortunes of the enthusiastic listener; and not more distinctly was the great Declaration a charter of political liberty to the rising states, than it was a commission to their youthful champion to devote his life to the sacred cause.

The details which he heard were new to him. The American contest was known to him before, but as a rebellion, — a tumultuary affair in a remote trans-

atlantic colony. He now, with a promptness of perception, which, even at this distance of time, strikes us as little less than miraculous, addressed a multitude of inquiries to the Duke of Gloucester on the subject of the contest. His imagination was kindled at the idea of a civilized people struggling for political liberty. His heart was warmed with the possibility of drawing his sword in a good cause. Before he left the table, his course was mentally resolved on; and the brother of the King of England (unconsciously, no doubt), had the singular fortune to enlist, from the French court and the French army, this gallant and fortunate champion in the then unpromising cause of the Colonial Congress.

He immediately repaired to Paris, to make further inquiries and arrangements toward the execution of his great plan. He confided it to two young friends, officers like himself, the Count Ségur and Viscount de Noailles, and proposed to them to join him. They shared his enthusiasm and determined to accompany him, but on consulting their families, they were refused permission. But they faithfully kept Lafayette's secret. Happily, shall I say, he was an orphan — independent of control, and master of his own fortune, amounting to near forty thousand dollars per annum.

He next opened his heart to Count de Broglie, a marshal in the French army. To the experienced warrior, accustomed to the regular campaigns of European service, the project seemed rash and quixotic, and one which he could not countenance. Lafayette begged the count at least not to betray him; — as he was resolved (notwithstanding his disapproval of the project) — to go to America. This the count promised, adding, however,

"I saw your uncle fall in Italy, and I witnessed your father's death, at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family." He then used all the powers of argument which his age and experience suggested to him to dissuade Lafayette from the enterprise, but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, he made him acquainted with the Baron de Kalb, who — the count knew — was about to embark for America, — an officer of experience and merit, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Camden.

The Baron de Kalb introduced Lafayette to Silas Deane, then agent of the United States in France, who explained to him the state of affairs in America, and encouraged him in his project. Deane was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and of manners somewhat repulsive. A less enthusiastic temper than that of Lafayette might have been somewhat chilled by the style of his intercourse. He had as yet not been acknowledged in any public capacity; and was beset by the spies of the British Ambassador. For these reasons, it was judged expedient that the visit of Lafayette should not be repeated, and their further negotiations were conducted through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael, an American gentleman, at that time in Paris. The arrangement was at length concluded, in virtue of which Deane took upon himself, without authority, but by a happy exercise of discretion, to engage Lafayette to enter the American service, with the rank of major-general. A vessel was about to be dispatched with arms, and other supplies for the American army, and in this vessel it was settled that he should take passage.

At this juncture the news reached France of the evacuation of New York, the loss of Fort Washington, the calamitous retreat through New Jersey, and the other disasters of the campaign of 1776. The friends of America in France were in despair. The tidings, bad in themselves, were greatly exaggerated in the British gazettes. The plan of sending an armed vessel with munitions was abandoned. The cause, always doubtful, was now pronounced desperate; and Lafayette was urged by all who were privy to his project to give up an enterprise so wild and hopeless. Even our commissioners (for Deane had been joined by Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee) told him they could not in conscience urge him to proceed. His answer was, "My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing motive with me, but now I see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies I know are greatly wanted by Congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America, and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage."

Yes, fellow citizens, that I may repeat an exclamation, uttered ten years ago by him who has now the honor to address you, in the presence of an immense multitude, who welcomed "the Nation's Guest" to the academic shades of Harvard, and by them received with acclamations of approval and tears of gratitude; — when he was told by our commissioners, — "that they did not possess the means nor the credit of procuring a single vessel in all the ports of France, then exclaimed the gallant and generous youth, "I will provide my own"; and it is a literal fact, that when our beloved country was too poor to offer him so much as a passage

to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, and of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

In pursuance of the generous purpose thus conceived, the secretary of the Count de Broglie was employed by Lafayette, to purchase and fit out a vessel at Bordeaux; and while these preparations were in train, with a view of averting suspicion from his movements, and passing the tedious interval of delay, he made a visit with a relative, to his kinsman, the Marquis de Noailles, then the French Ambassador in London. During their stay in Great Britain, they were treated with kindness by the king and persons of rank; but having, after a lapse of three weeks, learned that his vessel was ready at Bordeaux, Lafayette suddenly returned to France. This visit was of service to the youthful adventurer, in furnishing him an opportunity to improve himself in the English language; but beyond this, a nice sense of honor forbade him from making use of the opportunity, which it afforded, for obtaining military information that could be of utility to the American army. So far did he carry this scruple that he declined visiting the naval establishment at Portsmouth.

On his return to France, he did not even visit Paris; but after three days passed at Passy, the residence of Dr. Franklin, he hastened to Bordeaux. Arrived at this place, he found that his vessel was not yet ready; and had the still greater mortification to learn, that the spies of the British Ambassador had penetrated his designs, and made them known to the family of Lafayette, and to the king, from whom an order for his arrest was daily expected. Unprepared as his ship was, he instantly sailed

in her to Passage, the nearest port in Spain, where he proposed to wait for the vessel's papers. Scarcely had he arrived in that harbor, when he was encountered by two officers, with letters from his family, and from the ministers, and a royal order directing him to join his father-in-law at Marseilles. The ministers' letters reprimanded him for violating his oath of allegiance and failing in his duty to his king. Lafayette, in some of his letters to his friends about court, replied to this remark that the ministers might chide him with failing in his duty to the king when they learned to discharge theirs to the people. His family censured him for his desertion of his domestic duties; — but his heroic wife, instead of joining in the reproach, shared his enthusiasm and encouraged his enterprise. He was obliged to return with the officers to Bordeaux, and report himself to the commandant. While there, and engaged in communicating with his family and the court, in explanation and defense of his conduct, he learned from a friend at Paris that a positive prohibition of his departure might be expected from the king. No further time was to be lost, and no middle course pursued. He feigned a willingness to yield to the wishes of his family, and started as for Marseilles with one of the officers who was to accompany him to America. Scarcely had they left the city of Bordeaux when he assumed the dress of a courier, mounted a horse, and rode forward to procure relays. They soon quitted the road to Marseilles, and struck into that which leads to Spain. On reaching Bayonne, they were detained two or three hours. While the companion of Lafayette was employed in some important commission in the city, he himself lay on the straw in the stable. At Saint-Jean de

Luz he was recognized by the daughter of the person who kept the post-house; — she had observed him a few days before, as he passed from Spain to Bordeaux. Perceiving that he was discovered, and not daring to speak to her, he made her a signal to keep silence. She complied with the intimation; and when, shortly after he had passed on, his pursuers came up, she gave them an answer which baffled their penetration, and enabled Lafayette to escape into Spain. He was instantly on board his ship and at sea, with eleven officers in his train.

It would take one beyond the limits of the occasion, to repeat the various casualties and exposures of his passage, which lasted sixty days. His vessel had cleared out for the West Indies, but Lafayette directed the captain to steer for the United States, which, especially as he had a large pecuniary adventure of his own on board, he declined doing. By threats to remove him from his command and promises to indemnify him for the loss of his property, should they be captured, Lafayette prevailed upon the captain to steer his course for the American coast, where at last they happily arrived, having narrowly escaped two British vessels of war, which were cruising in that quarter. They made the coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. It was late in the day before they could approach so near land as to leave the vessel. Anxious to tread the American soil, Lafayette, with some of his fellow-officers, entered the ship's boat and was rowed at nightfall to shore. A distant light guided them in their landing and advance into the country. Arriving near the house from which the light proceeded, an alarm was given by the watchdogs, and they were mistaken by those within for a marauding party

from the enemy's vessels hovering on the coast. The Baron de Kalb, however, had a good knowledge of the English language, acquired on a previous visit to America, and was soon able to make known who they were and what was their errand. On this they were of course readily admitted and cordially welcomed. The house in which they found themselves was that of Major Huger, a citizen of worth, hospitality, and patriotism, by whom every good office was performed to the adventurous strangers. He provided the next day the means of conveying Lafayette and his companions to Charleston, where they were received with enthusiasm by the magistrates and the people.

As soon as possible, they proceeded by land to Philadelphia. On his arrival there, with the eagerness of a youth anxious to be employed upon his errand, he sent his letters to our townsman, Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee of foreign relations. He called the next day at the hall of Congress, and asked to see this gentleman. Mr. Lovell came out to him, — stated that so many foreigners offered themselves for employment in the American army that Congress was greatly embarrassed to find them commands, — that the finances of the country required the most rigid economy; and that he feared, in the present case, there was little hope of success. Lafayette perceived that the worthy chairman had made up his report without looking at the papers; — he explained to him that his application, if granted, would lay no burden upon the finances of Congress, and addressed a letter to the President, in which he expressed a wish to enter the American army, on the condition of serving without pay or emolument and on the footing of

a volunteer. These conditions removed the chief obstacles alluded to in reference to the appointment of foreign officers;— the letters brought by Lafayette made known to Congress his high connections and his large means of usefulness, and without an hour's delay he received from them a commission of major-general in the American army, a month before he was twenty years of age.

WHY CORNWALLIS FAILED TO "BAG THE OLD FOX"

[1777]

BY JOHN FISKE

[In December, 1776, Cornwallis thought the war was practically over, and had packed his baggage ready to sail for England when he learned that Washington — who always made the move that no one expected — had crossed the Delaware River in the midst of floating ice and had captured a thousand Hessian soldiers at Trenton.

The Editor.]

Cornwallis rode post-haste to Princeton, where he found Donop throwing up earthworks. On the morning of January 2, Cornwallis advanced, with eight thousand men, upon Trenton, but his march was slow and painful. He was exposed during most of the day to a galling fire from parties of riflemen hidden in the woods by the roadside, and Greene, with a force of six hundred men and two field-pieces, contrived so to harass and delay him that he did not reach Trenton till late in the afternoon. By that time Washington had withdrawn his whole force beyond the Assunpink, a small river which flows into the Delaware just south of Trenton, and had guarded the bridge and the fords by batteries admirably placed. The British made several attempts to cross, but were repulsed with some slaughter; and as their day's work had sorely fatigued them, Cornwallis thought best to wait until to-morrow, while he sent his messenger

post-haste back to Princeton to bring up a force of nearly two thousand men which he had left behind there. With this added strength he felt sure that he could force the passage of the stream above the American position, when by turning Washington's right flank he could fold him back against the Delaware, and thus compel him to surrender. Cornwallis accordingly went to bed in high spirits. "At last we have run down the old fox," said he, "and we will bag him in the morning."

The situation was, indeed, a very dangerous one; but when the British general called his antagonist an old fox, he did him no more than justice. In its union of slyness with audacity, the movement which Washington now executed strongly reminds one of "Stonewall" Jackson. He understood perfectly well what Cornwallis intended to do; but he knew at the same time that detachments of the British army must have been left behind at Princeton and New Brunswick to guard the stores. From the size of the army before him he rightly judged that these rear detachments must be too small to withstand his own force. By overwhelming one or both of them, he could compel Cornwallis to retreat upon New York, while he himself might take up an impregnable position on the heights about Morristown, from which he might threaten the British line and hold their whole army in check, — a most brilliant and daring scheme for a commander to entertain while in such a perilous position as Washington was that night! But the manner in which he began by extricating himself was not the least brilliant part of the maneuver. All night long the American camp fires were kept burning brightly, and small parties were busily engaged in throwing up intrench-

ments so near the Assunpink that the British sentinels could plainly hear the murmur of their voices and the thud of the spade and pickaxe. While this was going on, the whole American army marched swiftly up the south bank of the little stream, passed around Cornwallis's left wing to his rear, and gained the road to Princeton. Toward sunrise, as the British detachment was coming down the road from Princeton to Trenton, in obedience to Cornwallis's order, its van, under Colonel Mawhood, met the foremost column of Americans approaching, under General Mercer. As he caught sight of the Americans, Mawhood thought that they must be a party of fugitives, and hastened to intercept them; but he was soon undeceived. The Americans attacked with vigor, and a sharp fight was sustained, with varying fortunes, until Mercer was pierced by a bayonet, and his men began to fall back in some confusion. Just at this critical moment Washington came galloping upon the field and rallied the troops, and as the entire forces on both sides had now come up the fight became general. In a few minutes the British were routed and their line was cut in two; one half fleeing toward Trenton, the other half toward New Brunswick. There was little slaughter, as the whole fight did not occupy more than twenty minutes. The British lost about two hundred in killed and wounded, with three hundred prisoners and their cannon; the American loss was less than one hundred.

Shortly before sunrise, the men who had been left in the camp on the Assunpink to feed the fires and make a noise beat a hasty retreat, and found their way to Princeton by circuitous paths. When Cornwallis got up, he could hardly believe his eyes. Here was nothing before

him but an empty camp: the American army had vanished, and whither it had gone he could not imagine. But his perplexity was soon relieved by the booming of distant cannon on the Princeton road, and the game which the "old fox" had played him all at once became apparent. Nothing was to be done but to retreat upon New Brunswick with all possible haste, and save the stores there. His road led back through Princeton, and from Mawhood's fugitives he soon heard the story of the morning's disaster. His march was hindered by various impediments. A thaw had set in, so that the little streams had swelled into roaring torrents, difficult to ford, and the American army, which had passed over the road before daybreak, had not forgotten to destroy the bridges. By the time that Cornwallis and his men reached Princeton, wet and weary, the Americans had already left it, but they had not gone on to New Brunswick. Washington had hoped to seize the stores there, but the distance was eighteen miles, his men were wretchedly shod and too tired to march rapidly, and it would not be prudent to risk a general engagement when his main purpose could be secured without one. For these reasons, Washington turned northward to the heights of Morristown, while Cornwallis continued his retreat to New Brunswick.

[Frederick the Great felt a hearty admiration for Washington's maneuvers in New Jersey, and three years later sent his own portrait to the American soldier with the inscription, "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general on earth."]

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

[1777]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[In August, 1777, Burgoyne's advance from the North was stopped for want of horses and provisions. Hearing that the Provincials had collected supplies at the little village of Bennington, Vermont, Burgoyne sent out a strong detachment of Germans to seize them. When Colonel Stark, a veteran of the Seven Years' War, heard of their advance, he hastily collected a body of farmers and backwoodsmen and by forced marches caught and engaged the enemy at Bennington. Of the German force of one thousand men, less than a hundred escaped to tell their comrades of their disastrous encounter with the Yankee farmers.

The Editor.]

March! March! March! from sunrise till it's dark,
  And let no man straggle on the way!
March! March! March! as we follow old John Stark,
  For the old man needs us all to-day.

Load! Load! Load! Three buckshot and a ball,
  With a hymn-tune for a wad to make them stay!
But let no man dare to fire till he gives the word to all,
  Let no man let the buckshot go astray.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire all along the line,
  When we meet those bloody Hessians in array!
They shall have every grain from this powder-horn of
      mine,
  Unless the cowards turn and run away.

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

Home! Home! Home! When the fight is fought and won,
To the home where the women watch and pray!
To tell them how John Stark finished what he had begun
And to hear them thank our God for the day.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER

[1777]

BY JOHN FISKE

On the morning of October 7, leaving the rest of his army in camp, Burgoyne advanced with fifteen hundred picked men to turn the American left. Small as the force was, its quality was superb, and with it were the best commanders, — Phillips, Riedesel, Fraser, Balcarras, and Ackland. Such a compact force, so ably led, might maneuver quickly. If, on sounding the American position on the left, they should find it too strong to be forced, they might swiftly retreat. At all events, the movement would cover a foraging party which Burgoyne had sent out, — and this was no small matter. Arnold, too, the fighting general, it was reported, held no command; and Gates was known to be a sluggard. Such thoughts may have helped to shape the conduct of the British commander on this critical morning. But the scheme was swiftly overturned. As the British came on, their right was suddenly attacked by Morgan, while the New England regulars with three thousand New York militia assailed them in front. After a short, sharp fight against overwhelming numbers, their whole line was broken, and Fraser sought to form a second line a little farther back, on the west border of Freeman's Farm, though the ranks were badly disordered and all their cannon were lost. At this moment, Arnold, who had been watching from the heights, saw that a well-

directed blow might not only ruin this retreating column, but also shatter the whole British army. Quick as thought he sprang upon his horse, and galloped to the scene of action. He was greeted with deafening hurrahs, and the men, leaping with exultation at sight of their beloved commander, rushed upon Fraser's half-formed line. At the same moment, while Morgan was still pressing on the British right, one of his marksmen shot General Fraser, who fell, mortally wounded, just as Arnold charged with mad fury upon his line. The British, thus assailed in front and flank, were soon pushed off the field. Arnold next attacked Lord Balcarras, who had retired behind intrenchments at the north of Freeman's Farm; but finding the resistance here too strong, he swept by, and charged upon the Canadian auxiliaries, who occupied a position just north of Balcarras, and covered the left wing of Breymann's forces at the extreme right of the British camp. The Canadians soon fled, leaving Breymann uncovered; and Arnold forthwith rushed against Breymann on the left, just as Morgan, who had prolonged his flanking march, assailed him on the right. Breymann was slain and his force routed; the British right wing was crushed, and their whole position taken in reverse and made untenable. Just at this moment, a wounded German soldier, lying on the ground, took aim at Arnold, and slew his horse, while the ball passed through the general's left leg, that had been wounded at Quebec, and fractured the bone a little above the knee. As Arnold fell, one of his men rushed up to bayonet the wounded soldier who had shot him, when the prostrate general cried, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow!" The

poor German was saved, and this was the hour when Benedict Arnold should have died. His fall and the gathering twilight stopped the progress of the battle, but the American victory was complete and decisive. Nothing was left for Burgoyne but to get the wreck of his army out of the way as quickly as possible, and the next day he did so, making a slow retreat upon Saratoga, in the course of which his soldiers burned General Schuyler's princely country-house, with its barns and granaries.

As the British retreated, General Gates steadily closed in upon them with his overwhelming forces, which now numbered twenty thousand. Gates — to give him due credit — knew how to be active after the victory, although, when fighting was going on, he was a general of sedentary habits. When Arnold rushed down, at the critical moment, to complete the victory of Saratoga, Gates sent out Major Armstrong to stop him. "Call back that fellow," said Gates, "or he will be doing something rash!" But the eager Arnold had outgalloped the messenger, and came back only when his leg was broken and the victory won. In the mean time Gates sat at his headquarters, forgetful of the battle that was raging below, while he argued the merits of the American Revolution with a wounded British officer, Sir Francis Clerke, who had been brought in and laid upon the commander's bed to die. And this seems to have been all that the commanding general contributed to the crowning victory of Saratoga.

When Burgoyne reached the place where he had crossed the Hudson, he found a force of three thousand Americans, with several batteries of cannon occupying

the hills on the other side, so that it was now impossible to cross. A council of war decided to abandon all the artillery and baggage, push through the woods by night, and effect a crossing higher up, by Fort Edward, where the great river begins to be fordable. But no sooner had this plan been made than word was brought that the Americans were guarding all the fords, and had also planted detachments in a strong position to the northward, between Fort Edward and Fort George. The British army, in short, was surrounded. A brisk cannonade was opened upon it from the east and south, while Morgan's sharpshooters kept up a galling fire in the rear. Some of the women and wounded men were sent for safety to a large house in the neighborhood, where they took refuge in the cellar; and there the Baroness Riedesel tells us how she passed six dismal nights and days, crouching in a corner near the doorway, with her three little children clinging about her, while every now and then, with hideous crashing, a heavy cannon-ball passed through the room overhead. The cellar became crowded with crippled and dying men. But little food could be obtained, and the suffering from thirst was dreadful. It was only a few steps to the river, but every man who ventured out with a bucket was shot dead by Virginia rifles that never missed their aim. At last the brave wife of a British soldier volunteered to go; and thus the water was brought again and again, for the Americans would not fire at a woman.

And now, while Burgoyne's last ray of hope was dying, and while the veteran Phillips declared himself heartbroken at the misery which he could not relieve, where was Sir Henry Clinton? He had not thought it

prudent to leave New York until after the arrival of three thousand soldiers whom he expected from England. These men arrived on the 29th of September, but six days more elapsed before Sir Henry had taken them up the river and landed them near Putnam's headquarters at Peekskill. In a campaign of three days he outwitted that general, carried two of the forts after obstinate resistance, and compelled the Americans to abandon the others; and thus laid open the river so that British ships might go up to Albany. On the 8th of October, Sir Henry wrote to Burgoyne from Fort Montgomery: "*Nous y voici,* and nothing between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours will facilitate your operations." This dispatch was written on a scrap of very thin paper, and encased in an oval silver bullet, which opened with a tiny screw in the middle. Sir Henry then sent General Vaughan, with several frigates and the greater part of his force, to make all haste for Albany. As they passed up the river, the next day, they could not resist the temptation to land and set fire to the pretty village of Kingston, then the seat of the state legislature. George Clinton, governor of the State, just retreating from his able defense of the captured forts, hastened to protect the village, but came up only in time to see it in flames from one end to the other. Just then Sir Henry's messenger, as he skulked by the roadside, was caught and taken to the governor. He had been seen swallowing something, so they gave him an emetic, and obtained the silver bullet. The dispatch was read; the bearer was hanged to an apple tree; and Burgoyne, weary with waiting for the news that never came, at last sent a flag of truce to General

Gates, inquiring what terms of surrender would be accepted.

Gates first demanded an unconditional surrender, but on Burgoyne's indignant refusal he consented to make terms, and the more readily, no doubt, since he knew what had just happened in the Highlands, though his adversary did not. After three days of discussion the terms of surrender were agreed upon. Just as Burgoyne was about to sign the articles, a Tory made his way into camp with hearsay news that part of Clinton's army was approaching Albany. The subject was then anxiously reconsidered by the British officers, and an interesting discussion ensued as to whether they had so far pledged their faith to the surrender that they could not in honor draw back. The majority of the council decided that their faith was irrevocably pledged, and Burgoyne yielded to this opinion, though he did not share it, for he did not feel quite clear that the rumored advance of Clinton could now avail to save him in any case. In this he was undoubtedly right. The American army, with its daily accretions of militia, had now grown to more than twenty thousand, and armed yeomanry were still pouring in by the hundred. A diversion threatened by less than three thousand men, who were still more than fifty miles distant, could hardly have averted the doom of the British army. The only effect which it did produce was, perhaps, to work upon the timid Gates, and induce him to offer easy terms in order to hasten the surrender. On the 17th of October, accordingly, the articles were signed, exchanged, and put in execution. It was agreed that the British army should march out of camp with the honors of war, and pile

their arms at an appointed place; they should then march through Massachusetts to Boston, from which port they might sail for Europe, it being understood that none of them should serve again in America during the war; all the officers might retain their small arms, and no one's private luggage should be searched or molested. At Burgoyne's earnest solicitation the American general consented that these proceedings should be styled a "convention," instead of a surrender, in imitation of the famous Convention of Kloster-Seven, by which the Duke of Cumberland, twenty years before, had sought to save his feelings while losing his army, beleaguered by the French in Hanover. The soothing phrase has been well remembered by British historians, who to this day continue to speak of Burgoyne's surrender as the "Convention of Saratoga."

In carrying out the terms of the convention both Gates and his soldiers showed praiseworthy delicacy. As the British marched off to a meadow by the riverside and laid down their arms, the Americans remained within their lines, refusing to add to the humiliation of a gallant enemy by standing and looking on. As the disarmed soldiers then passed by the American lines, says Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, "I did not observe the least disrespect or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity." Burgoyne stepped up and handed his sword to Gates, simply saying, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general instantly returned the sword, replying, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of Your Excellency." When Baron Riedesel had been presented

to Gates and the other generals, he sent for his wife and children. Set free at last from the dreadful cellar, the baroness came with some trepidation into the enemy's camp; but the only look she saw upon any face was one of sympathy. "As I approached the tents," she says, "a noble-looking gentleman came toward me, and took the children out of the wagon; embraced and kissed them; and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. . . . Presently he said, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with so many gentlemen. If you will come with your children to my tent, I will give you a frugal meal, but one that will at least be seasoned with good wishes.' 'Oh, sir,' I cried, 'you must surely be a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness!' I then learned that it was General Schuyler."

Schuyler had indeed come, with unruffled soul, to look on while the fruit which he had sown, with the gallant aid of Stark and Herkimer, Arnold and Morgan, was plucked by an unworthy rival. He now met Burgoyne, who was naturally pained and embarrassed at the recollection of the beautiful house which his men had burned a few days before. In a speech in the House of Commons, some months later, Burgoyne told how Schuyler received him. "I expressed to General Schuyler," says Burgoyne, "my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it, saying that the occasion justified it, according to the rules of war. . . . He did more: he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant

house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this general's house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality." Madame Riedesel was also invited to stay with the Schuylers; and when first she arrived in the house, one of her little girls exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! Is this the palace that papa was to have when he came to America?" As the Schuylers understood German, the baroness colored, but all laughed pleasantly, and put her at ease.

. . . .

The captured army was never sent home. The officers were treated as prisoners of war, and from time to time were exchanged. Burgoyne was allowed to go to England in the spring, and while still a prisoner on parole he took his seat in Parliament, and became conspicuous among the defenders of the American cause. The troops were detained in the neighborhood of Boston until the autumn of 1778, when they were all transferred to Charlottesville in Virginia. Here a rude village was built on the brow of a pleasant ridge of hills, and gardens were laid out and planted. Much kind assistance was rendered in all this work by Thomas Jefferson, who was then living close by, on his estate at Monticello, and did everything in his power to make things comfortable for soldiers and officers. Two years afterward, when Virginia became the seat of war, some of them were removed to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, to Frederick in Maryland, and to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. Those who wished to return to Europe were

exchanged or allowed to escape. The greater number, especially of the Germans, preferred to stay in this country and become American citizens. Before the end of 1783 they had dispersed in all directions.

Such was the strange sequel of a campaign which, whether we consider the picturesqueness of its incidents or the magnitude of its results, was one of the most memorable in the history of mankind. Its varied scenes, framed in landscapes of grand and stirring beauty, had brought together such types of manhood as the feathered Mohawk sachem, the helmeted Brunswick dragoon, and the blue-frocked yeoman of New England, — types of ancient barbarism, of the militancy bequeathed from the Middle Ages, and of the industrial democracy that is to possess and control the future of the world. These men had mingled in a deadly struggle for the strategic center of the Atlantic Coast of North America, and now the fight had ended in the complete and overwhelming defeat of the forces of George III. Four years, indeed, — four years of sore distress and hope deferred, — were yet to pass before the fruits of this great victory could be gathered. The independence of the United States was not yet won; but the triumph at Saratoga set in motion a train of events from which the winning of independence was destined surely to follow.

XIII

WAR IN THE WEST AND ON THE OCEAN

HISTORICAL NOTE

During the Revolution the border warfare in the West was constant and pitiless, and from Kentucky to the Great Lakes the outlying settlements were devastated by the Tories and their Indian allies. In 1778 the border villages of New York and Pennsylvania were so cruelly harried by Chief Brant and Colonel Butler that in the following year General Sullivan led an army into the country of the Six Nations, the most powerful of the Indian tribes, and avenged the massacres so sternly that this great tribe never recovered its former position.

In 1778 the British planned to unite the Indian tribes and destroy the little settlements in what was then the "Far West," or what is now Indiana and Illinois. This might well have come to pass if, through the efforts of a young Virginian surveyor named George Rogers Clark, they had not been driven back and Vincennes and other places captured. This one man saved the vast expanse of country between the Ohio and the Great Lakes, and as far west as the Mississippi.

At the time of the Revolution the colonies had, of course, no navy of their own, and in consequence the coast was practically at the mercy of the English. Congress felt this handicap early in the war, but little was done except the equipment of privateers and cruisers for the destruction of British commerce. During the first half of the war more than six hundred British vessels were taken by these privateers, but during the same period nine hundred American vessels were captured by British cruisers, and the fisheries and coasting trade of New England were almost destroyed.

There was one captain who, more than all others, terrorized British shipping and spread the fame of American seamen throughout Europe — John Paul Jones, a Scotch sailor who had settled in Virginia shortly before the outbreak of hostilities. As commander of the Ranger in 1778 and the Bon Homme Richard in 1779, he wrought havoc along the British coast, burned the shipping in British ports, and finally captured the man-of-war Serapis after one of the most desperate sea-fights in history.

HOW DANIEL BOONE SAVED BOONESBOROUGH

[1775]

BY CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR

In the spring of the year 1775, Boone was employed by a company of land speculators (who imagined they had secured a valid title to the land in Kentucky by virtue of a deed of purchase from the Cherokees) to survey and lay out roads in Kentucky. He was placed at the head of a body of well-armed men, and proceeded to his work with great willingness. The party had arrived within fifteen miles of Boonesborough, when they were fired on by Indians, and suffered a loss of two killed and two wounded. Three days later they were again attacked, and had two killed and three wounded. Boone was not the sort of man to be deterred by a calamity even of this severe kind. He pressed forward, and on a favorable site erected a fort (called Boonesborough), sufficiently strong and large to afford protection against any further attack. He was so well satisfied with its security, that, shortly afterward, he returned to Clinch River for his wife and family. They arrived safely, his "wife and daughters being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River." A number of families followed their example, and the little place soon became cheerful and populated.

The Indians did not venture to attack the settlers so long as they remained within sight of the fort, but it was

very well known that they hovered about the outskirts, ready for a descent on any unhappy wight who might expose himself unguardedly to their vengeance. The men were suspicious and careful and never went out without their rifles. In spite of these precautions, a most thrilling and tragic incident occurred. On the 14th of July, 1776, three young girls belonging to the fort (one of them was Boone's daughter) heedlessly crossed the river in a canoe late in the afternoon. When they got to the other side they commenced playing and splashing with the paddles, as gay young girls, unconscious of danger, might naturally do, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted close to the shore, which at this part was thickly covered with trees and shrubs. Concealed in this natural ambuscade lay three savage Indians. They had been watching every motion of the girls, and were prepared now to seize their opportunity. One of the coppery rascals dropped stealthily into the stream, caught hold of the rope that hung from the bow of the canoe, and drew it out of view of the fort. The girls, aroused to a sense of their danger, screamed as loud as they could, and were heard at the fort; but, before assistance could come, their captors hurried them on shore and bore them to the interior.

"Next morning by daylight," says Colonel Floyd, who was one of the actors in what he describes, "we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our following them by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We observed their course, and on which side they had left their sign, and traveled upward of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in traveling, and made

a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path; pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them, after they discovered us, than to kill them.

"We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away anything except one shotgun without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was very thick with canes, and being so much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls prevented our making further search. We sent them off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

The simplicity of this narrative exceeds its clearness, but, with all its involutions, is it not graphic, and does it not convey an excellent idea of the rough indifference to danger so characteristic of true pioneer life?

After this it was necessary to be doubly watchful, for the Indians became more aggressive, and apprehensions were felt that a general attack would be made on the fortified stations. These fears appeared to be so well founded, that it was only the oldest and bravest of the pioneers who could withstand their influence. The land speculators and other adventurers, to the number of nearly three hundred, left the country, and newcomers, although prepared for danger, were with difficulty pre-

vailed upon to remain. The year 1777 passed in this gloomy way, marked only by frequent attacks on the various stations by the Indians. Two attempts were made on the fort, but each time the besiegers were beaten off. The brave little garrison lost two men killed and five wounded. With all means of transit cut off by their wary foes, great privations were necessarily suffered by the little band. The immediate necessaries of life they could of course procure, but some articles which were essential to the preservation of health they were without. This was especially the case with regard to salt. Boone, while in the wilderness, could do without this article of luxury, but the families in the fort sorely felt its need, and all kinds of efforts were made to obtain a supply. At length it was determined to fit out an expedition, consisting of thirty men, with Boone at its head, to effect this desirable object. It was necessary to proceed to the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking River, and there manufacture the article, which, in due course, was to be forwarded by pack-horses to the fort.

The enterprise, which seemed at first to promise success, cost Boone and his companions their liberty. One day, while hunting a short distance from his comrades, he was surprised by a party of Indians, one hundred and two in number. He attempted to escape, but their swiftest runners were put on his trail, and he soon abandoned all idea of doing so. The sagacity and presence of mind of the old hunter had now to be exercised. He parleyed with the Indians, professed all sorts of friendship for them, succeeded in gaining their confidence, and finally made honorable terms for the surrender of his men, who became prisoners of war. Boone

has been blamed for not offering resistance, but a moment's reflection will demonstrate that the course he pursued was the wisest and safest. Had he offered resistance, his little band would have been overpowered, and the next point of attack would have been the fort, which, from the absence of the garrison, would have been entirely at the mercy of the savages. To avert a certain massacre, he surrendered his men, after having made excellent conditions for the safety of their lives. "The generous usage the Indians had promised before, in my capitulation," says Boone, "was afterward fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the 18th of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the 10th day of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived on the 30th day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity." The governor endeavored to obtain Boone's liberation by purchase, but his captors were not willing to part with him. He had so ingratiated himself in their good graces that they were determined to have him for a chief, and insisted on carrying him back to their town for the purpose of adoption. He bade farewell to his friends in Detroit, and under the friendly escort of his pertinacious admirers, returned to Chillicothe, where he was adopted by an illustrious individual of the name of Blackfish, to supply the place of a deceased son and warrior. He was treated with great kindness, and in a short time became

universally popular. He was careful to avoid all cause for suspicion, and to appear constantly happy, although, of course, he was forever dreaming of his wife and family, and praying for the happy day that should enable him to escape to them.

Early in the following June he was taken to the Salt Springs, on the Scioto, to assist in making salt. On his return, he was alarmed to see a fearful array of four hundred and fifty warriors, and still more so when he discovered that they were bound on an expedition against Boonesborough. He determined to effect his escape, and, on the following morning, the 16th of June, 1778, he arose and went forth as usual without exciting suspicion. He never returned, and Blackfish had to adopt another son. Boone succeeded in reaching the fort in safety. His sudden appearance greatly astonished the people there, for they had given him up, and his wife, with some of the children, had actually departed for North Carolina. Not a moment was to be lost in making the necessary preparations for the defense of the settlement. The fort, which had fallen into a very rickety condition, was put in thorough repair, and the garrison mustered and drilled so as to be in perfect readiness. The Indians, however, changed their minds. Alarmed, probably, at the escape of Boone, they postponed their expedition for three weeks, but, in the mean time, they made some additions to their strength in the shape of French and Canadian officers.

On the 7th of September, the Indian army, numbering four hundred and forty-four, with Captain Duquesne and eleven other Canadians, appeared before Boonesborough. The Indians were commanded by Boone's

would-be adopted father, Mr. Blackfish, and the Canadians by Captain Duquesne. When this alarming foe had assembled before the unhappy little fort, a summons was issued to "surrender, in the name of His Britannic Majesty." The garrison consisted of between sixty and seventy men, and a large number of women and children. If they *had* surrendered, it would have been nothing remarkable, but they did not even think of doing such a thing. Boone expected reinforcements from Holston, and it became necessary, therefore, to procure as much delay as possible. For this purpose, he desired that he might have two days to consider the proposition of His Britannic Majesty. Strange as it may appear, this proposition was acceded to. About five minutes were sufficient for the garrison to arrive at a determination, and this was that they would fight it out to the last. All the cows and horses were collected within the fort, and every vessel filled with water from the spring, the latter task being performed by the ladies. When the hour arrived for giving an answer to bold Captain Duquesne, it was done in this wise by Boone: "We laugh at your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving notice and time to prepare for defense." Captain Duquesne was not incensed at this reply, but still insisted on a capitulation. He declared his orders from Colonel Hamilton were to take the garrison captives, to treat them as prisoners of war, and not to injure, much less to murder them; and that they had horses to take the women and children, and all others who could not bear the fatigue of traveling on foot. He then proposed that, if the garrison would depute nine persons to come out of the fort and hold a treaty, the

terms should be liberal. It is impossible at this time, after the demise of every person concerned in the affair, to account for the singular course of Captain Duquesne and his Indian allies.

Although Duquesne's affectionate course savored of treachery, Boone thought it desirable to accede to his proposition, as it would at least secure a little more delay. Nine commissioners were selected for the purpose of discussing the treaty, Boone being one of the number. A plot of ground in front of the fort was selected for the conference, all parties to go unarmed. Before leaving for this hazardous interview, Boone took the precaution to place a number of experienced riflemen in advantageous positions, so that, if the commissioners retreated hastily, they might be protected. The parties met, and the treaty proposed was of the most liberal kind. It simply demanded that the residents and garrison of the fort should acknowledge the British authorities, and take the oath of allegiance to the king; in return for which they were to remain unmolested. After these points had been settled, the Indians proposed that, as a commemoration of the joyous occasion, they should revive an ancient custom of their tribe, which consisted of two Indians shaking hands with one white man at the same moment. Boone and his companions knew exactly what this meant, but they did not betray any uneasiness. Eighteen stalwart, muscular Indians now advanced, and, in the way prescribed by the very ancient custom before mentioned, endeavored to drag off the white men. But the iron frames of the pioneers were braced for a struggle. Being without weapons, they appealed to their Anglo-Saxon knowledge of fisticuffs,

and in a very little while had tumbled the red villains in the dust. In the excitement which followed they made good their retreat to the fort, and the riflemen immediately opened a murderous fire to keep off the pursuers. Hostilities now commenced on both sides. The Indians kept up a brisk fire at the fort, but owing to its favorable situation, could not effect much mischief. The garrison, on the contrary, never fired a charge without an especial object. A regular siege, conducted in the usual Indian style, was kept up for nine days, but with no result. The Kentuckians never flinched for a moment. Even the women assisted in the defense, for they loaded the rifles, moulded bullets, and supplied refreshments. On one occasion the fort was fired by the enemy, but a heroic young man extinguished the flames, in spite of a shower of bullets which greeted his appearance with the buckets on the roof. Foiled in this, the Indians, under the direction of the Canadians, commenced digging a mine; but Boone was equal to this emergency. He began a counter-mine, and threw all the dirt into their works, so that they had the pleasure of shoveling it away before they could make the slightest progress. On the 20th of September they raised the siege and took their departure, after having suffered a loss of thirty-seven killed and many more wounded. The loss on the pioneer side was two killed and four wounded: it would not have been so great but for the desertion of a vagabond negro who went over to the enemy, carrying with him an excellent rifle. During the siege, this rascal placed himself in a tree on the other side of the river, and was able, owing to the excellence of his weapon, to fire into the fort. He had killed one and wounded another, when

Boone caught a glimpse of his woolly head. It was sufficient; the next moment Sambo rolled from the tree. After the retreat his body was found, and in the center of the forehead an explanatory hole told the story of his death. The old hunter brought him down at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five yards.

A CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE WATER

[1778]

BY GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

[BY means of the two bold campaigns of George Rogers Clark, the United States was, at the close of the Revolution, in possession of the land west of the Ohio, and so was able to secure the Mississippi instead of the Ohio as a western boundary.

The Editor.]

EVERYTHING being ready, on the 5th of February, after receiving a lecture and absolution from the priest, we crossed the Kaskaskia River with one hundred and seventy men, marched about three miles and encamped, where we lay until the 7th, and set out. The weather wet (but fortunately not cold for the season) and a great part of the plains under water several inches deep. It was difficult and very fatiguing marching. My object was now to keep the men in spirits. I suffered them to shoot game on all occasions, and feast on it like Indian war-dancers, each company by turns inviting the others to their feasts, which was the case every night, as the company that was to give the feast was always supplied with horses to lay up a sufficient store of wild meat in the course of the day, myself and principal officers putting on the woodsmen, shouting now and then, and running as much through the mud and water as any of them. Thus, insensibly, without a murmur, were those men led on to the banks of the Little Wabash, which we

reached on the 13th, through incredible difficulties, far surpassing anything that any of us had ever experienced. Frequently the diversions of the night wore off the thoughts of the preceding day. We formed a camp on a height which we found on the bank of the river, and suffered our troops to amuse themselves. I viewed this sheet of water for some time with distrust; but, accusing myself of doubting, I immediately set to work, without holding any consultation about it, or suffering anybody else to do so in my presence; ordered a pirogue to be built immediately, and acted as though crossing the water would be only a piece of diversion. As but few could work at the pirogue at a time, pains were taken to find diversion for the rest to keep them in high spirits. . . . In the evening of the 14th, our vessel was finished, manned, and sent to explore the drowned lands on the opposite side of the Little Wabash, with private instructions what report to make, and, if possible, to find some spot of dry land. They found about half an acre, and marked the trees from thence back to the camp, and made a very favorable report.

Fortunately, the 15th happened to be a warm, moist day for the season. The channel of the river where we lay was about thirty yards wide. A scaffold was built on the opposite shore (which was about three feet under water), and our baggage ferried across, and put on it. Our horses swam across, and received their loads at the scaffold, by which time the troops were also brought across, and we began our march through the water. . . .

By evening we found ourselves encamped on a pretty height, in high spirits, each party laughing at the other, in consequence of something that had happened in the

course of this ferrying business, as they called it. A little antic drummer afforded them great diversion by floating on his drum, etc. All this was greatly encouraged; and they really began to think themselves superior to other men, and that neither the rivers nor the seasons could stop their progress. Their whole conversation now was concerning what they would do when they got about the enemy. They now began to view the main Wabash as a creek, and made no doubt but such men as they were could find a way to cross it. They wound themselves up to such a pitch that they soon took Post Vincennes, divided the spoil, and before bedtime were far advanced on their route to Detroit. All this was, no doubt, pleasing to those of us who had more serious thoughts. . . . We were now convinced that the whole of the low country on the Wabash was drowned, and that the enemy could easily get to us, if they discovered us, and wished to risk an action; if they did not, we made no doubt of crossing the river by some means or other. Even if Captain Rogers, with our galley, did not get to his station agreeable to his appointment, we flattered ourselves that all would be well, and marched on in high spirits. . . .

The last day's march through the water was far superior to anything the Frenchmen had an idea of. They were backward in speaking; said that the nearest land to us was a small league called the Sugar Camp on the bank of the river. A canoe was sent off, and returned without finding that we could pass. I went in her myself, and sounded the water; found it deep as to my neck. I returned with a design to have the men transported on board the canoes to the Sugar Camp, which I knew

would spend the whole day and ensuing night, as the vessels would pass slowly through the bushes. The loss of so much time, to men half-starved, was a matter of consequence. I would have given now a great deal for a day's provision or for one of our horses. I returned but slowly to the troops, giving myself time to think. On our arrival, all ran to hear what was the report. Every eye was fixed on me. I unfortunately spoke in a serious manner to one of the officers. The whole were alarmed without knowing what I said. I viewed their confusion for about one minute, whispered to those near me to do as I did: immediately put some water in my hand, poured on powder, blackened my face, gave the war whoop, and marched into the water without saying a word. The party gazed, and fell in, one after another, without saying a word, like a flock of sheep. I ordered those near me to begin a favorite song of theirs. It soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerfully. I now intended to have them transported across the deepest part of the water; but, when about waist deep, one of the men informed me that he thought he felt a path. We examined and found it so, and concluded that it kept on the highest ground, which it did; and, by taking pains to follow it, we got to the Sugar Camp without the least difficulty, where there was about half an acre of dry ground, at least not under water, where we took up our lodging. The Frenchmen that we had taken on the river appeared to be uneasy at our situation. They begged that they might be permitted to go in the two canoes to town in the night. They said that they would bring from their own houses provisions, without a possibility of any persons knowing it; that some of our

men should go with them as a surety of their good conduct; that it was impossible we could march from that place till the water fell, for the plain was too deep to march. Some of the officers believed that it might be done. I would not suffer it. I never could well account for this piece of obstinacy, and give satisfactory reasons to myself or anybody else why I denied a proposition apparently so easy to execute and of so much advantage; but something seemed to tell me that it should not be done, and it was not done.

The most of the weather that we had on this march was moist and warm for the season. This was the coldest night we had. The ice, in the morning, was from one half to three quarters of an inch thick near thè shores and in still water. The morning was the finest we had on our march. A little after sunrise I lectured the whole. What I said to them I forget, but it may easily be imagined by a person that could possess my affections for them at that time. I concluded by informing them that passing the plain that was then in full view and reaching the opposite woods would put an end to their fatigue, that in a few hours they would have a sight of their long-wished-for object, and immediately stepped into the water without waiting for any reply. A huzza took place. As we generally marched through the water in a line, before the third entered I halted, and called to Major Bowman, ordering him to fall to the rear with twenty-five men, and put to death any man who refused to march, as we wished to have no such person among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation, and on we went. This was the most trying of all the difficulties we had experienced. I generally kept fifteen or twenty of the strongest men

next myself, and judged from my own feelings what must be that of others. Getting about the middle of the plain, the water about mid-deep, I found myself sensibly failing; and, as there were no trees nor bushes for the men to support themselves by, I feared that many of the most weak would be drowned. I ordered the canoes to make the land, discharge their loading, and play backward and forward with all diligence, and pick up the men; and, to encourage the party, sent some of the strongest men forward, with orders, when they got to a certain distance, to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow, and when getting near the woods to cry out, "Land!" This stratagem had its desired effect. The men, encouraged by it, exerted themselves almost beyond their abilities; the weak holding by the stronger. . . . The water never got shallower, but continued deepening. Getting to the woods, where the men expected land, the water was up to my shoulders; but gaining the woods was of great consequence. All the low men and the weakly hung to the trees, and floated on the old logs until they were taken off by the canoes. The strong and tall got ashore and built fires. Many would reach the shore, and fall with their bodies half in the water, not being able to support themselves without it.

This was a delightful dry spot of ground of about ten acres. We soon found that the fires answered no purpose, but that two strong men taking a weaker one by the arms was the only way to recover him; and, being a delightful day, it soon did. But, fortunately, as if designed by Providence, a canoe of Indian squaws and children was coming up to town, and took through part of this plain as a nigh way. It was discovered by our

canoes as they were out after the men. They gave chase, and took the Indian canoe, on board of which was near half a quarter of a buffalo, some corn, tallow, kettles, etc. This was a grand prize, and was invaluable. Broth was immediately made, and served out to the most weakly with great care. Most of the whole got a little; but a great many gave their part to the weakly, jocosely saying something cheering to their comrades. This little refreshment and fine weather by the afternoon gave new life to the whole. Crossing a narrow deep lake in the canoes, and marching some distance, we came to a copse of timber called the Warrior's Island. We were now in full view of the fort and town, not a shrub between us, at about two miles' distance. Every man now feasted his eyes, and forgot that he had suffered anything, saying, that all that had passed was owing to good policy and nothing but what a man could bear; and that a soldier had no right to think, etc., — passing from one extreme to another, which is common in such cases. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water full of ducks. We observed several men out on horseback, shooting them, within a half mile of us, and sent out as many of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one of these men prisoner in such a manner as not to alarm the others, which they did. The information we got from this person was similar to that which we got from those we took on the river, except that of the British having that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there were a good many Indians in town.

Our situation was now truly critical, — no possibility

of retreating in case of defeat, and in full view of a town that had, at this time, upward of six hundred men in it, — troops, inhabitants, and Indians. The crew of the galley, though not fifty men, would have been now a re-enforcement of immense magnitude to our little army (if I may so call it), but we would not think of them. We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being made prisoner was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture from the savages, if they fell into their hands. Our fate was now to be determined, probably in a few hours. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would insure success. I knew that a number of the inhabitants wished us well, that many were lukewarm to the interest of either, and I also learned that the grand chief, the Tobacco's son, had but a few days before openly declared, in council with the British, that he was a brother and friend to the Big Knives. These were favorable circumstances; and, as there was but little probability of our remaining until dark undiscovered, I determined to begin the career immediately, and wrote the following placard to the inhabitants: —

To the Inhabitants of Fort Vincennes:

Gentlemen, — Being now within two miles of your village, with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you to remain still in your houses; and those, if any there be, that are friends to the king will instantly repair to the fort, and join the hair-buyer general,[1] and fight like men. And if any such

[1] Hamilton offered rewards for American scalps.

as do not go to the fort shall be discovered afterward, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated; and I once more request them to keep out of the streets. For every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat him as an enemy.

(Signed)

G. R. CLARK.

I had various ideas on the supposed result of this letter. I knew that it would do us no damage, but that it would cause the lukewarm to be decided, encourage our friends, and astonish our enemies. . . . We anxiously viewed this messenger until he entered the town, and in a few minutes could discover by our glasses some stir in every street that we could penetrate into, and great numbers running or riding out into the commons, we supposed, to view us, which was the case. But what surprised us was that nothing had yet happened that had the appearance of the garrison being alarmed, — no drum nor gun. We began to suppose that the information we got from our prisoners was false, and that the enemy already knew of us, and were prepared. . . . A little before sunset we moved, and displayed ourselves in full view of the town, crowds gazing at us. We were plunging ourselves into certain destruction or success. There was no midway thought of. We had but little to say to our men, except inculcating an idea of the necessity of obedience, etc. We knew they did not want encouraging, and that anything might be attempted with them that was possible for such a number, — perfectly cool, under proper subordination, pleased with the pros-

pect before them, and much attached to their officers. They all declared that they were convinced that an implicit obedience to orders was the only thing that would insure success, and hoped that no mercy would be shown the person that should violate them. Such language as this from soldiers to persons in our station must have been exceedingly agreeable. We moved on slowly in full view of the town; but, as it was a point of some consequence to us to make ourselves appear as formidable, we in leaving the covert that we were in, marched and countermarched in such a manner that we appeared numerous. In raising volunteers in the Illinois, every person that set about the business had a set of colors given him, which they brought with them to the amount of ten or twelve pairs. These were displayed to the best advantage; and, as the low plain we marched through was not a perfect level, but had frequent risings in it seven or eight feet higher than the common level (which was covered with water), and as these risings generally ran in an oblique direction to the town, we took the advantage of one of them, marching through the water under it, which completely prevented our being numbered. But our colors showed considerably above the heights, as they were fixed on long poles procured for the purpose, and at a distance made no despicable appearance; and, as our young Frenchmen had, while we lay on the Warrior's Island, decoyed and taken several fowlers with their horses, officers were mounted on these horses, and rode about, more completely to deceive the enemy. In this manner we moved, and directed our march in such a way as to suffer it to be dark before we had advanced more than half-way to the town. We then

suddenly altered our direction, and crossed ponds where they could not have suspected us, and about eight o'clock gained the heights back of the town. As there was yet no hostile appearance, we were impatient to have the cause unriddled. Lieutenant Bayley was ordered, with fourteen men, to march and fire on the fort. The main body moved in a different direction, and took possession of the strongest part of the town.

[The attack upon the town continued for some thirty-six hours. Then the audacious young leader sent a demand for surrender. It was promptly refused; nevertheless, the surrender took place before the close of the day.]

HOW THE WOMEN BROUGHT WATER TO BRYAN'S STATION

[1782]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THERE had been terrible doings on the frontier during the spring and summer of 1782. The British and Indians had made raid after raid through the land. Two years before a certain Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia, a Tory, who seems to have been a gentleman and a soldier, led some eight hundred Indians with a detachment of soldiers and some artillery into Kentucky. None of the forts was proof against artillery, nor was there any in the territory except that in the possession of George Rogers Clark, which was not available. Two stations, Martin's and Ruddle's, were attacked in succession and easily captured. Their garrisons and inhabitants were murdered and tortured with shocking barbarity. It is to the eternal credit of Colonel Byrd, that, finding himself unable to control the Indians, he abandoned his expedition and withdrew, otherwise the whole land would have been desolated. The bulk of the invading Indians were Wyandots, who were easily first among the savages of the northwest for ferocious valor and military skill. The opposing forces being exactly equal, a detachment of them defeated a certain Captain Estill by a series of brilliant military maneuvers which would have done credit to a great captain, being indeed upon a

small scale Napoleonic in their conception and execution.

Two years after Byrd had withdrawn, William Campbell and Alexander McKee, notorious renegades, with the infamous Simon Girty, whose name has been a hissing and a byword ever since he lived, led a formidable war party consisting of a few Canadians and four hundred Indians into Kentucky. The first place they attacked was Bryan's Station. Another place called Hoy's Station was menaced by a different party of Indians, and express messengers had ridden to Bryan's Station to seek aid, which the settlers were ready to grant.

The American party was being made up to go to Hoy's Station early in the morning of the 16th of August, 1782, when as they approached the gate to ride out of it, a party of Indians was discovered on the edge of the woods in full view. The party was small in number, comparatively speaking, yet its members exposed themselves, out of rifle range, of course, with such careless indifference to consequences or to a possible attack, as inevitably to suggest to the mind of Captain John Craig, who commanded the fort at the time, that they were desirous of attracting the attention of the garrison in the hope that their small numbers might induce the men of the station to leave the fort and pursue them.

Craig was an old Indian fighter who had been trained in Daniel Boone's own school. He was suspicious of any maneuver of that kind. Checking the departure of the relief party, he called his brother and the principal men of the station into a council and they concluded at once that the demonstration in the front of the fort was a

mere feint, that the Indians were anxious to be pursued and that the main attack would come from the other direction.

The surmise was correct. With cunning adroitness Campbell had massed the main body of his forces in the woods back of the fort with strict instructions for them to remain concealed and not show themselves on any account until they heard the fire coming from the front of the station, which would convince them that their ruse had succeeded. Then they were to break from cover and rush for the back wall of the fort, which they supposed would be undefended, scale it, and have the little garrison at their mercy. It so happened that the spring, from which the fort got its water supply, lay within a short distance of the main body concealed in the thick woods which surrounded the clearing with the fort in the center. The situation was perfectly plain to Craig and his men. They determined to meet ruse with ruse and if possible to defeat the Indians at their own game.

Before they could do anything, however, they must have a supply of water. On that hot August day life in that stockade, especially when engaged in furious battle, would become unsupportable without water. Only the ordinary amount sufficient for the night had been brought in the day before. The receptacles were now empty. After swift deliberations the commandant turned to the women and children crowded around the officers, and explained the situation plainly to them. He proposed that the women, and children who were large enough to carry water, should go down to the spring with every vessel they could carry and bring back

the water upon which their lives depended. He also explained to them that the spring was probably covered by concealed masses of the enemy who were waiting for the success of the demonstration in front of the fort to begin the attack.

He said further that it was the opinion of those in command, that if the women would go to the spring as they did under ordinary circumstances, as was their custom every morning that is, the Indians would not molest them, not being desirous of breaking up the plan by which they hoped to take the fort and have everything at their mercy. The men in the fort would cover the women with their rifles so far as they could. It would be impossible for them to go and get water; as it was not the habit of the men to do that, the unusual proceeding would awaken the suspicions of the Indians, and the men would be shot down, and the fort and all its inmates would be at the mercy of the savages.

Every woman there was able to see the situation. The theory upon which they were proceeding might be all wrong. The Indians might be satisfied with the certainty of capturing the women thus presented, and the women and children might be taken away under the very eyes of the helpless men. On the other hand, it was probable, though by no means certain, that Craig's reasoning was correct and that the Indians would not discover themselves, and the women and children would be allowed to return unmolested. Still nobody could tell what the Indians would do and the situation was a terrible one. Capture at the very best meant death by torture. The women in the fort had not lived on the frontier in vain. They realized the dilemma instantly. A

shudder of terror and apprehension went through the crowd. What would they do? They must have the water; the men could not get it, the women did!

Mrs. Jemima Suggett Johnson, the wife of an intrepid pioneer and the daughter and sister of others, instantly volunteered for the task. She was the mother of five little children and her husband happened to be away in Virginia at the time. Leaving her two little boys and her daughter Sally to look after the baby in his dug-out cradle, she offered to go for the water. This baby was that Richard Mentor Johnson, who afterward became so celebrated at the battle of the Thames where Tecumseh was killed, and who was subsequently Vice-President of the United States.

Taking her little daughter Betsy, aged ten, her eldest child, by the hand, the fearless woman headed a little band of twelve women and sixteen children, who had agreed to follow where she led; among them were the wives and children of the Craig brothers. The little ones carried wooden piggins, and the women noggins and buckets. The piggin was a small bucket with one upright stave for a handle — a large wooden dipper as it were — while the larger noggin had two upright staves for handles.

Carefully avoiding any suspicious demonstration of force on the part of his men, Captain Craig opened the gate and the women marched out. Chatting and laughing in spite of the fact that they were nearly perishing from apprehension and terror, they tramped down the hill to the spring near the creek some sixty yards away, with as much coolness and indifference as they could muster. It was indeed a fearful moment for the women,

and no wonder that some of the younger ones and the older children found it difficult to control their agitation; but the composed manner of those valiant and heroic matrons like Mrs. Johnson somewhat reassured the others and completely deluded the Indians. Probably the younger children did not realize their frightful danger, and their unconsciousness helped to deceive the foes in ambush.

It took some time to fill the various receptacles from the small spring, but, by the direction of Mrs. Johnson, no one left the vicinity until all were ready to return. This little party then marched deliberately back to the fort as they had come. Not a shot was fired. The Indians concealed within a stone's throw in the underbrush had looked at them with covetous eyes, but such was the unwonted discipline in which they were held that they refrained from betraying themselves, in the hope of afterward carrying out their stratagem. As they neared the gate some of the younger ones broke into a run crowding into the door of the stockade which never looked so hospitable as on that sunny summer morning, and some of the precious water was spilled, but most of it was carried safe into the inclosure.

With what feelings of relief the fifty-odd men in the station saw their wives and children come back again can scarcely be imagined. Dispatching two daring men on horseback to break through the besiegers and rouse the country, Craig immediately laid a trap for the Indians. Selecting a small body he sent them out to the front of the fort to engage the Indians there, instructing them to make as much noise and confusion as possible. Then he posted the main body of his men at the loop-

holes back of the fort, instructing them not to make a move, nor fire a gun, until he gave the order.

The ruse was completely successful. Deceived by the hullabaloo in front, the Indians in the rear, imagining that their plan had succeeded, broke from cover and instantly dashed up to the stockade, shouting their war cries, and expecting an easy victory. What was their surprise to find it suddenly bristling with rifles as Craig and his men poured a steady withering fire into the mass crowded before them, fairly decimating them. They ran back instantly, and concealment being at an end, returned the fire ineffectually. Immediately thereafter from every side a furious fire from four hundred rifles burst upon the defenders. All day long the siege was maintained. Once in a while a bullet ploughing through a crevice in the stockade struck down one of the brave garrison, but the casualties in the station were very few.

On the other hand, when an Indian exposed himself he was sure to be killed by a shot from some unerring rifle. One or two Indians climbed a tree seeking to command the fort therefrom, but they were quickly detected and shot before they had time to descend. At last they attempted to burn the fort by shooting flaming arrows up in the air to fall perpendicularly upon the buildings. The children, the little boys, that is, and some of the older girls, were lifted up on the inclined roofs, where they were safe from direct rifle fire, though in imminent danger of being pierced by the dropping arrows, with instructions to put out the fires as fast as the arrows kindled them, which they succeeded in doing. Meanwhile, the women were busy moulding bullets and load-

ing rifles for the men, and many of them took their places on the walls and aided in the defense.

> "The mothers of our forest land,
>   Their bosoms pillowed men;
> And proud were they by such to stand
>   In hammock, fort, or glen;
> To load the sure old rifle,
>   To run the leaden ball,
> To watch a battling husband's place,
>   And fill it should he fall."

Finding their efforts unavailing, the Indians ravaged the surrounding country. They killed all the cattle belonging to the pioneers, burned and destroyed the fields of grain, and turned the environment into a bloody desert. In the afternoon a succoring party from Boone's Station appeared, but without Boone, for he was absent at the time, and succeeded in entering the fort.

THE FIRST SALUTE TO THE FLAG

[1778]

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

In midwinter something happened that lifted every true heart on board. There had been dull and dreary weeks on board the Ranger, with plots for desertion among the crew, and a general look of surliness and reproach on all faces. The captain was eagerly impatient in sending his messengers to Nantes when the Paris post might be expected, and was ever disappointed at their return. The discipline of the ship became more strict than before, now that there was little else to command or insist upon. The officers grew tired of one another's company, and kept to their own quarters, or passed each other without speaking. It was easy, indeed, to be displeased with such a situation, and to fret at such an apparently needless loss of time, even if there were nothing else to fret about.

At last there was some comfort in leaving Nantes, and making even so short a voyage as to the neighboring port of L'Orient, where the Ranger was overhauled and refitted for sea; yet even here the men grumbled at their temporary discomforts, and above all regretted Nantes, where they could amuse themselves better ashore. It was a hard, stormy winter, but there were plenty of rich English ships almost within hand's reach. Nobody could well understand why they had done nothing, while such easy prey came and went in those waters, from

Bordeaux and the coast of Spain, even from Nantes itself.

On a certain Friday orders were given to set sail, and the Ranger made her way along the coast to Quiberon, and anchored there at sunset, before the bay's entrance, facing the great curve of the shores. She had much shipping for company: farther in there lay a fine show of French frigates with a convoy, and four ships of the line. The captain scanned these through his glass, and welcomed a great opportunity: he had come upon a division of the French navy, and one of the frigates flew the flag of a rear admiral, La Motte Piqué.

The wind had not fallen at sundown. All night the Ranger tossed about and tugged at her anchor chains, as if she were impatient to continue her adventures, like the men between her sides. All the next day she rode uneasily, and clapped her sailcloth and thrummed her rigging in the squally winter blast, until the sea grew quieter toward sundown. Then Captain Paul Jones sent a boat to the king's fleet to carry a letter.

The boat was long gone. The distance was little, but difficult in such a sea, yet some of the boats of the country came out in hope of trading with the Ranger's men. The poor peasants would venture anything, and a strange-looking, swarthy little man who got aboard nobody knew how, suddenly approached the captain where he stood, ablaze with impatience, on the quarter. At his first word Paul Jones burst with startling readiness into Spanish invective, and then, with a look of pity at the man's poverty of dress in that icy weather, took a bit of gold from his pocket. "Barcelona?" said he. "I have had good days in Barcelona, myself," and bade

the Spaniard begone. Then he called him back and asked a few questions, and, summoning a quartermaster, gave orders that he should take the sailor's poor gear, and give him a warm coat and cap from the slop chests.

"He has lost his ship, and got stranded here," said the captain, with compassion, and then turned again to watch for the boat. "You may roll the coat and cap into a bundle; they are quaint-fashioned things," he added carelessly, as the quartermaster went away.

The bay was now alive with small Breton traders, and at a short distance away there was a droll little potato fleet making hopefully for the Ranger. The headmost boat, however, was the Ranger's own, with an answer to the captain's letter. He gave an anxious sigh and laid down his glass. He had sent to say frankly to the rear admiral that he flew the new American flag, and that no foreign power had yet saluted it, and to ask if his own salute to the Royal Navy of France would be properly returned. It was already in the last fluster of the February wind, and the sea was going down; there was no time to be lost. He broke the great seal of his answer with a trembling hand, and at the first glance pressed the letter to his breast.

The French frigates were a little apart from their convoy, and rolled sullenly in a solemn company, their tall masts swaying like time-keepers against the pale winter sky. The low land lay behind them, its line broken here and there by strange mounds, and by ancient altars of the druids, like clumsy, heavy-legged beasts standing against the winter sunset. The captain gave orders to hoist the anchor, nobody knew why, and to spread the sails, when it was no time to put to sea.

He stood like a king until all was done, and then passed the word for his gunners to be ready, and steered straight in toward the French fleet.

They all understood now. The little Ranger ran slowly between the frowning ships, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging; her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian Majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns.

There was a moment of suspense. The wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held his letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke, and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air, — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, *nine;* and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid mount of St. Michael.

"Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our Republic, and the first high honor to our colors," said the captain proudly to his steersman. But they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, — that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers, who came about him. "I believe that we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world."

He lifted his hat, and stood looking up at the flag.

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION

[1775–1781]

BY JOEL TYLER HEADLEY

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress, to serve in the navy, was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the Alfred. As the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfurled the national flag — the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and the stripes, for they were not generally adopted till two years after. The generally received opinion is that it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots, as if about to spring, and underneath, the motto, "Don't tread on me." At all events, it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly afloat — twenty-nine years of age — healthy — well knit, though of light and slender frame, — a commissioned officer in the American navy — the young gardener saw, with joy, the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama Isles. A skillful seaman — at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man — he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition

was the capture of New Providence, with a hundred cannon, and an abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so but for the perseverance and daring of Paul Jones.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The Glasgow, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, Jones commanded the lower battery of the Alfred, and exhibited that coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop Providence, and ordered to put to sea on a six weeks' cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end, for he found himself one day chased by the English frigate Solebay; and despite of every exertion overhauled, so that at the end of four hours his vessel was brought within musket-shot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly returning the fire with his light guns, Jones, though there seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and saved himself by his extraordinary seamanship. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the Solebay on his weather quarter, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Up helm," to the steersman, and setting every sail that would draw, stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and passing within pistol-shot of her. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected maneuver, or

bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could outsail the frigate before the wind, and he bore proudly away.

He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate Milford. He was lying to near the Isle of Sable, fishing, when the Milford hove in sight. Immediately putting his ship in trim, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could outsail his antagonist, let him approach. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadsides on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy, keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot, crashing through his rigging, might have reduced his speed so much as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his men to return each of the enemy's broadsides with a single musket-shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect farce of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the Milford beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days sailed into Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton, to break up the fisheries; and, though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month, with four prizes and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing on its way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American army. During this expedition, Jones had command of the Alfred, but was superseded on his return,

and put on board his old sloop, the Providence. This was the commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our Government towards him, which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to the old Continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against this injustice, and pressed the Government so closely with his importunities and complaints, that, to get rid of him, it sent him to Boston to select and fit out a ship for himself. In the mean time, he recommended measures to the Government, respecting the organizing and strengthening of the navy, which show him to have been the most enlightened naval officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were equal to his bravery. Most of his suggestions were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid.

Soon after (June, 1777), he was given command of the Ranger, and informed in his commission that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he hoisted this new flag and put to sea in his badly equipped vessel — steering for France, where he was, by order of his Government, to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again set sail in the Ranger, and steered for Quiberon Bay. Here, passing through the French fleet with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given our colors. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to

hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea, and boldly entered the Irish Channel, capturing several prizes.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. More than three hundred vessels lay in this port, protected by two batteries, composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very muzzles of the cannon, was an act unrivaled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds — there appeared to be a sort of witchery about danger to him, and the greater it was, the more enticing it became. Once, when Government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the necessity of giving him a good one, "for," said he, "*I intend to go in harm's way.*" This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight, on the 22d of April, 1778, when Jones stood boldly in to the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats and thirty-one men, and rowed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breastwork, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners and spiked the cannon. Then leaving Lieutenant Wallingsford to fire the shipping, he hastened for-

ward with *only one man* to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little band. He was surprised, as he approached, not to see the shipping in a blaze; and demanded of his lieutenant why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out; but he evidently did not like his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed badly, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, overturned. The people, rousing from their slumbers, saw with alarm a band of men with half-burnt candles in their hands standing on the pier — and assembled in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignant at the failure of the expedition, entered alone a large ship, and coolly sat down and kindled a fire in the steerage. He then hunted about for a barrel of tar, which having found, he poured it over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and wreathed the rigging in their spiral folds, casting a baleful light over the town. The terrified inhabitants, seeing the flames shoot heavenward, rushed toward the wharves; but Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship, with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment and then turned and fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship and the panic-struck multitude, he entered his boat, and leisurely rowed back to the Ranger, that sat like a sea gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was bathing the land and sea in its light, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered

their waters; and they hastened to their fort to open their cannon upon it. To their astonishment they found them spiked. They, however, got possession of two guns, which they began to fire; but the shot fell so wide of the mark, that the sailors, in contempt, fired back their pistols.

The expedition had failed through the inefficiency of his men, and especially one deserter, who remained behind to be called the "savior of Whitehaven"; but it showed to England that her own coast was not safe from the hands of the spoiler; and that the torch she carried into our ports might be hurled into hers also. In carrying it out, Jones exhibited a daring and coolness never surpassed by any man. The only drawback to it was, that it occurred in the neighborhood of his birthplace, and amid the hallowed associations of his childhood. One would think that the familiar hilltops and mountain ranges, and the thronging memories they would bring back on the bold rover, would have sent him to other portions of the coast to inflict distress. It speaks badly for the man's sensibilities, though so well for his courage.

He next entered Kirkcudbright Bay in a single boat, for the purpose of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner. The absence of the nobleman alone prevented his success.

The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly out of harbor to go in pursuit of his vessel, that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels, filled with citizens, accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward, and the vessel made feeble headway; but at length she made her last

tack, and stretched boldly out into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away, and stood out into the center of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to the regular British navy, while Jones had a crew imperfectly organized, and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter hailed him, asking what ship it was, he replied: "The American Continental ship Ranger! We are waiting for you — come on!"

Alarm fires were burning along both shores, and the hilltops were covered with spectators, witnessing the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-ball stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack. Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside, which was promptly returned; the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the Drake told how terrible was the American's fire. First, her fore- and main-topsails were carried away — then the yards began to tumble, one after another; until at length her ensign, fallen also, draggled in the water. Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the Drake answered, but with less effect; while the topmen of the Ranger

made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the last sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the Drake fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the Stripes and Stars — a ceremony which, in after years, became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris, and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel he gave up the Ranger, but soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the Indian; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin, he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments, he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect to Franklin, he named the Bon Homme Richard, the "Poor Richard." With seven ships in all — a snug little squadron for Jones, had the different commanders been subordinate — he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, parted company, to cruise by themselves, till Jones had with him but the Alliance, Pallas, and Vengeance. In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland. Taking several prizes near the Firth of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four-gun ship, and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined

to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of Paul Jones; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the "pirate Paul Jones." Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender; but the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed, and the Richard stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited, eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll

be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do; he's nae too good for onything. Mickle's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might take their lives! The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot: but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't." To the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones's prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed forever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra; and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

Stretching from thence along the English coast, Jones cruised about for a while, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance, — making, with the Richard, four ships, — he stood to the north; when, on the afternoon of September 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protec-

tion of a fort, but the two warships advanced to the conflict.

It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea — and all was smiling and tranquil on land, as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators, and the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships with their sails all set, moving sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sank behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waters. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disk over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gentle moving clouds on the deep.

The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range, withdrew and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol-shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half-worn-out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Captain Pearson hailed

him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rang back. "Answer immediately, or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides. Two of the three old eighteen-pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning, for it reduced the force of the Richard to one third below that of the Serapis. The broadsides now became more rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore, the flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke, followed by the roar that shook the coast, the dim moonlight, serving to but half-reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing each other's bow, and now the stern; pouring in such terrific broadsides as made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and maneuvering, they swept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave the orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Captain Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones; and backing his topsails, while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority in weight of metal gave them great advantage in this heavy cannonading; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new

and stanch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this, he fell farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jib boom of the Serapis, carried it away, and the two ships swung close alongside of each other, head and stern, the muzzles of the guns touching. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together; and in his eagerness to secure them, helped with his own hands to tie the lashings. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death; for, added to all the lashings, a spare anchor of the Serapis had hooked the quarter of the Richard, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him, the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific; the guns touched muzzles, and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The timbers rent at every explosion; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns burst, and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight, with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and blackened with powder and smoke, moved about among his men with the stern expression

never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to discharge his own with greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from kelson to crosstrees, and heeled over till her yardarms almost swept the water. In the mean time his topmen did terrible execution. Hanging amid the rigging, they dropped hand grenades on the enemy's decks with fatal precision. One daring fellow walked out on the end of the yard with a bucket full of these missiles in his hand, and hurling them below, finally set fire to a heap of cartridges. The blaze and explosion which followed were terrific — arms and legs went heavenward together, and nearly sixty men were killed or wounded by this sudden blow. They succeeded at length in driving most of the enemy below decks. The battle then presented a singular aspect — Jones made the upper deck of the Serapis too hot for her crew, while the latter tore his lower decks so dreadfully with her broadsides that his men could not remain there a moment. Thus they fought, one above and the other beneath, the blood in the mean time flowing in rills over the decks of both. Ten times was the Serapis on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this juncture the Alliance came up, and instead of pouring her broadsides into the Serapis, hurled them against the Poor Richard! — now poor, indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shot-holes which had pierced the hull of the Richard between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a torrent. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter!" Still keeping up this cry, Jones hurled a pistol, which he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No," accompanied by an oath, that told that, if he could do no better, he would go down, with his colors flying. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the Richard was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer, she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment — with every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, declaring if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus

making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle at this moment was awful — both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the mast of the Serapis, and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yard-arm and yardarm of each other, continued, piling three hundred dead and wounded men on those shattered decks. Nothing but the courage and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the Bon Homme Richard presented a most deplorable appearance — she lay a complete wreck on the sea, riddled through, and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones had put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her — she swayed from side to side, like a dying man — then gave a lurch forward, and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship, and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mast disappear, and the eddying waves close, with a rushing sound, over her as she sank with the dead, who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight, for the bravery with which he had defended his ship. When it was told

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND THE BON HOMME RICHARD

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND THE BON HOMME RICHARD

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

"Ten o'clock at night, and the full moon shining, and the leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold, to give them a chance for themselves.

"The transit to and from the magazine was now stopped by the sentinels,
They saw so many strange faces, they did not know whom to trust.

"Our frigate was afire,
The other asked if we demanded quarter?
If our colors were struck, and the fighting done?

"I laughed content when I heard the voice of my little captain,
'*We have not struck*,' he composedly cried. '*We have just begun our part of the fighting.*'

"Only three guns were in use,
One was directed by the captain himself against the enemy's mainmast,
Two, well-served with grape and canister, silenced his musketry and cleared his decks.

"The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top,
They all held out bravely during the whole of the action.

"Not a moment's cease,
The leaks gained fast on the pumps — the fire eat toward the powder-magazine,
One of the pumps was shot away — it was generally thought we were sinking.

"Serene stood the little captain,
He was not hurried — his voice was neither high nor low,
His eyes gave more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

"Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the moon, they surrendered to us."

Walt Whitman.

to Jones, he wittily remarked that if he ever caught him at sea again, he would make a lord of him.

Landais, of the Alliance, who had evidently designed to destroy Jones, then take the English vessel and claim the honor of the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landais continued to give him trouble, and the French Government constantly put him off in his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in the engagement with the Serapis, was placed under his command, and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port. During this delay he was subject to constant annoyances from the Dutch admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American; and demanded, if it was French, that he should hoist the national colors, and if American, that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length, losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out to sea, his insolence would not be tolerated a moment.

The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the Stripes floating in the breeze, stood fearlessly out of the

harbor. With his usual good luck, he escaped the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the Channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away toward the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find him again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, whom Arthur Lee, one of the American Commissioners at Paris, presumed to favor. At length, however, he was appointed to the Ariel, and ordered to leave for America with military stores. In the mean time, however, the French king had presented him with a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the cross of military merit.

On the 7th of September he finally put to sea, but had hardly left the coast when the wind changed, and began to blow a hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks, and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind, that, although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck, it buried the ship waist-deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position, she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand, and found that he was rapidly shoaling water. There seemed now no way of escape; yet as a last feeble hope he let go an anchor; but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea, that it did not even bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside toward the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor, probably

catching in a rock, brought the ship round. That good anchor held like the hand of Fate, and though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows, as if she would wrench everything apart, yet still she lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length the mainmast fell with a crash against the mizzenmast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her decks, lay a complete wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature chained by the head to a ring that no power can sunder. She leaped, and plunged, and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her untamed energy to rend the link that bound her, and madly rush on the rocks, over which the foam rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated, and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewed with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings, who, though ever seeking the storm and the tumult, are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early the next year he reached Philadelphia, and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies. Peace soon after being proclaimed, he returned to France, and failing in a projected expedition to the Northwest coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction wherever he went. Failing again in his efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed

away, and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds been spread throughout the world. The title of chevalier had been given him by the French king, and he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels.

But Russia, then at war with Turkey, sought his services, and made brilliant offers, which he at last accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburg. On reaching Stockholm he found the Gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice that it was impossible to cross it; but impatient to be on his way, he determined to sail round the ice, to the southward, in the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat, about thirty feet long, he started on his perilous expedition. Knowing that the boatmen would refuse to accompany him, if made acquainted with his desperate plan, he kept them in ignorance until he got fairly out to sea, then drew his pistol, and told them to stretch away into the Baltic. The poor fellows, placed between Scylla and Charybdis, obeyed, and the frail craft was soon tossing in the darkness. Escaping every danger, he at length on the fourth day reached Revel, and set off for St. Petersburg, amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape as almost miraculous. He was received with honor by the Empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear admiral. A brilliant career now seemed before him. Nobles and foreign ambassadors thronged his residence, and there appeared no end to the wonder his adventurous life had created. He soon after departed for the Black Sea, and took command of a squadron under the direction of Prince Potemkin, the former lover of the Empress, and

the real Czar of Russia. Jones fought gallantly under this haughty prince, but at length, disgusted with the annoyances to which he was subjected, he came to an open quarrel, and finally returned to St. Petersburg. Here he for a while fell into disgrace, on account of some unjust accusations against his moral character; but finally, through Count Ségur, the French ambassador, was restored to favor.

In 1792 he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good-evening and departed. His physician coming soon after, perceived his chair vacant; and, going to his bed, found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after, a dispatch was received from the United States, appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and a eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five — leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides the sea.

END OF VOLUME XII

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